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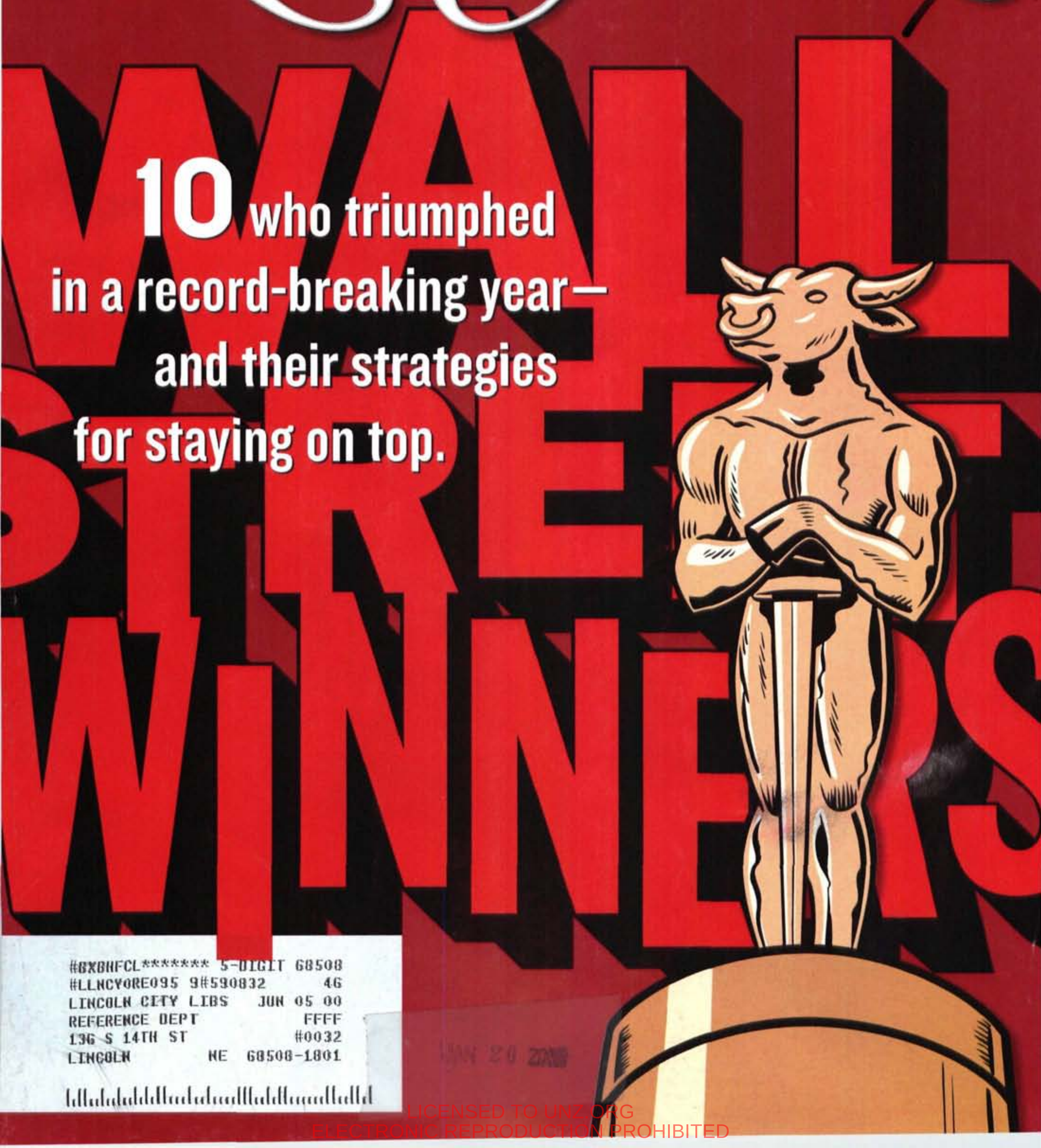

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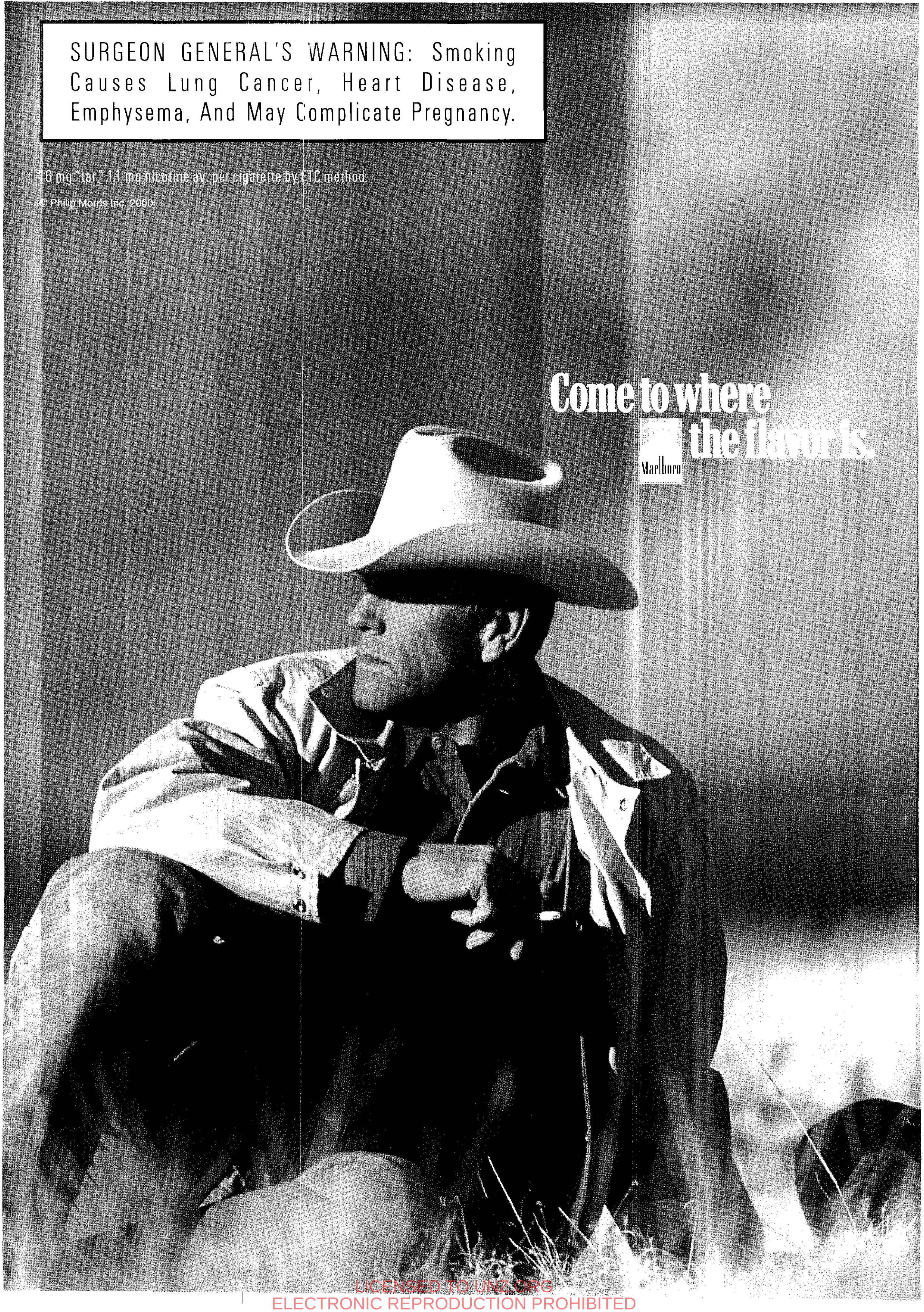
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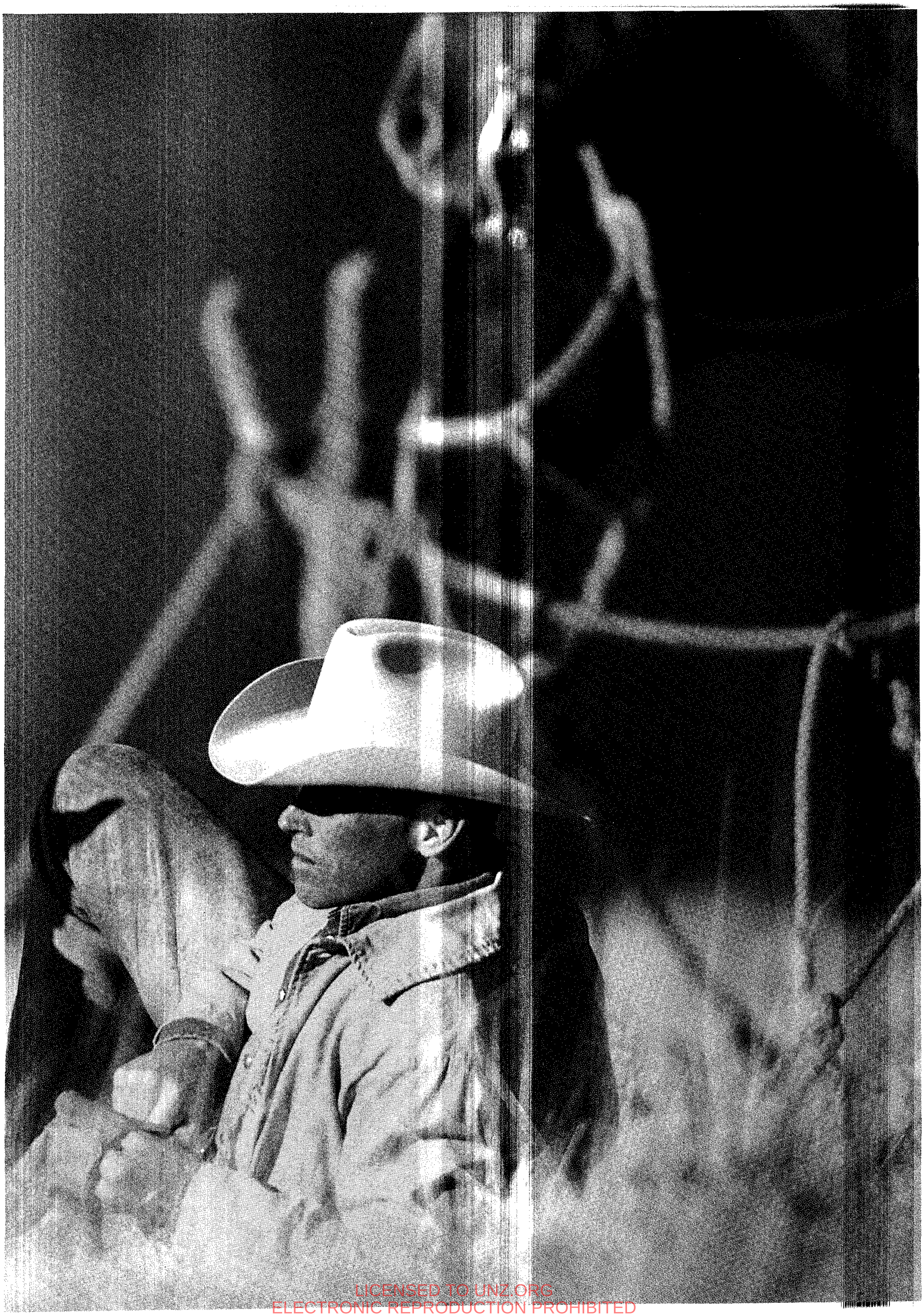

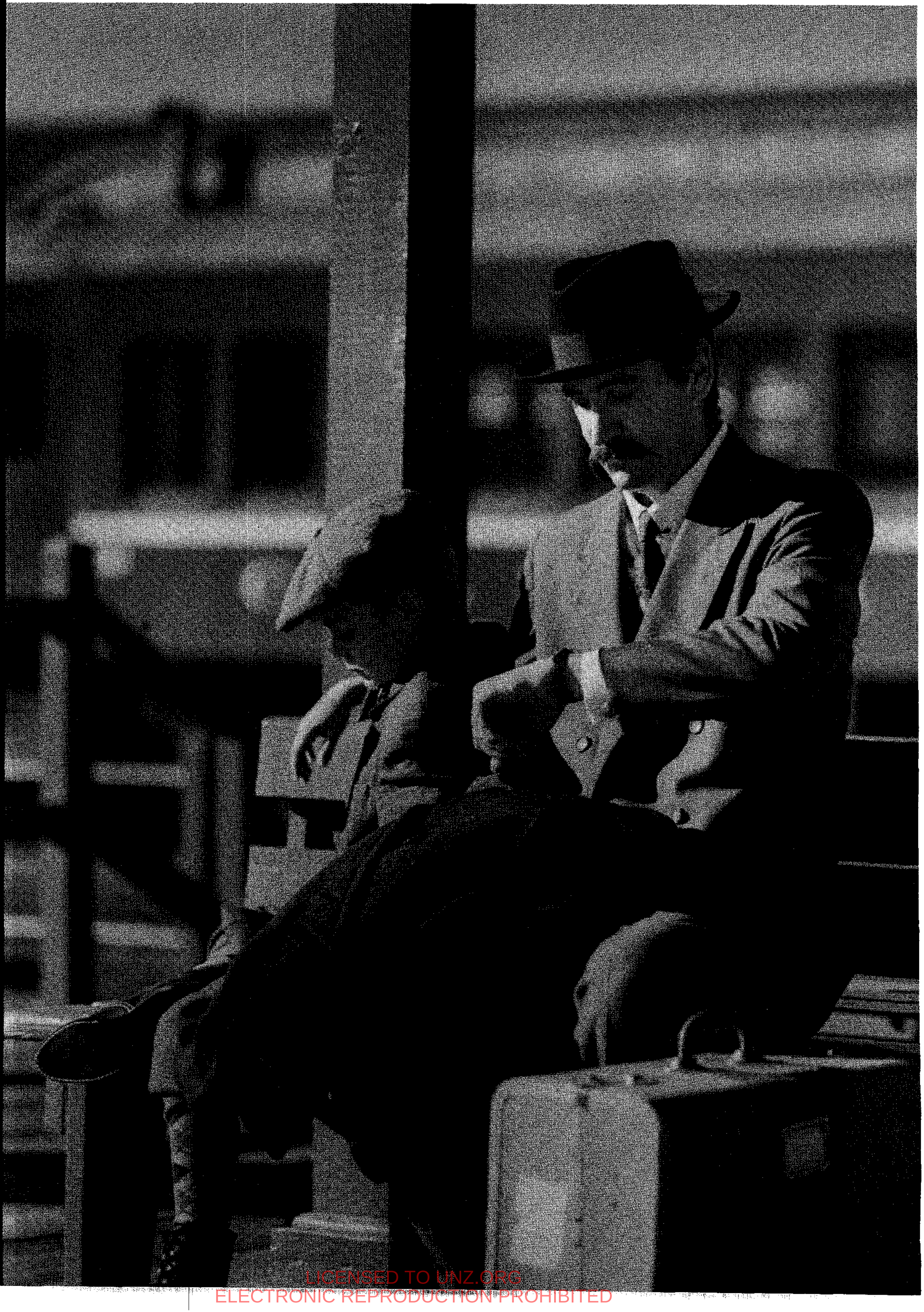

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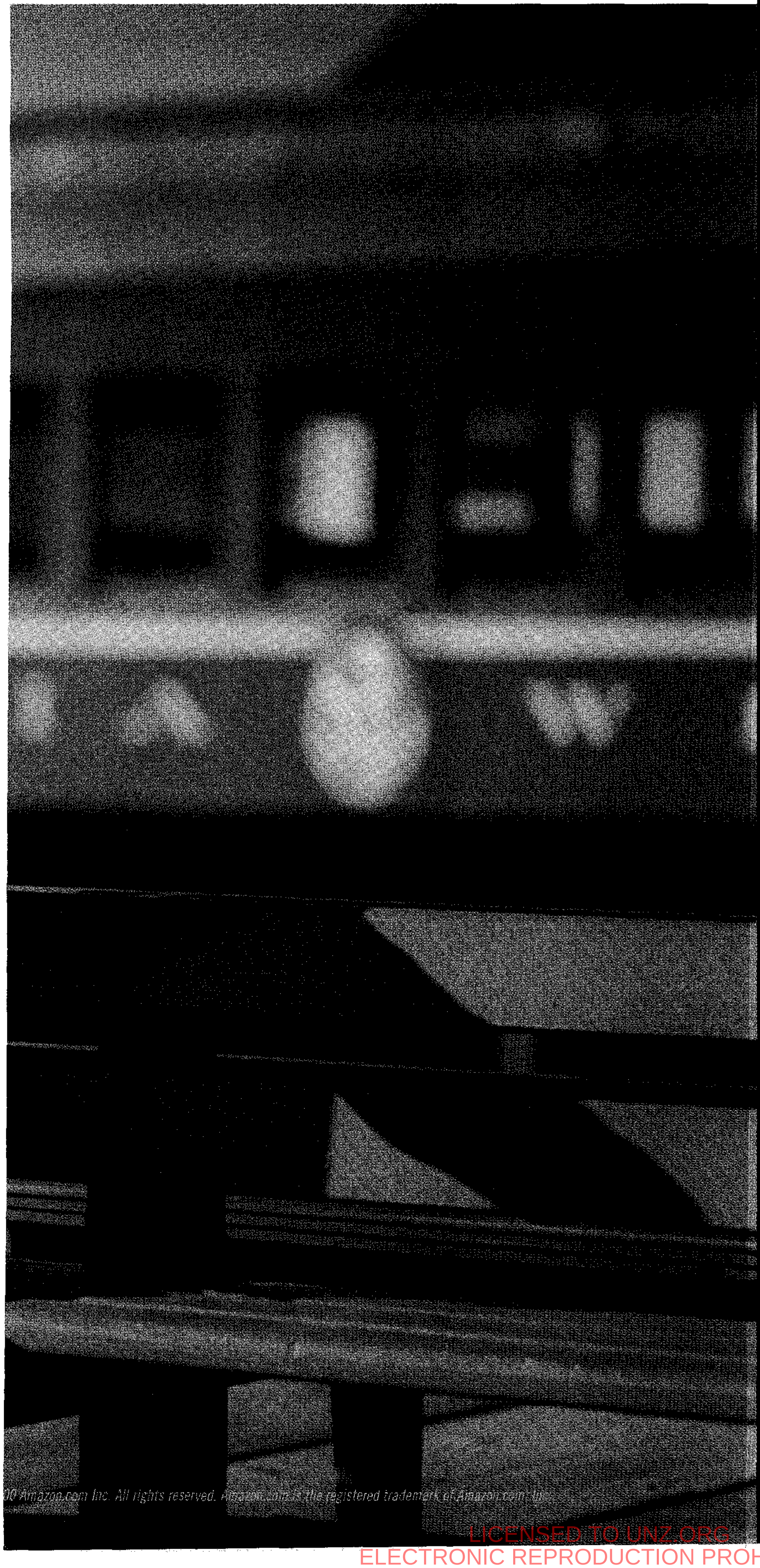

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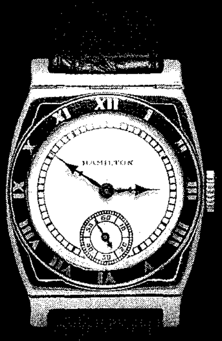

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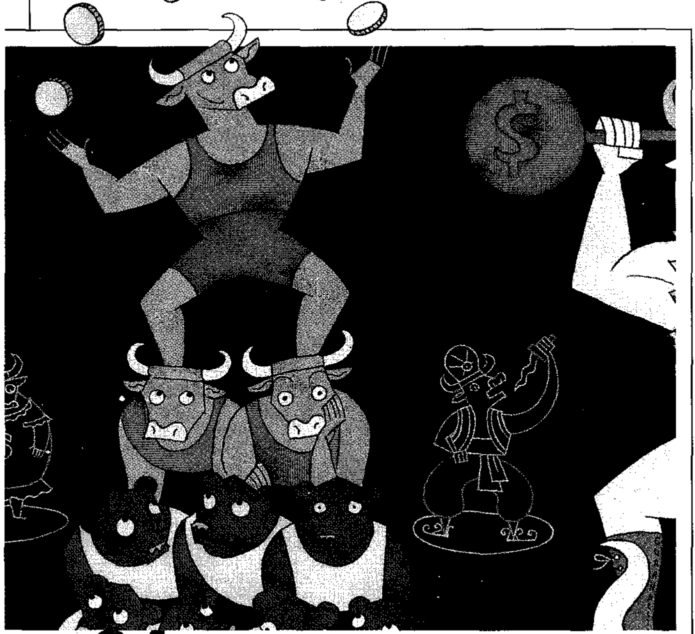
"I don't like to think of this in terms of dollars.
I think of it in terms of a score or a number."

Day trader Kirk Kazazian, page 46



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Wall Street's Winners

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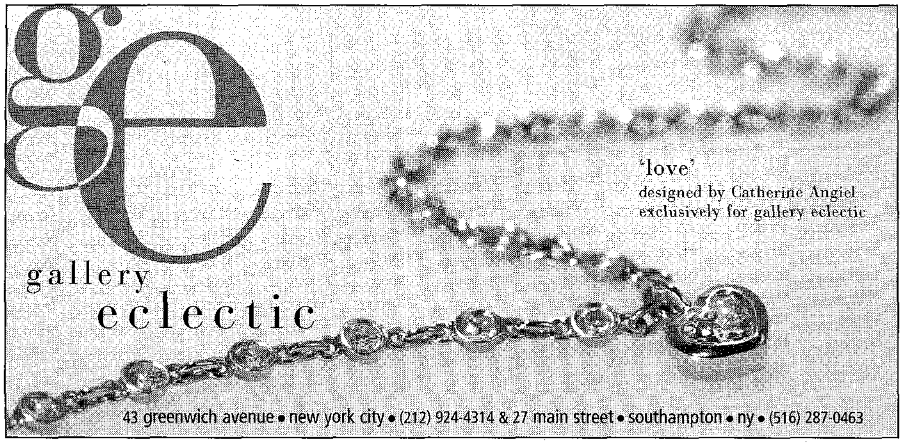

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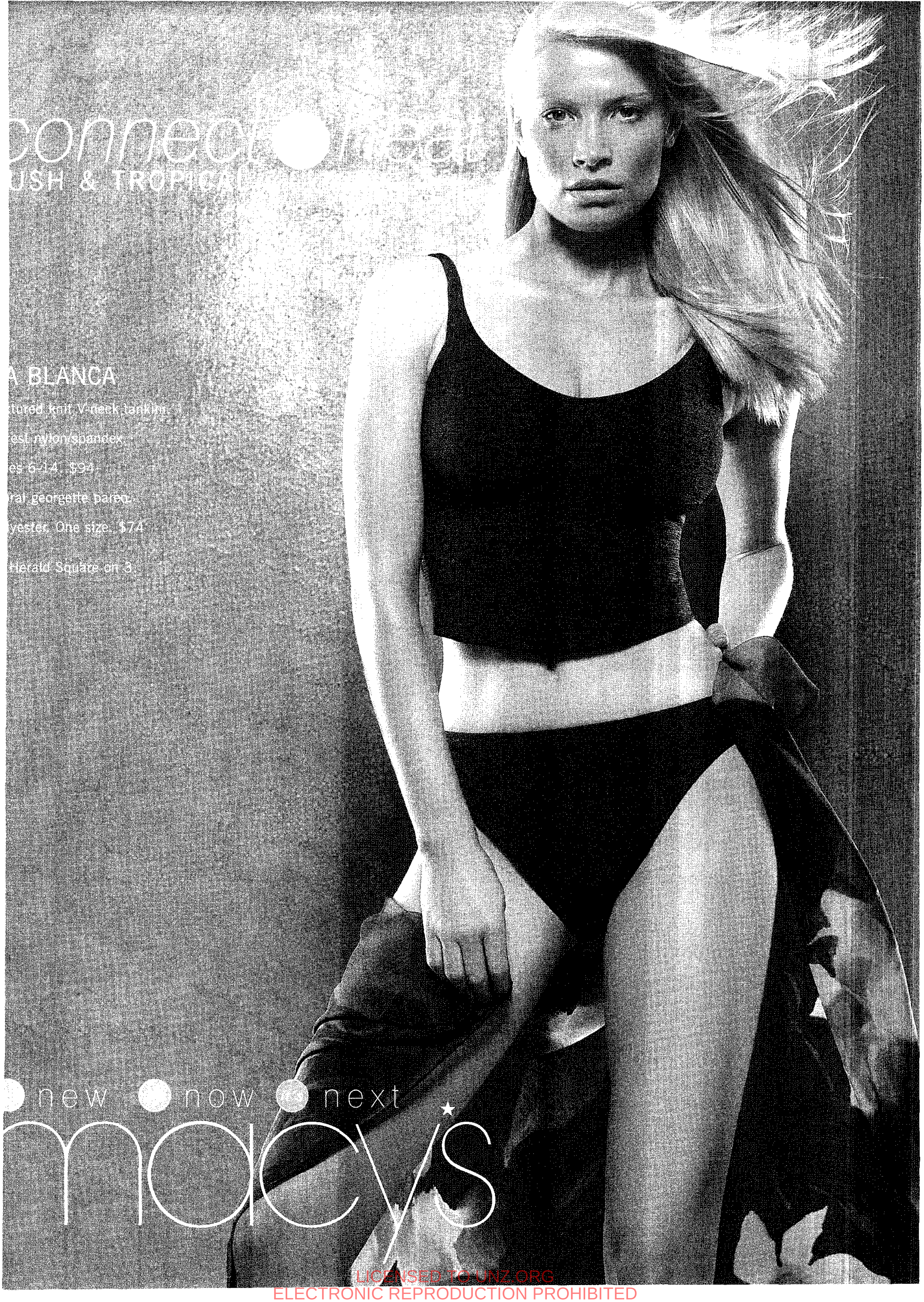

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The Hotel Ambassador

Dick Holbrooke takes U.S. soldiers for granted; the author-death effect; Bliss-free happiness.

AS AN AMERICAN WHO DEPLORES watching our military serve as a global police force, I am troubled that United Nations ambassador Dick Holbrooke "passionately believes [America] has a responsibility to intervene" ["Ambassador A-List," by Meryl Gordon, January 3]. We may be the only superpower left on the planet, but Holbrooke must remember that our army, navy, air force, and marine corps are made up of individuals. While the ambassador can nip off to Bosnia or East Timor for a week or so, he has the privilege of returning immediately to his suite at the Waldorf. Deployment to places like Kosovo, Bosnia, and East Timor means months of being uprooted from home and family. Were national security at stake, the sacrifices would be worth it, but to use our troops only to "match our rhetoric with resources" is grandiose and demeaning. Richard Holbrooke should recognize that it is the American taxpayer who provides for his job and his opulent lifestyle.

Roza Heid
BALTIMORE, MD.

Remembering Rob

ROB BINGHAM WAS TALENTED, SENSITIVE, generous, and angry, and a good friend ["Boy, Interrupted," by Vanessa Grigoriadis, January 3]. He was a flawed human being, like the rest of us, with a powerful disease called alcoholism. During his life, it constantly kept him on the front lines of the battle between creativity and self-destruction. With his death, I wish people would concentrate more attention on winning the war against addiction than on the details of his glamorous existence.

Name Withheld
MANHATTAN

IT'S SAD THAT THE TRAGIC DEATH OF AN author is almost as powerful as the *Oprah* effect. However, I'm glad that, through whatever route, I've been introduced to Robert Bingham's writing. After reading Ms. Grigoriadis's article, I found some of Bingham's writing online and soon thereafter purchased his collection of short stories. So thanks. But you guys love to write about these authors after they've overdosed or jumped out of a hotel window. How about more frequent pre-mortem acknowledgment?

Kathy J. Park
MANHATTAN

Editor's note: New York ran a story on Rob Bingham on the occasion of his last book's publication ("Robert Bingham," November 24, 1997).

Urban Studies

THE PREPONDERANCE OF ARTICLES ON THE media (who's in, who's out, who talked to whom, who looked the wrong way . . .) ["Media: Hot Type," by Michael Wolff, January 3] and on restaurants (the best in the house, profiles of chefs, who eats what and where and when, the latest new food fad . . .) ["Where to Eat in 2000," by Gael Greene, January 3] in the New York media makes *New York* and New Yorkers seem downright—shall we say?—provincial.

Cathy Carron
MANHATTAN

Blissed Out

THE SUCCESS OF BLISS ["THE BOTTOM Line: "Marital Bliss," December 13] is certainly a testament to Marcia Kilgore's *marketing* capabilities. When I first went to her, it took some time for her to convince me that I *needed* facials on a regular basis. (What self-respecting New York woman could live without this bit of modern maintenance?) But I soon became a regular, eventually racking up about $200 per month in products and services. But it became clear that the customers who had supported Kilgore in the beginning were irrelevant once she had her much-touted celebrity following. In any case, she inadvertently did me a good turn: I stopped going to Bliss and discovered a fantastic salon

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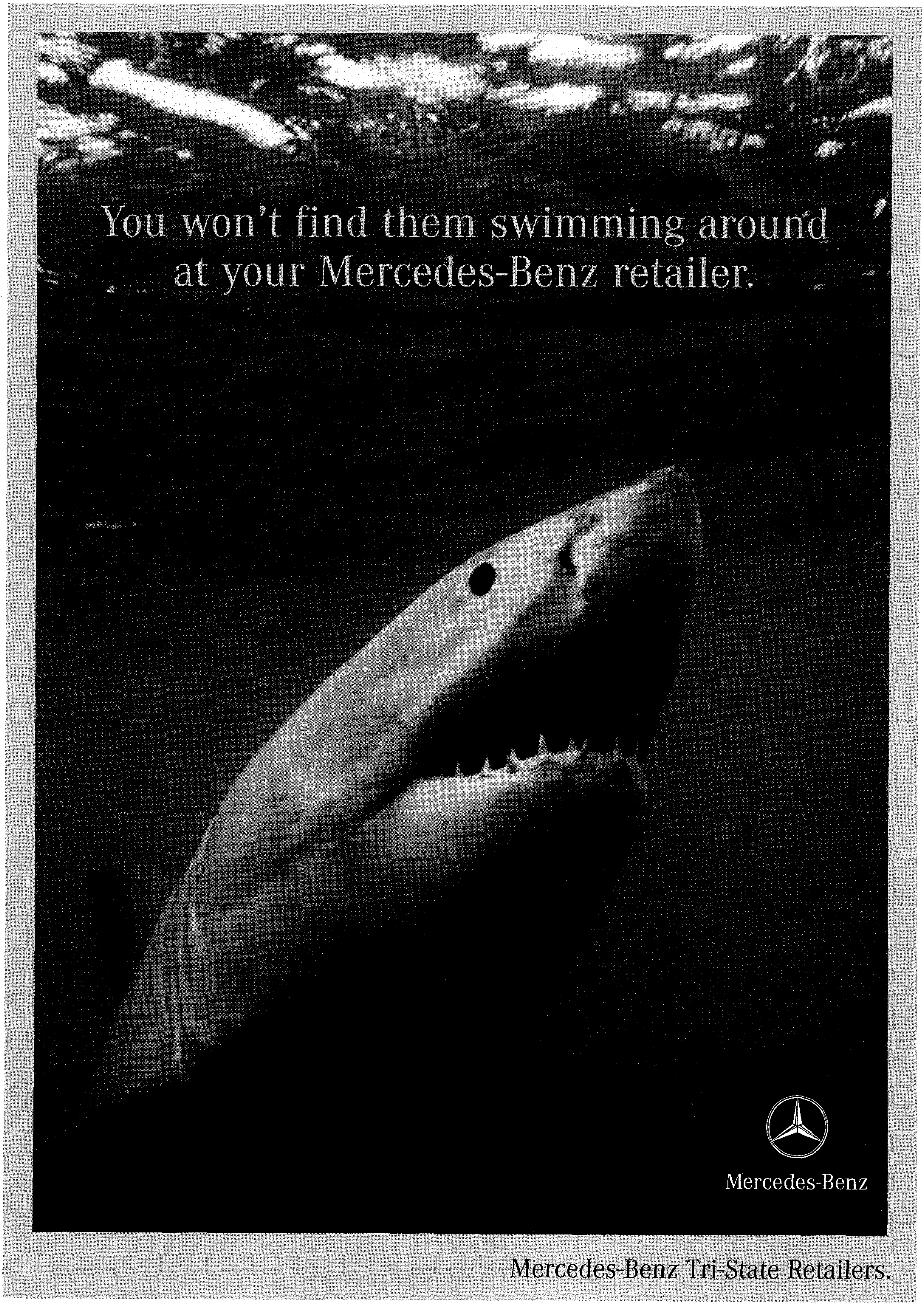
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across the street from my apartment, where the owner is happy to accommodate schedule changes, does a great job, and costs far less—including tip. Okay, so maybe [insert celebrity's name here] isn't having a bikini wax in the room next to mine. Fine with me. I can have a weekly manicure among friendly mortals without breaking the bank *or* my spirit.

Tricia Freeman
MANHATTAN

What's Old Is New

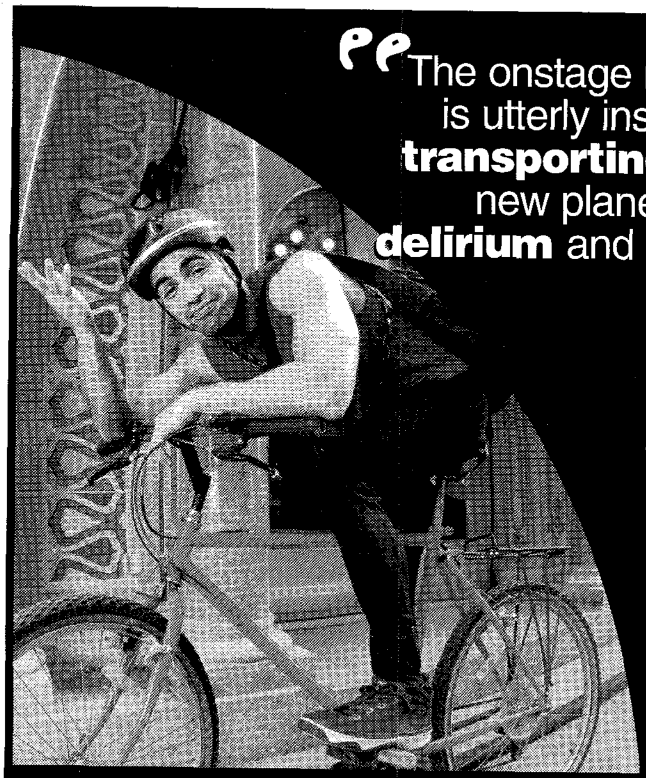
IT TOOK MICHAEL WOLFF ONLY ONE WEEK to be proved totally wrong ["Media: I Predict . . . ," January 10]. Mr. Wolff, obviously still bitter about his own failure in new media, predicts that "old media buys new media with dot-com ad dollars." Well, I just read this morning that AOL will buy Time Warner—so much for that prediction! Not only did new media's Jeff Bezos win *Time's* Person of the Year Award this year, but new media will now control this award for years to come. Face it, Mr. Wolff, the dot-commers are here to stay.

Andrew Merkatz
CEO, PredictIt.com
MANHATTAN

Mouse-shuggener

THE SCENARIO YOU ENVISION OF MOUSE-eared yarmulkes is not as far-fetched as you think ["Intelligencer: Next Year In Orlando," by Beth Landman Keil, January 10]. In 1977, when my son was 3, he attended his first Seder with his extended family. An agreeable child, he was nonetheless reluctant to add the requisite headpiece to the ensemble he was wearing—a navy-blue Eton suit. My father-in-law—a tailor from Lodz—refused to begin without the *kippeleh,* and so we sat and cajoled. We tried everything to get him to put it on while the food got cold—even Jewish guilt didn't work. The candles sputtered and the gefilte fish began to congeal. Then my 11-year-old daughter brought out a pair of Mickey Mouse ears. My son's eyes lit up and he plopped the ears on his head and the Seder began. We have often said it gave new meaning to the question "Why is this night different from all other nights?" I knew Walt was an anti-Semite from way back, which made it even better. So while the thought of mouse-eared yarmulkes may strike you as future shock—it's been done, and it's actually pretty cute.

Chloe Ross
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



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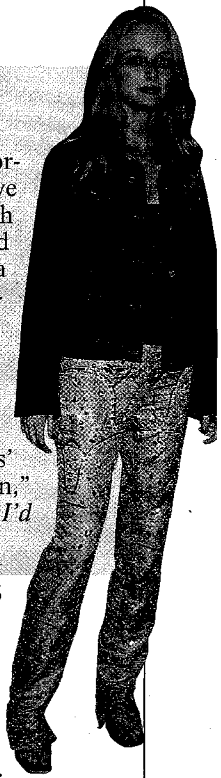
BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL

INTELLIGENCER

FANS *FREAK* OVER SHOW'S FUMBLE

Staff members at NBC's *Freaks and Geeks* could use a few lessons in e-mail etiquette. In a last-ditch effort to save their show from the programmer's ax, co-creators **Judd Apatow** and **Paul Feig** sent out a mass e-mail to over 1,000 visitors to the *Freaks* Website, begging them to watch the show and save it from cancellation (NBC has since requested four new episodes). But a careless employee failed to hide the huge recipient list when sending the letter, which resulted in supporters' being bombarded with a staggering ten-page e-mail—including the Web address of every *Freak*in' fan. The troops were not amused. Many who received the massive missive are annoyed because a few people on the list continue to use it for *their own* mass mailings, while others expressed outrage at the privacy violation. As one exasperated supporter wrote to the site: "I love the show, but no show is worth supporting if your e-mail address is going to be sent out and used by others." When the error was discovered, Feig insists, "we felt terrible. The mistake happened because an assistant came in to help us on the weekend. He didn't know how to work the list." Sure, blame it on the assistant—and by the way, what's *his* e-mail address?

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HEATHER



Could it be that the kings of gross-out comedy are now higher up in the Hollywood pantheon than serious thespian **Robert De Niro**? Starlet **Heather Graham** recently passed on DreamWorks/Universal's De Niro vehicle *Meet the Parents*, instead joining **Peter** and **Bobby Farrelly** (of *There's Something About Mary* fame) on their new project, titled *Say It Isn't So*. According to industry insiders, Graham's decision was influenced by her determination to become the next **Cameron Diaz**. To that end, she first fired her decade-long reps at CAA and hired Diaz's managers at AMG. Then she blew off the Raging Bull in favor of the filmmakers with the raging hormones. "What actress would give up the opportunity to work with De Niro?" asks one high-powered West Coast manager. "It's a strange choice." A rep for Graham confirmed that she passed on *Parents* but maintains it was because the role wasn't enough of a stretch. "How many times can you play the beautiful girl next door? The Farrelly brothers' script is too funny to turn down," she says. "If I were an actress, *I'd* want Cameron's career, too."

A KILLING FOR *SOPRANOS* FANS

Clothing from the hit HBO show *The Sopranos* went on sale last week—for a steal. Friends of the cast and crew eagerly grabbed gobs of low-priced goombah goodies at the first-season-wardrobe sale, held at Long Island City's Silvercup Studios, where the series is shot. "I can't believe you're selling my clothes for $5 apiece!" a smiling **James Gandolfini** bellowed to costume designer **Juliet Polcsa** when the star learned of the giveaway. Among the deals was a stylish turquoise pantsuit worn by actress **Edie Falco**, one of Tony Soprano's bathrobes (which sold for ten bucks), and even dental-floss lingerie worn by the family's favorite strippers, the Bada-Bing girls. But *Sopranos* producer **Ilene Landress** suggested the pickings might be grander at *Sex and the City*'s sale. "*Their* wardrobe sale had fancy designer dresses. *We* have golf shirts and jogging suits," she quipped. Landress says many of the items are duplicates bought for scenes that got a bit, well, messy: "When we shoot a guy, we may buy six sweatshirts. If we only bloody up three of them, then the other three go on sale."

HARPER'S BIZARRE PROMOTION

AZAAR
The Season ... White
Tom Cruise
Eyes Wide Open

It seems the gang at *Harper's Bazaar*—edited by **Kate Betts** since the death of Liz Tilberis—couldn't wait to put the past behind them . . . so they simply altered it. The revamped fashion mag, which hit stands with the February issue last week, recently replaced its classic 135-year-old logo with a trendy new one in the hopes of pulling in younger readers. But not content to focus only on its future, *Bazaar* is now doctoring its past—changing the title typeface on the covers of *old* issues appearing on the pull-out subscription cards. The magazine went so far as to replace the logo on the July 1999 memorial issue to Liz Tilberis with the new logo. **Andrea Kaplan**, executive director of marketing and communications for the magazine, defends the *recherché* revisionism: "The covers chosen for the reply card are the most popular issues. We think Liz would have been proud that her tribute was such a big seller." But former *Bazaar* staff members are said to be fuming over what they see as a Stalinist-type manipulation of the past. "It's tasteless," says one Tilberis-era employee. "They can do what they want with their own issues, but going back and tampering with Liz's legacy—especially her tribute issue—is way out of line."

Additional reporting by Lauren Bass and Suny Sehgal.

Photographs: top, Robin Platzer/Twin Images.

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Pictures From an Execution

An art gallery tries not *to cause a "Sensation" with its new show.*

"I HOPE WE DON'T HAVE crowds in here," says Andrew Roth, looking over the stacks of old postcards, grainy, stained, and creased but preserved in Plexiglas, waiting to be edited in the Roth Horowitz gallery on East 70th Street. In the age of "Sensation," that's an unusual sentiment from a gallery owner, but "Witness: Photographs of Lynchings From the Collection of James Allen" is an unusually disturbing exhibit. The photographs, which document mob lynchings carried out between the late 1800s and 1960, were manufactured as postcards that became morbid souvenirs recording the suffering of black victims and the carnivorous complicity of the white mob. On the back of one, which depicts the charred, dangling corpse of a black man surrounded by a score of gawking white faces, a proud participant wrote in flowing cursive: "This is the barbecue we had last night. My picture is to the left with a cross over it. Your son Joe."

"I feel strongly about the material," says Roth, a slight, bearded man who speaks with the measured care of a scholar. "I feel strongly about it being seen. This is a show about humanity." Roth, who owns the gallery with rare-book dealer Glenn Horowitz, admits that he and Horowitz have considered the possibility that the exhibit will attract charges of exploitation, or, worse, racism. When the photographs are this gruesome and racially charged, good intentions alone are not a sufficient defense. To provide context, Roth is carefully including anti-lynching material and books by African-Americans in the show. (Although the vast majority of the victims were black, a small number were white; one picture documents the lynching of Leo Frank, a Jew.) "I happen to be white and Jewish," says Roth. "I happen to have a space on the Upper East Side. But nothing in this show is for sale. I'm not making this exhibit for profit. We know that we open ourselves up to that kind of criticism. And if worst comes to worst, I will close it."

The exhibit coincides with the publication of a book by Twin Palms Publishers that includes the photographs as well as essays by *New Yorker* writer Hilton Als, Georgia congressman John Lewis, historian Leon Litwack, and James Allen, the Atlanta antiques dealer who began collecting the postcards ten years ago.

One could say "Witness" belongs in the genre of other controversial photo exhibits that depict national atrocities, such as the recently postponed show at the Cooper Union of German soldiers' war crimes in World War II and the collection, exhibited in 1997 at MOMA, of Khmer Rouge photographs of Cambodians about to be killed during the seventies genocide. The postcards, Roth says, are the most disturbing objects he has ever encountered.

"These are not just photographs of atrocities," Roth says quietly. "These are spectacles, events. People came to watch them. I am photographically literate. I've seen a lot. But I have never seen something like this." NINA BURLEIGH

Campaign-Trail Traffic Report

When *schools* and *Rudy* are in the same sentence, *disaster* is usually in there as well. Aides' efforts to spin chancellor brouhaha as good for Rudy are about as credible as Belichick.

Finally does Dave. She'll never be a stand-up comic but was a good sport and drew bigger stage-door crowd than Mujibur and Sirajul. We can't wait to see her on that lawn mower this summer!

Usual masterful performance in State of City address. But 110 Livingston proposal proves old adage: If you can't beat 'em, put their building up for sale!

New poll and Annette Bening dis in *Vanity Fair* keep trouble-with-women issue alive. Still well behind Rudy among white women. Maybe channel Tammy Wynette for some advice?

Eighteenth-Century Fox

How do you sell a 200-year-old duchess to American audiences?

ADULTERY. GAMBLING. POLITICAL scheming. Ménages à trois. Even bulimia! With plot points like these, Amanda Foreman's biography *Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire* sounds more like a soap-opera script than like an eighteenth-century historical narrative. And when the tome first appeared in the U.K. a year and a half ago, the escapades of this obscure duchess, who just happens to be Princess Diana's great-great-great-great-aunt, understandably ignited the British appetite for tales of aristocratic self-indulgence. It quickly became a best-seller, a TV documentary, and a BBC radio play narrated by Judi Dench, and earned Foreman the Whitbread prize for best biography. Now, as the U.S. edition, published by Random House, makes its debut, the question is whether *Georgiana,* with its skein of archaic political and familial connections and raft of footnotes, can generate the same kind of excitement here, where readers prefer their bulimic British princesses to be of more recent vintage.

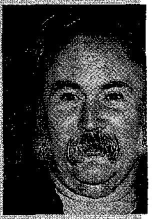
"It's a challenge," says James Atlas, editor of the Penguin Lives series of biographies. "There is a taste in England for rarefied historical gossip, but there isn't always a crossover. Then again, Gary Wills's *St. Augustine* has over 50,000 in print. Why is that? I have no idea." To spice up the Stateside version, pages of political intricacies have been trimmed, a dreamier rendering of Georgiana has been selected for the jacket, and, of course, Diana's name has been worked into the flap copy. "It's a hook," admits Susanna Porter, Foreman's U.S. editor. "We're trying not to push it hard, but it's certainly a way into this piece of history," echoes Ann Godoff, head of Random House's trade group, who notes that their strategy involves not only trumpeting the Diana parallel but selling Foreman herself: "We're not only putting forward a book; we're putting forward a new American historian for a new generation." It also helps that the author is young, attractive, and blonde.

Foreman, 31, is actually half American and half British, and she's confident of Georgiana's crossover allure. "She's a proto-celebrity. She wants to be herself but doesn't know what herself is. It's one of the greatest modern dilemmas." The pitch has already caught Hollywood's eye; Anjelica Huston is rumored to have optioned the film rights.

Indeed, the P.R. whirlwind that propelled *Georgiana* onto the U.K. best-seller list (the paperback is still at No. 7) transformed Foreman—a former grad student who until recently dined mainly on tomato pasta in her bed-sitter—into a glamorous party-page fixture and media darling. Foreman's agent, Andrew Wylie, says he "auditioned with undiminished passion" to represent her here.

Now, after "selling" reviews in the *Wall Street Journal* and *The New Yorker* and a planned second printing to augment the respectable first run of 15,000, the U.S. media blitz is already in full swing. Signings are planned, as are book tours, and, if the numbers are good, perhaps there'll even be a visit with a certain talk-show host. "When I was a student," confesses Foreman, "I was a great admirer of daytime television." SARAH BERNARD

Who's Your Daddy?



While most of America awoke last week to discover that a suburban Virginia purveyor of online chat had purchased one of the nation's oldest and largest media companies, many in the city were obsessively discussing an even odder and more unexpected merger. At bars like the East Village's Meow Mix and Park Slope's Rising Cafe, the *Heather Has Two Mommies* set was voicing its own private "*Ewww.*"

"It's creepy that Melissa Etheridge considers David Crosby her sperm equivalent," says Andrea Lawlor, a Web developer swigging a Rolling Rock at Rising. "Bryan Adams seems a more appropriate choice." Besides, adds Cathy Halley, an employee of the Board of Education's Office of Public Affairs, "why would [Etheridge and partner Julie Cypher] pick Crosby over, say, Ricky Martin?"

Soon, lesbians across the city were playing Celebrity Sperm Bank. Asked to pick a seed donor among Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young, Halley opts for the last because "he's the only one who still has a respectable career." Comparative-literature professor Mary Gossy agrees: "He's the genius among them." In fact, most Sapphites surveyed seem to prefer *anyone* over Crosby. "Musical talent isn't an inherent gene, but addiction certainly is," says Anne Bakoulis, a salesperson in the film business. "Besides, who wants their kids to resemble the Cowardly Lion?" She thinks Graham Nash would be a better bio-dad because of his "good genes and his seeming stability." Editor Jennifer Weh agrees: "At least he has his own liver." Choreographer Maya Ciarrocchi would go for David Bowie. "He's extremely talented, and let's face it: He's damn good-looking."

Lawlor isn't planning to have babies herself, but if a girlfriend of hers were to do so, she'd suggest the Boss: "Bruce Springsteen is perfect. I consider him my sperm equivalent." KERA BOLONIK

Illustration by Marcellus Hall. Photographs: left, Sonia Moskowitz/Globe Photos; right, Michael Ferguson/Globe Photos.

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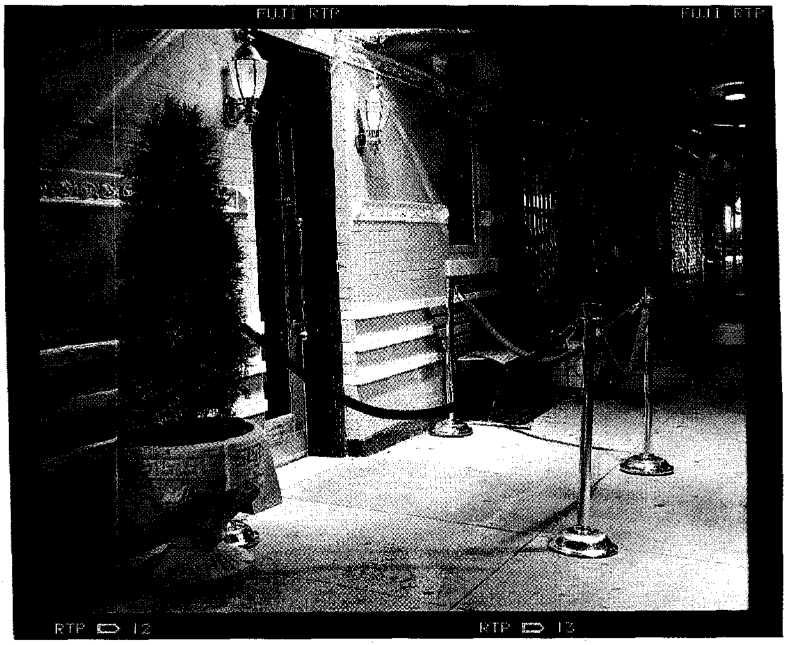
Give 'Em Enough Velvet Rope . . .

On a recent night, the city's most exclusive club is nearly empty—but just try to get in.

"I CAN'T *BELIEVE* YOU HAVEN'T BEEN TO Halo yet," says Kariem Amatullah, the hospitable owner of the clubby boîte on Grove Street where Jennifer Lopez held her birthday party back in July. *"When* are you coming to Halo?" Jake Spitz, the nightspot's publicist, repeatedly asks.

Finally, one Thursday night, a journalistic expedition is organized. Spitz enthusiastically arranges a table for four at the dinner hour, leaving a message with the names of various managers and co-owners to ask for in the event of a problem: "Kariem is in Costa Rica. I don't think there will be any problem, but just in case, here's my cell-phone number." Spitz is justifiably jittery: The club has just been banned from "Page Six" coverage after Amatullah exploded over an item.



The group decides to skip dinner and go for just drinks, and calls the club to cancel the reservation. "You've got to come by—it's fabulous," insists Jackie, the hostess who takes the call. The crew, including a good sport on crutches, ventures over at about 10:30 P.M. From a distance, a bouncer and a blonde with a clipboard are visible, secured from the eager mob by a heavy velvet rope. But wait—there is no mob. In fact, they're all alone on this quiet street. The group makes its explanations, but Zoya, the astrally named Halo doorwoman, has an aura more satanic than celestial. "Reservations are automatically canceled after twenty minutes," she decrees, adding that even if only two people sallied forth, "It's a $250 minimum for table service." The party is reduced to stammering. "But we'd just like to stop in for a quick drink. We spoke with Jackie. She said to come by!" *"I* decide who gets in," says the gatekeeper, crossing her arms. A cell phone is brandished, and Jackie appears. "It's her job to be rude," she explains to the surprised guests. "I've seen her turn pregnant women away."

Inside, there are only a few more revelers than were waiting to get in. After the group settles into a corner, the waitress suggests they move to another area to see the "action." Soon enough, she requests a second move. Seems the new table is reserved—for, it turns out, a woman who works for Spitz (she invites the group to join her). The next day, there's a call from Spitz. "These door people have a glorified image of themselves," he ventures. "They're on a power trip, and it makes our job difficult." It doesn't do much for business, either. BETH LANDMAN KEIL

Judge to City: "Is That Your Final Answer?"

TRYING CASES ON BEHALF OF A MAYOR WITH A SENSITIVE, litigious disposition means that you have to try your luck in court more often than Patricia Duff. And no one gets more tired of that, it seems, than the judges who have to deal with the city's suit-happy suits. Case in point: Last week's appeal by city lawyers in the Brooklyn Museum case, which in no time was transformed into the strangest game show imaginable—an alternate universe where unlucky wannabe winners tangled with an atypically testy Regis Philbin.

Leonard Koerner, the chief assistant corporation counsel, made for a joyless contestant, trying to explain exactly why Rudy Giuliani tried to pull museum funds after last fall's "Sensation" exhibition. "What *I* want to know is," barked federal judge Jon O. Newman, in the Regis role, "is it really the city's position that the Brooklyn Museum should take *all* of its artifacts and *move* out of the building *now?"* After some tentative hedging over his final answer, Koerner said yes.

"And you believe there is a reasonable chance that a state-court judge would *consider* that?" Newman snapped.

Sadly, federal court doesn't have lifelines. "I have no idea what a judge would do," said Koerner quietly.

"What do *you* want them to do?" Newman asked.

With no phone friend to consult, Koerner shot for the million alone. "We want to terminate the lease and maybe negotiate with a new group," he replied—one that would have exhibits "appropriate for schoolchildren."

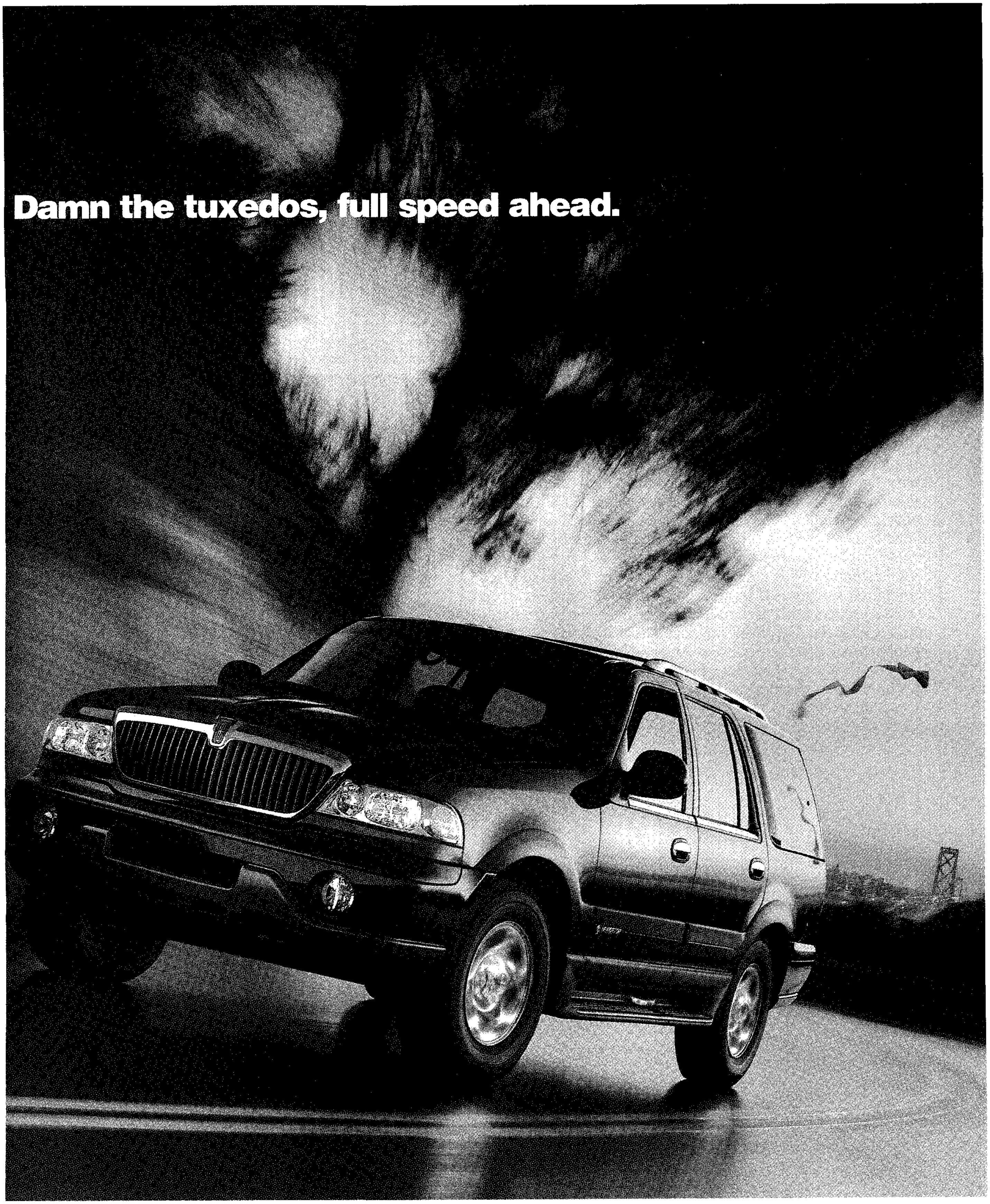
"Is every book in the New York Public Library appropriate for schoolchildren?" asked Newman.

"No."

"Are *they* next?"

The courtroom filled with laughter. Later, museum attorney Floyd Abrams offered a powerful final answer of his own: "The eviction proceeding was a sham they never thought they'd win." Any time now, the appeals court should hand down its own final answer—the only one that matters. ROBERT KOLKER

Photograph by Noah Sheldon.



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Roles of a Lifetime

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

HOLLYWOOD HONCHOS, B-LIST BOMBSHELLS, AND FLEDGLING film stars converged at Nicole's restaurant on January 10 to celebrate the premiere of Jane Campion's new movie, *Holy Smoke.* In the dining room, a line of reporters waited to interview the film's star, Kate Winslet, who looked like a California glamour gal with her upswept hair and ankle-length ivory Nicole Farhi coat (selected from the designer's store upstairs?). Her co-star, Harvey Keitel, maintained his outsider status by skipping the requisite schmoozing to mingle with character-actor pal Victor Argo on the sidelines. Perched at a long communal table, lesser-known legends took up the slack, boasting about their own careers on the silver screen. Between picking at a plate of antipasti and fretting over the slow wait service, a chatty Drew Nieporent spoke of his moment in the movies: "I had a part in *Simply Irresistible,* the one where Sarah Michelle Gellar plays a chef." His dinner companions were stumped until one recalled the box-office bomb, piping up excitedly: "I saw that on cable last weekend!" Cameo queen Sylvia Miles got a better reception with a surprising revelation: "I got an Oscar nomination for my role in *Midnight Cowboy.*" Next, everyone turned to retro rocker Deborah Harry, but the part-time actress opted to discuss concert gigs over celluloid highlights. Instead, an auburn-haired expat from Los Angeles was more than willing to throw in her own bid for recognition: "I was in the *Brady Bunch* movie. I played the hairdresser!"

MAURA EGAN

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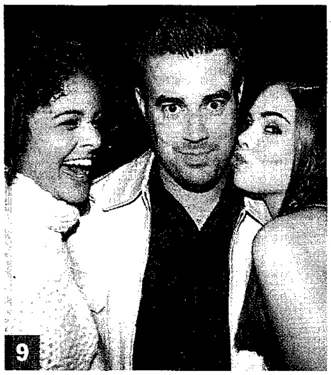
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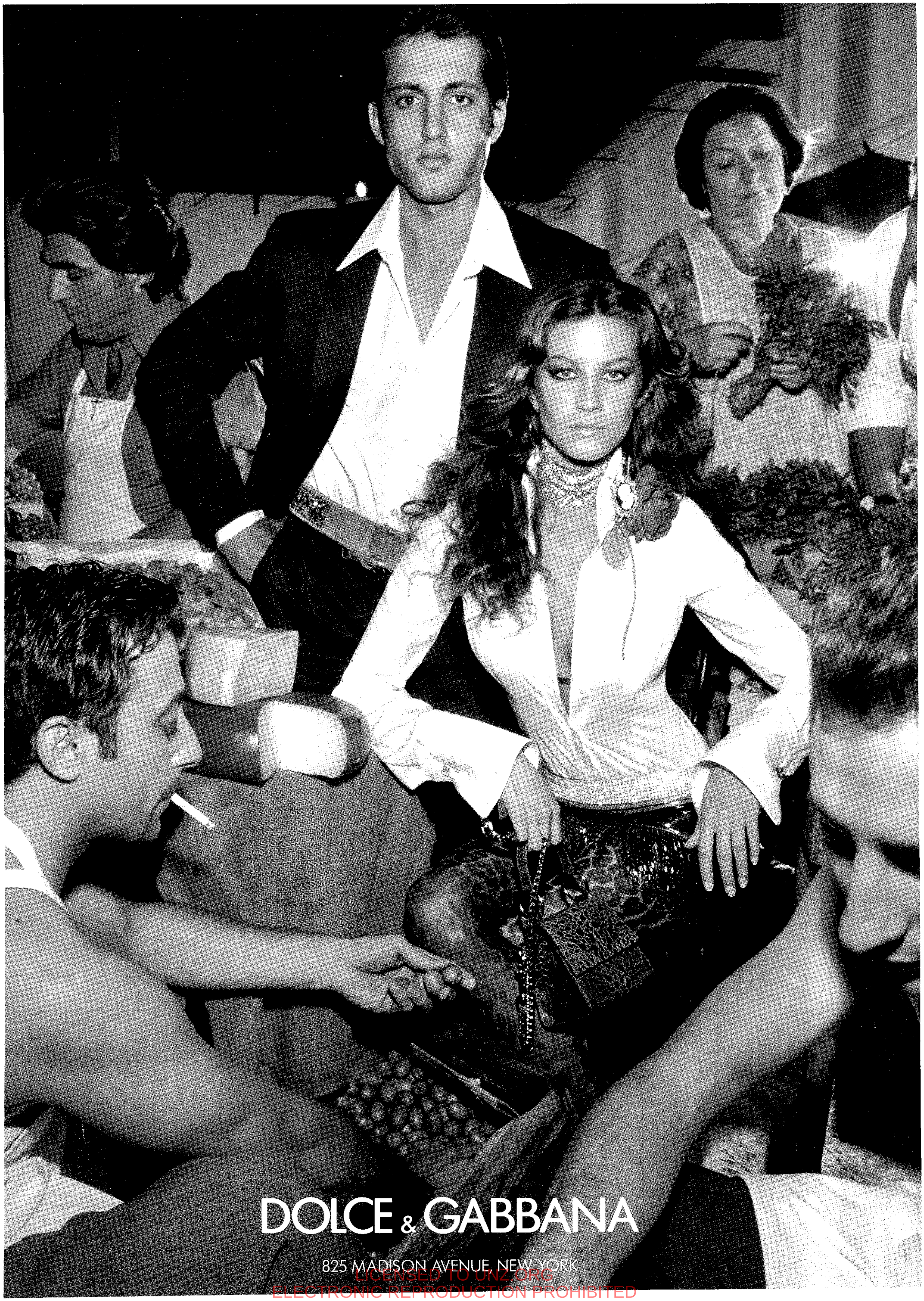
1. Kate Winslet and Harvey Keitel a Nicole's. 2. Gina and Glenn O'Brien a Cheim & Read Gallery for the opening o the "Couples" exhibit. 3. Antonio Banderas and Melanie Griffith at Pastis 4. Gerald Levin, Romero Britto, and Oksana Baiul at the unveiling of the officia poster for the 2000 Winter Goodwil Games. 5. Bouchra B., Nick Graham, an Christine Vienna at Joe Boxer's Scienc Party at the company showroom. 6. Ton Sachs and Damian Loeb at Pastis fo Loeb's opening party at the Mary Boon Gallery. 7. Joe Montana at NV to celebrate the launch of his new magazine, *I the Redzone.* 8. Beth Rudin DeWoody Susan Weber Soros, Debbie Bancroft and Marisa Berenson at the Universit Club for Soros's new book, *The Secula Furniture of E. W. Godwin.* 9. Miss Tee USA 1999 Ashley Coleman, Carson Daly and Miss USA 1999 Kim Pressler at Clu One51 for the kickoff of the forty-nint annual Miss USA pageant.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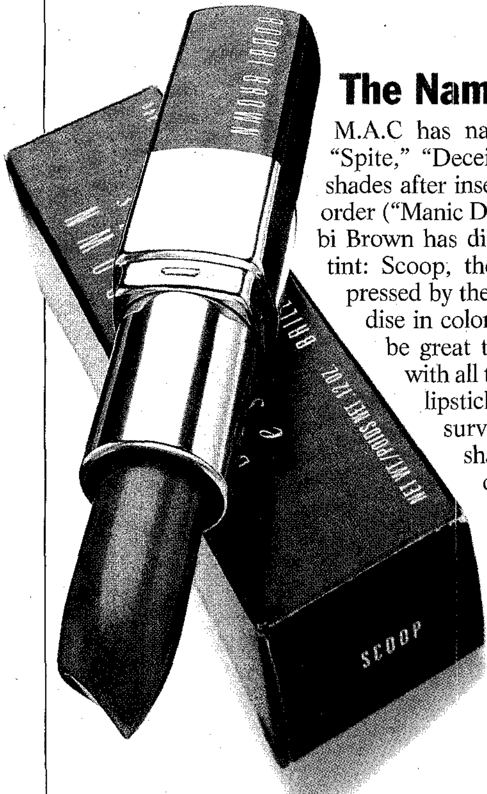
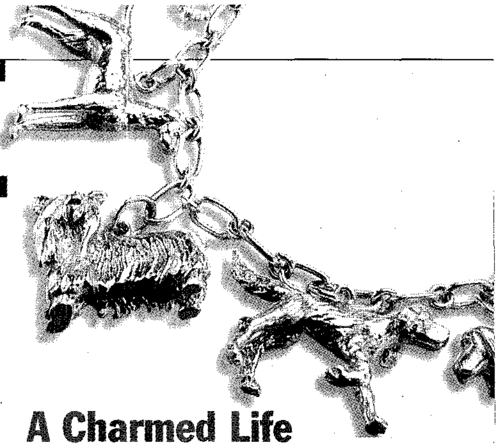


The Name on Everyone's Lips

M.A.C has named lipsticks after vices ("Lust," "Spite," "Deceit"), while Urban Decay has titled shades after insects ("Roach") and even bipolar disorder ("Manic Depression"). Now beauty queen Bobbi Brown has discovered a new muse for her latest tint: Scoop, the boutique. "I've always been impressed by the way the store arranges its merchandise in colors," says Brown. "I thought it would be great to do one lipstick that would work with all those hues—it's not about matching a lipstick to your blue dress anymore." After surveying customers to discover the shades they sought, Brown and Scoop owner Stefani Greenfield collaborated on a shimmery mauve bronze ($17.50, available at Scoop stores exclusively) that has already been spotted on the lips of Courteney Cox Arquette and Serena Altschul. What will our cosmetics kits hold next—a blush called "Macy's"?

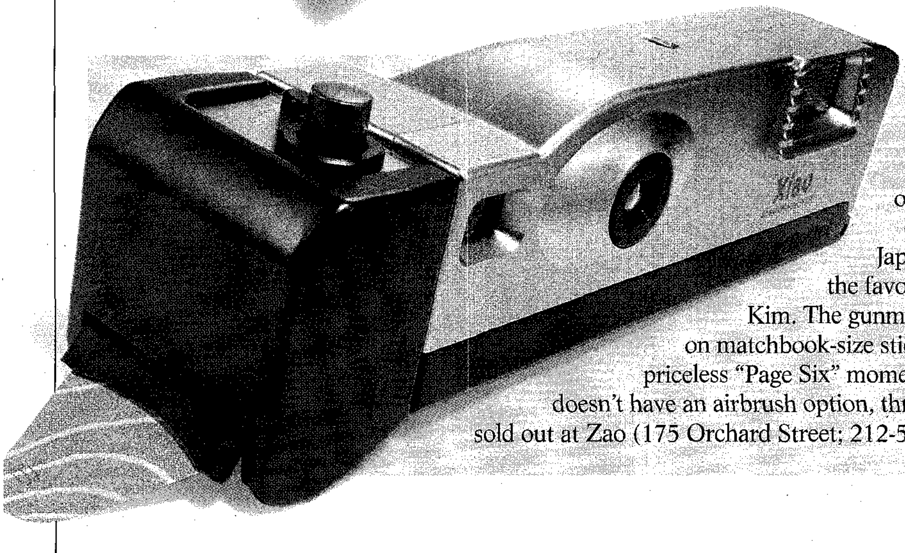
BETH LANDMAN KEIL



A Charmed Life

Some people take familial frustration and funnel it into years of psychotherapy. Others opt to bicker at the dinner table. And then there are those clever enough to capitalize on it, like Tracey Zabar. Feeling miffed after a family-heirloom fracas, Zabar (related by marriage to the West Side market czar Stanley) decided to create her own jewels: a line of charm bracelets. "I'd seen these kinds of situations totally break up families. I decided, 'Well, there's got to be another thing to do with this energy,' " explains Zabar. Her fourteen-karat amulets, with charms hand-cast in the shapes of dogs and hearts, some even dripping with rubies and diamonds ($400 to $5,000 for each bracelet, available at Barneys), may start another family-bauble brawl—they're a far cry from the fifties dime-store version your grandmother keeps trying to foist on you.

DANY LEVY



Film Stars

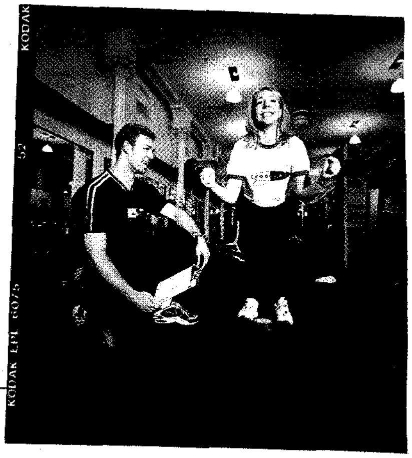
Despite their protestations about paparazzi, most glitterati types can't seem to get enough of their own image. Last season's designer camera, Cannon's Elph, has been forsaken as the Japanese import Xiao mini-Polaroid has become the favored nightlife accessory for celebrities like Lil' Kim. The gunmetal-steel-colored camera ($70) prints pictures on matchbook-size stickers, everything from "Say 'cheese' " grins to priceless "Page Six" moments in the ladies' room. And even though it doesn't have an airbrush option, three shipments of the gotta-have-it gadget have sold out at Zao (175 Orchard Street; 212-505-0500).

ALEXANDRA HAMILTON

Uphill Battle

For black-diamond buffs who fear the unexpected ice patch, as well as bunny-slope beginners who fear arthroscopic surgery, Equinox Fitness Club's new Ski and Snowboard Conditioning Program may save a bit on this winter's insurance premiums. An hour's worth of the almost vaudevillian routine includes balancing on a wobble board while leaning against a large rubber ball and simultaneously lifting dumbbells—infinitely more difficult than scoring an afternoon of powder shots. If you can master this challenge without breaking your neck, Dr. Paul Juris, the program's designer, guarantees you will build strength and body control and improve coordination—which should prove invaluable when you attempt to hoist yourself onto that T-bar after a few pints at the mountain lodge.

SARAH BERNARD



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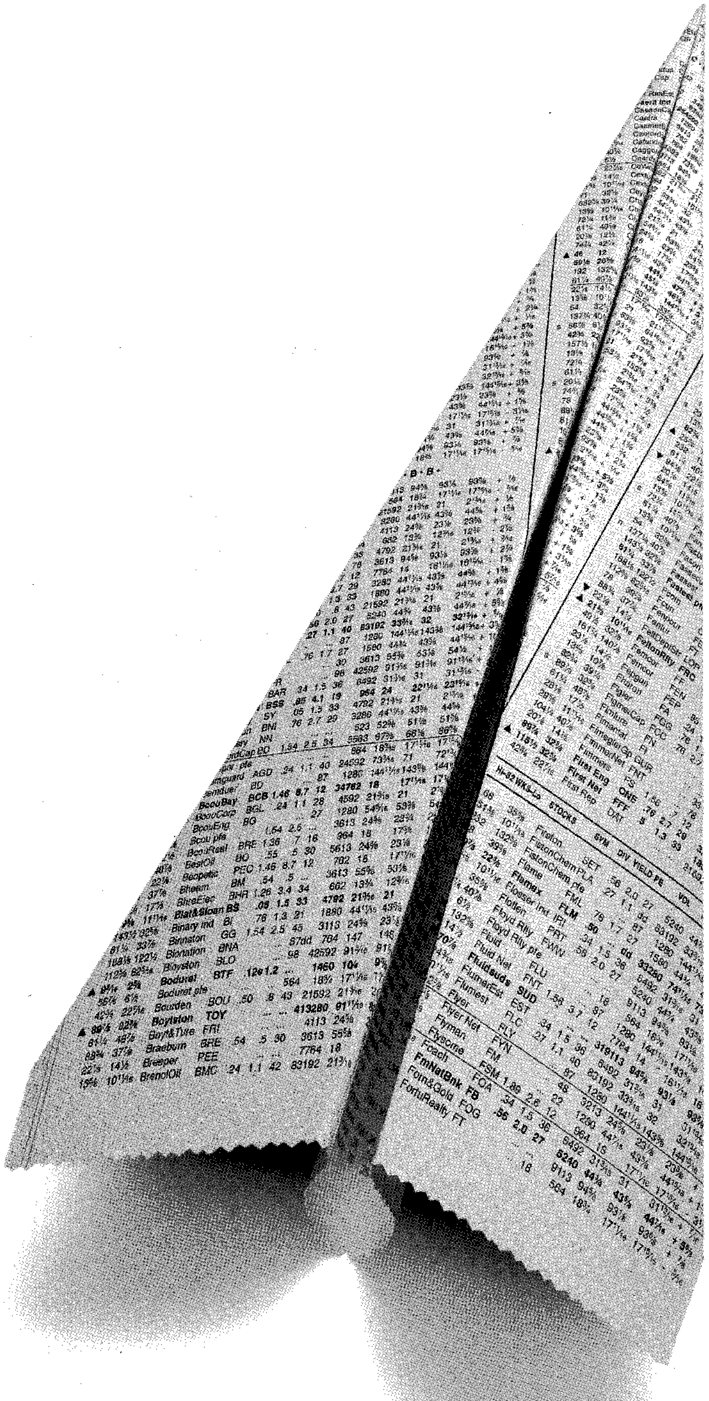

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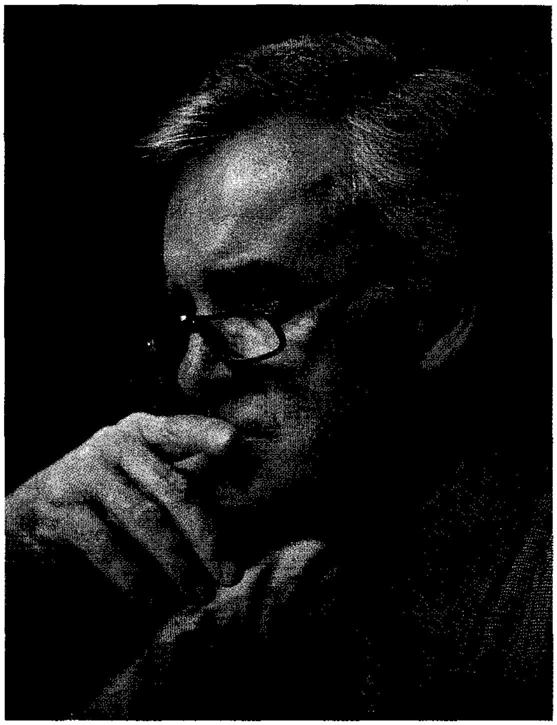
THE NATIONAL INTEREST LAWRENCE O'DONNELL JR.

Hasta La Vista, Maybe

Bob Kerrey will either run for re-election or split the Senate for the New School. It takes a brave man to leave Teddy and the gang for a cozy brownstone and 22 days of vacation.

DEMOCRATIC SENATOR BOB KERREY, who is up for re-election this year, has terrified his party with his recent thoughts of leaving the Senate. Long before the *Daily News* broke the story this month that Kerrey is considering an offer to come to New York as president of the New School University, Minority Leader Tom Daschle, Ted Kennedy, and Chris Dodd started begging him to stay. It's personal—they like him—but, more important, they need him: An open seat in Nebraska would be a tough one for the Democrats to keep. After Kerrey took yet another phone call from a Democrat who believes that if Kerrey stays they have a good chance of winning back the Senate, he told me, "I'm not sure it makes much difference which party runs the Senate. If the Republicans run it, they'll actually schedule floor time for flag-burning amendments. If we run it, they'll just try to stick flag-burning amendments on anything that moves." If Kerrey still feels that way on the day he makes his decision, he will be moving to New York when the Senate adjourns in the fall.



Decisions, decisions: Senator Kerrey weighs a job offer.

PUT YOUR FINGER AT THE BOTTOM of your right knee. Look at everything below your finger: the shin, the ankle, the foot, the toes. Bob Kerrey has none of that. He has air below his right knee. Nothing in the way he moves gives that away, not the way he walks, not the way he dances, not the way he runs, not even the way he skis. He had to learn to walk twice in his life. His parents taught him how to do it the first time, on two legs. His government taught him how the second time, on one.

After being carried off his last battlefield in Vietnam, it took a year of physical therapy in a veterans' hospital in Philadelphia to get Kerrey walking again. Kerrey came away from the experience not hating government for getting his body blown apart but grateful to it for putting him back together. He went from successful entrepreneur to governor of Nebraska with as much lust for applause as most politicians but also with a respect for government born of his utter dependency on it during the most vulnerable period of his life. You see that respect in the former welfare mothers serving in the Congress and the state legislatures. But in Kerrey, you also see the pent-up courage that allowed him to face enemy fire but is allowed no outlet now in the United States Senate.

Hanging out with Kerrey on the Senate floor, as I used to do when I was chief of staff of the Senate Finance Committee, you sense him itching to do something brave. And he sometimes does.

Brave does not necessarily mean smart or correct. Brave simply means doing something against your political interests, something unpopular with your supporters. Most senators never even think of doing that.

You can argue the merits of raising the retirement age to 70 for full Social Security benefits, but you cannot deny the bravery of a senator proposing it. When Kerrey first proposed it in 1995, he got Republican Alan Simpson to join him while most of the rest of the Senate just stood there and stared. No one was surprised by Simpson: Everyone knew he was not running for re-election. But Kerrey was thought to be laying the groundwork for another run at the presidency in 2000, which he decided against at the last minute. If Kerrey had run for president this time, he would be the only candidate in favor of raising the retirement age. That alone would have left him running a distant third in New Hampshire right now, and everyone in the Senate knew that when Kerrey first floated the proposal. In the Senate, where bravery has no reward, the word *crazy* is used in its place.

The repressed courage accompanies, or perhaps provokes, a not-so-repressed anger at the shenanigans that sometimes become the official strategy of Kerrey's party. In 1994, when the Democrats controlled the Senate but the Republicans were clearly winning the great debate over the First Lady's health-care-reform plan, "Demonize Dole" is what Democrats were told to do every time they spoke. Kerrey took to the Senate floor and made a speech in which he both revealed his party's strategy and promised not to adopt it. Later, when taking his turn in the presiding officer's chair—an excruciatingly boring duty that all senators try to avoid—Kerrey summoned me to his side. With the C-SPAN camera on him, he put his hand over his microphone, leaned over the arm of his throne as the Democrats were happily demonizing Dole, and said, "Sometimes I just wanna go down there and rip their throats out." The

Photograph by Rick Bloom/Saba.

words stay with me because they came not from a senator but from a former Navy SEAL who had been trained to do just that.

Watching Bob Kerrey make a decision—a big one—can be nerve-racking. He can quickly become sure of what he is going to do but just as quickly become unsure; then he can alternate for days, sometimes weeks—sure, unsure, sure, unsure. When his girlfriend of four years, New York screenwriter Sarah Paley, told me last month that he was "99 percent sure he's going to leave the Senate" and take the New School offer, we both knew he was still a long way from 100 percent.

"He's seeing how it feels," says Paley, "when he goes back and forth like that. He takes one position, sees how it feels for a day, then takes the other and sees how that feels."

The decision to leave is the single biggest decision of a Senate career but not necessarily the most difficult. Senators never have to explain to each other why they are thinking of leaving, which in most cases, as in Kerrey's, simply means not running for re-election. None of them likes running for re-election, but none of them much likes what he or she does the rest of the time either—making the fund-raising calls and begging for money, attending the fund-raisers every weekend and giving thanks for money, sitting through the four-hour subcommittee hearings on subjects of vital interest to a voluble 0.5 percent of the electorate, being called back to the floor at midnight to cast a vote on another motion to table, meeting with constituents who hate everything you are doing, meeting with constituents who hate everything you are doing except the thing you are trying to do for them, meeting with lobbyists, meeting with staff, meeting with the leadership, meeting, meeting, meeting, and never, ever knowing what time you're going to get out of work. All for $141,300 a year with no allowance for maintaining the mandatory second home. For rich men of narrow ambition and imagination, it is one way to spend a life. The rest take a good long look at the exit every time they are up for re-election.

"The real problem in the Senate today," says Kerrey, "is your imagination is limited by polling data." When Kerrey brings up an idea in the cloakroom, he says, his colleagues immediately point out that the polls say they shouldn't do that. "You feel like you're boxed in," he says. "I have somehow acquired the capacity to do the unpopular sometimes. That's what the Senate needs, but the Senate doesn't know it needs that."

While almost every Democrat with Kerrey's home phone number is begging him to stay, only his son and daughter (both in their twenties) are urging him to take the job, the home—a West Village brownstone—and the new life the New School is offering him in New York. "They're telling me, We want our dad to be healthy and happy," he says. His girlfriend is staying out of it. "Everyone thinks I want him to move to New York," says Paley, who has a strong aversion to political life, "but I just want him to do what he wants to do."

The provision of the New School contract he keeps coming back to is 22 days of vacation. Kerrey has not had that much time off in as long as he can remember. "That's 22 days on top of every weekend," he says, seeming not to realize that civilians take free weekends for granted. With the New School salary, the Senate pension, the corporate boards he could join, and the speaking fees, he would easily make a million or two a year, while living rent-free in Manhattan.

> *"Kerrey put his hand over the microphone, leaned over the arm of his throne as the Democrats were happily demonizing Dole, and said, 'Sometimes, I just wanna go down there and* **rip out their throats.***' "*

Kerrey has the lifers telling him how much he will miss the Senate, but he can't find anyone who has left—Sam Nunn, Alan Simpson, and the rest—who isn't happier and richer than ever.

Unable to stop looking for opportunism in any politician's decision about anything, including choice of spouse, I pointed out to Kerrey that not running for re-election frees him up nicely for the vice-presidential nomination. "I hadn't thought of that," he said, as he was campaigning for Bill Bradley in Iowa last week.

Then he did think about it. "I don't think the New School opportunity enhances my political career," he said. "I think it ends it. However, you can never tell." ■

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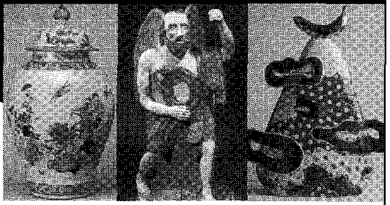

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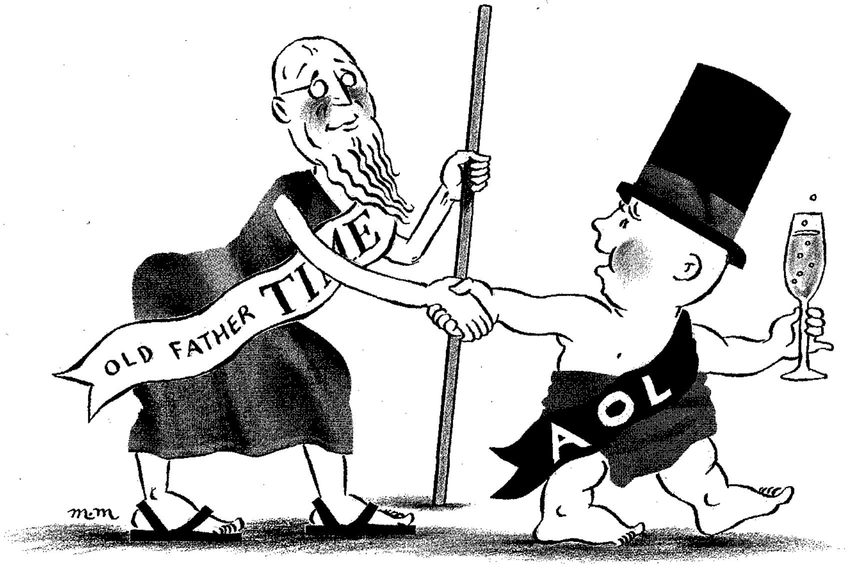
MEDIA MICHAEL WOLFF

Happy New Media

The AOL–Time Warner merger has everyone shell-shocked. Is this as big as it looks, Munich Pact big? And where is the reporter from the corporate-state desk?



BRUCE JUDSON LEFT A LONG MESSAGE on my machine. He was making a joke about some meeting we had been at together a few years ago. Judson and I—with *Time's* current managing editor, Walter Isaacson, and (now former) Time Inc. executive vice-president Curt Viebranz—had sat on a committee at Time Warner that had decided to recommend that the company not buy AOL in 1994 but instead start Pathfinder (Walter has always said that if Time Warner had bought AOL, it would have screwed it up), obviously a corporate crossroads that future media scholars will write their dissertations about. But why was Judson talking about this now?—somewhat hysterically, too—I wondered as I got into the shower. It was only in very slow motion that Judson's message started to seem coherent in a more or less breathtaking way. I jumped out and, dripping, got onto MSNBC.com (not, I realize, CNN.com).

I thought: (a) This can't be; (b) it makes no sense; (c) the world has gone mad; (d) the world has forever changed. I thought: Maybe we'll all remember where we were when we first heard about The Deal.

I was not at all sure what to do.

As I might run out to look at a fire, or a street protest, I threw on some clothes and caught a cab over to the news conference at the Equitable Center on 52nd Street. I was hoping Walter would be there, but I didn't see him. Among other small-time things I wanted to ask him was how exactly does a news organization go about covering such an earth-shatteringly mammoth event of its own making?

But was that too earnest?

What was the proper affect here? Were we supposed to regard this as just a business story? Market reach, share price, boardroom stuff, instead of alignments, power shifts, and virtual geopolitical moves? The auditorium was filling up with business, media, and Internet reporters, which for a second seemed surprising—why were they here? Where were the reporters from the national desk? The foreign desk, even? (Is this just my bias, not thinking of business reporters as real reporters? And technology reporters as an even lower order?) We're going to miss the meaning of this story, I started to think, because the right desk doesn't exist. Perhaps there should be a corporate-state desk. A convergence desk. In that light, the AOL–Time Warner merger might be up there at some Munich Pact–Suez Canal–League of Nations level, or an entirely new kind of corporate-historical concept.

Something else: Reporters at other kinds of events—political events, disasters, crime scenes—are always nosing about, kibitzing, asking each other what they've got, but at this event, everyone just sat down and waited to be told what was what.

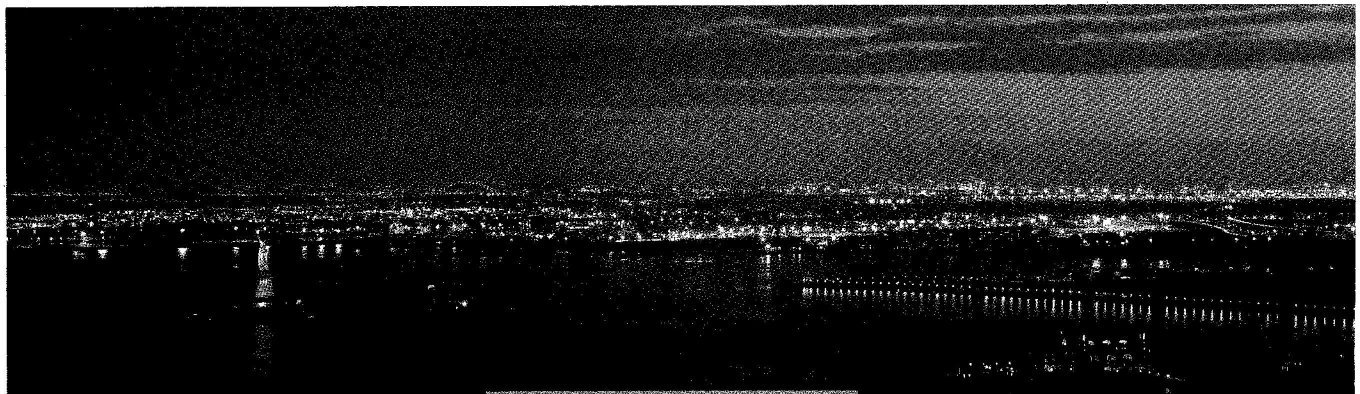
Granted, for a black-helicopter moment, a power move so large, so amazingly tectonic, that history would be written from here, its initial public face, this joint press conference, was pretty bland.

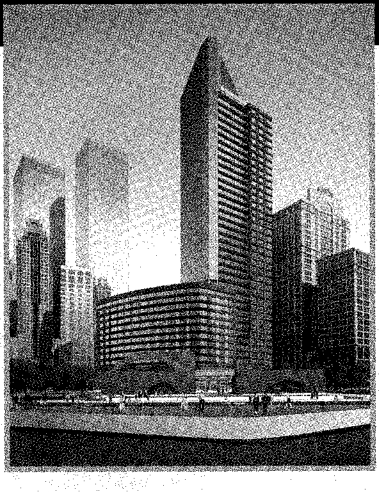
The long lenses and porta-video packs were down in front of the auditorium when Gerry Levin, looking professorial and rumpled in much-commented-upon chinos and open shirt, came onto the stage, followed by Steve Case, in J.C. Penney–ish gray suit, then Ted Turner (imagine Steve Case and Ted Turner having a conversation), then the new co-COOs (even typographically, that is awkward) Bob Pittman and Dick Parsons, and then Mike Kelly, AOL's CFO. Everybody but Case sat down on the *Dating Game*–like chairs. Case opened, forcefully. But did this mean that he was the big cheese or just that he was introducing Levin? Levin indeed turned out to be the real presenter. He gave the details, such as they were, of the deal, and the philosophy, such as it was, and sent the clearest signals, to the extent that any were clear, about what was actually happening here.

It was not a businesslike presentation at all—none of the overload of information that is customary at merger announcements, the charts and bullet-pointed handouts—but, befitting a moment of at least as much political as commercial significance, a wholly symbolic tableau, although all the symbols were carefully veiled.

To do justice to the many conflicting and various unuttered messages that were being sent here, you'd rightly have to look at this the way we used to look at the lineups and hierarchies and seating positions on May Day in Red Square. But the press, much of which is now (as long as I am in this metaphor) something like the Soviet press (hmmm . . . would this mean that my friend Walter Isaacson is now some high-ranking muckety-muck in the new-media ministry of information?), took the most literal of views.

Illustration by Matthew Martin.





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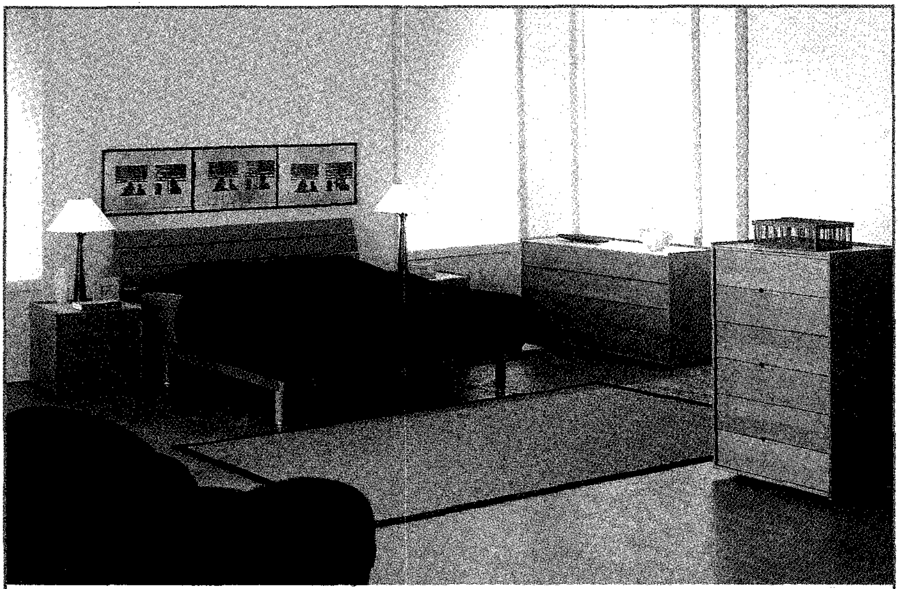
Win-win was the most frequent analysis. I wonder if we were this brain-dead just because we were so caught off guard, or because we or our colleagues had, instantly, made so much money off the deal (nearly 2,000 Time employees had made $1 million or more, estimated the New York *Post*—in that respect, it *was* win-win), and it was hard to think through the euphoria or jealousy, or because, for business reporters, the whole point is just to analyze with respect to up-and-down and not with an eye toward character, or consequence, or forest-from-the-trees.

It is hard to move from the sheltered short-term share-price world (no one gets killed or starves) to the real world.

HEREWITH, THEN, IS AN ATTEMPT TO SEE this as a profound struggle for . . . for what, I am not yet sure:

My coup d'état theory. Levin's dress and demeanor were less those of a man trying to get with the new-media program than a message of resistance. He looked not like a new-media type but like a political prisoner. Salvador Allende. We know that AOL had been in a difficult negotiation with AT&T for access to its cable pipes. Let us assume that negotiation had all but failed. Let us assume, too, that AOL regards access to such pipes as absolutely necessary for its medium-term survival. Surveying its alternatives, it sees only one: Time Warner's cable network. While the party line is that talks about the merger began in October, it is almost impossible to believe anything might have remained so unleaked and unrumored at Time Warner (technology companies keep secrets; part of the charm of Time Warner is that everybody talks). The very lack of leaks might indicate that this was a shotgun proposition. In other words, days before the announcement, Case and company issue the following ultimatum to Levin (possibly in a more cordial style): *We will offer $110 a share for 100 percent of your stock. Come quietly or else.*

My reverse-capitulation theory. AOL's savantlike brilliance has always been to understand how it can survive to a new day. Understanding that it will die without access to cable pipes, it negotiates a deal with Time Warner that has two profound concessions. It gives TW a huge premium over its current value and turns effective control of the company over to Time Warner's CEO. Press accounts keep saying that Levin as CEO will report to Case as chairman, but that's confusing politesse with procedure. CEOs report to the board, which will be divided 50-50 between AOL interests and TW ones. Press accounts also keep talking about



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AOL's strong management. In fact, AOL, famously, has almost no management—it has managed just by continuing to grow (indeed, you don't really need management when you have such growth). The reality of TW's contribution of 80 percent of the revenues of this new company, along with its vastly greater operations, means that, almost inevitably, in counter-counterintuitive logic, the dog continues to wag the tail. Which is to say that old media has bought new media (since I recently predicted that CBS-Viacom would buy AOL, I like this interpretation).

My Pittman theory. Or old media has bought old media. However lucrative, AOL has been Bob Pittman's exile. In that regard, this deal may not be so much about establishing a new world order as about getting Bob Pittman back to midtown. He's a New York glam-media guy. A television guy. Internet, shminternet. Indeed, in the not-too-distant future, after AOL becomes Time Warner–ized, people may say "new media" and that will be a funny line, like "New Left."

> *"After AOL becomes Time Warner–ized, people may say 'new media' and* **that will be a funny line,** *like 'New Left.' "*

Synergy kills. Time Warner could still screw up AOL. TW believes its big success in synergy (after its big failure with Time and Warner, the old-media-new-media combination of its time) was bringing CNN into the fold. In this process, Ted Turner has been reduced to a kind of TW mascot or comic figure and CNN, once something quite interesting, has become as bland as anything else on television. Now, it is, at first blush, hard to imagine AOL's getting blander. But that mistakes the front-room AOL for the back room. In the back room, what you have is the greatest distribution channel for pornography since . . . there is no since. It is sui generis and is AOL's not-so-secret of success. What happens when Bill Bennett shows up at the first AOL-TW shareholders' meeting?

Everything's in play. The deal, Levin noted, is not expected to close until the end of the year. A *year*? It seems almost unnecessary to even consider all the things that might happen or go wrong in a year, and that's a real-time, not Internet-time, year. But for starters, there's the uncertain future of AOL and Time Warner shares (this is, after all, a deal based on Internet money rather than cash money), the uncertain future of the market itself, and the changing ambitions of other players. These players include not just Microsoft (which may well be broken up, creating more companies that might be interested in AOL or Time Warner), AT&T, and GE, companies that could afford to tamper with the deal, but twenty other companies who undoubtedly know a few intrepid financiers. A little perspective: TCI's missed merger with Bell Atlantic was, once, a seismic event, too. So while we can safely assume that the AOL-TW announcement has set in motion a vast chain of unintended effects, and that hundreds of dopey deals will now be entered into because of it, we can by no means be sure any of those deals will merge AOL with Time Warner.

A word to the wise. DSL is better than cable.

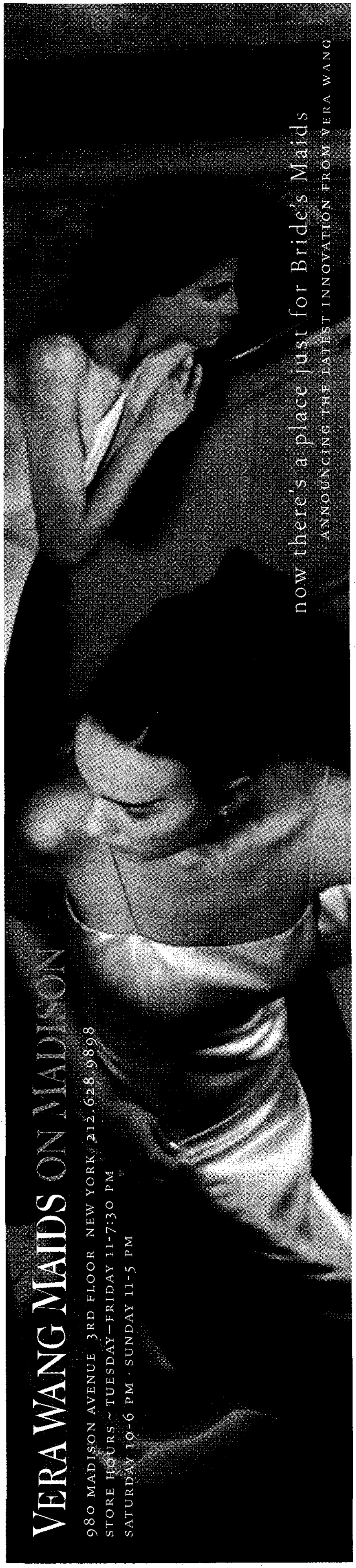
NOW EVERYONE, INCLUDING ME, IS STAGgering around like there's been a world-class coup or assassination or something. This shock may be a tad self-centered (we are all in the media business, after all), or it may be that we are starting to get an inkling that the thing going on here is, in addition to economic jockeying for position, a struggle for the soul of something.

A few days before the announcement, I was flipping channels and paused for a moment on a CNN show that had on its panel Gerry Levin, Walter Isaacson, Kurt Andersen (also a former *Timer*), and mogul-fanzine writer Ken Auletta, talking about the future of the media. Suddenly, in the discussion, Levin, who probably knew he was soon to announce the largest merger in history, started to talk about governments' fading and some new sort of corporate city-states' rising and how the world would be mediated in some vaguely sci-fi-ish New Agey *Rollerball* digital way. Everybody else on the panel (Walter says he didn't know about the AOL deal until his wife heard about it on CBS) seemed startled, and then treated Levin's remarks as the most egghead-ish of hypothetical futurist stuff.

Well, okay.

Meanwhile, I have another message on my machine from Bruce Judson suggesting, friend to friend, that I might want to consider what I say about the world's largest media-technology-communications organization—just a little restraint, he suggests, advice I find myself thinking about for just a little longer than usual. ■

E-mail: michael@burnrate.com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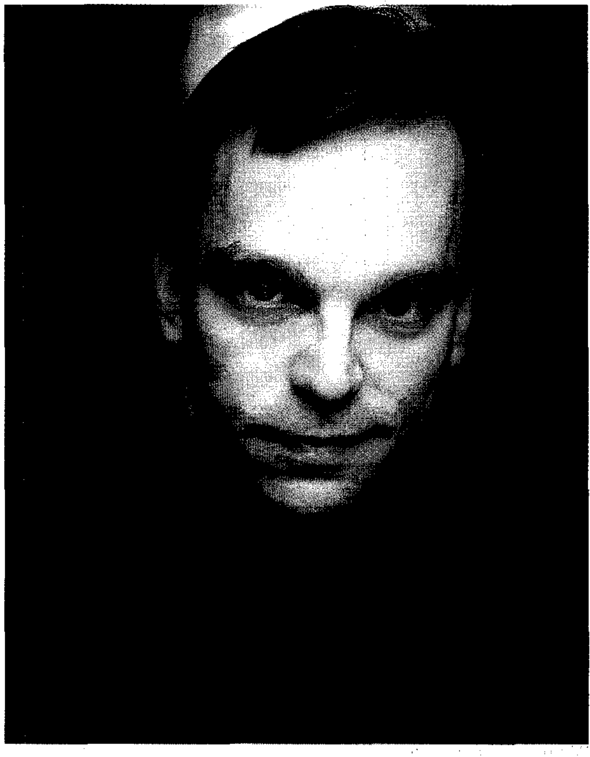
CITYSIDE MAYA DOLLARHIDE AND ROBERT LENNON

Sword and Shield

When does protection for the victim become a weapon against the defendant? Ask Oliver Jovanovic, whose overturned conviction may test the limits of the rape-shield law.

A STUDIED DISORGANIZATION suffuses the clutter in the Washington Heights home where Oliver Jovanovic grew up; it's like a rarefied cocoon of West Side culture. Major chess awards and photographs of Oliver and his brother, Adrian—their father is the chess coach at Dalton—playing such notables as former New York City mayor Abraham Beame line the foyer and various rooms of their parents' labyrinthine apartment, along with similar testimonials to their mother's career as first violinist for the New York City Ballet orchestra.

Jovanovic's appearance seems of a piece with the surroundings. Indeed, the grad-student manner, tousled walnut hair, and boyish, crooked-tooth smile all suggest someone other than the Columbia "cybersex fiend," the phrase attached to the doctoral candidate's name in the tabloids for more than three years.



Lightning rod: Jovanovic at his parents' home in Washington Heights.

On December 21, the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court freed him after he'd spent twenty months in prison for the kidnapping and sexual torture of a Barnard student ten years his junior. The panel concluded that trial judge William Wetzel had "improperly hampered defendant's ability to present a defense" by overzealously invoking the rape-shield law to deny the jury access to key evidence—in particular, explicit e-mails between Jovanovic and his accuser that were full of references to everything from sadomasochistic sex to snuff films and rape.

While the e-mail between the two was quoted extensively during the trial, it was edited specifically to eliminate what the prosecutors argued were references to the victim's prior sexual encounters, even though those encounters included her description of herself as "a pushy bottom"—S&M slang for a submissive partner who demands to be taken to higher levels of pain. Another e-mail detailed a sadomasochistic encounter with the man she refers to as her boyfriend; in it, she calls herself his sex "slave."

But it isn't just the e-mails that the jury didn't get in full detail. Jovanovic's lawyer, Jack Litman, says that shortly before their encounter Oliver and the victim "had a four-and-a-half-hour telephone conversation about sexual preferences and the like; the judge wouldn't allow any of that, either." Medical testimony from one of the doctors who examined the victim for the prosecution, heard in closed court sessions from which the jury was excluded, was not allowed in the record although it undermined the claims of prolonged sexual assault.

Four days after the alleged November 22, 1996, incident, Dr. Chin Quee at Barnard College Health & Counseling Services examined the young woman, noting several fading bruises on her breasts and shoulder, and tenderness of the rectum. But Dr. Quee found no scratches or abrasions in the vaginal or anal areas, no bruises or burn marks, no teeth marks on or tenderness of the woman's nipples, which she claimed had been bitten to the point of drawing blood. Eleven days after Jovanovic's December 5 arrest, Dr. Jacques Moritz performed a second examination. He, too, found no evidence of the kind of sustained assault Jovanovic was charged with. Yet Judge Wetzel excluded Moritz's testimony.

A legal expert close to the case explains that Judge Wetzel's interpretation of the rape-shield law resulted in subsequent exclusions of secondary pieces of evidence because he saw them as defense efforts to to circumvent the shield. Indeed, during the trial, the judge admonished the defense for revisiting "these rulings two, three, four times a day." In their brief to the appeals panel, the prosecutors argued that the portions edited out of the e-mails "were not reality" and pleaded with the panel not to "allow defendant to inject prejudicial evidence of prior sexual conduct into the case."

Of course, the appeals panel did not find Oliver Jovanovic innocent. It ruled that Judge Wetzel misapplied the rape shield, in the end denying due process to Jovanovic, whose defense was based on the assertion that no attack took place. He didn't testify at the trial, he says, because he wouldn't have been allowed to give his version of what happened from the beginning of the e-mail relationship. That fear was resoundingly supported by the appeals panel: "The erroneous ruling in effect gutted Jovanovic's right to testify fully in his own defense," the judges ruled, "since it prohibited him from offering the jury any evidence justifying an asserted belief that the complainant had indicated a desire to participate in sado-

Photograph by Brian Velenchenko.

masochism with him." No one from District Attorney Robert M. Morgenthau's office responded to repeated requests for comment on the case or the ruling.

AFTER THE REVERSAL, FEMINISTS ARGUED that e-mails suggesting a willingness to experiment with sadomasochism are irrelevant, since the victim claims to have withdrawn consent for further sexual activity. The judges responded, however (with one partial dissent), that the e-mails would have played a larger part in Jovanovic's defense than merely offering evidence of prior activity: They also could have helped establish "the defense that the complainant concocted her accusation in order to explain to [her boyfriend] either her failure to meet him that night, or her participation in sadomasochism with another man."

A long narrative in one of the victim's e-mails to Jovanovic, recounting a story of a sadistic sexual encounter in which the boyfriend was tied up and raped, was, the judges ruled, "highly relevant to the attempted defense that the claim of attack was concocted, particularly in view of the similarity between that narrative and Jovanovic's complained-of conduct on the night in question."

"It's as if common sense doesn't play any role in the legal system," Jovanovic says, adding that at least half the total evidence was delivered in a closed courtroom and ultimately kept from the jury, portions he argues would underscore the inconsistencies in his accuser's story. She had told detectives, for instance, that the candles Jovanovic used to burn her were red, and then testified that they were white at trial. The judge, additionally, would not allow demonstrations showing that candle wax does not get hot enough to burn the skin.

" 'It's as if common sense doesn't play any role in the legal system,' Jovanovic says, adding that at least half the evidence was delivered in a closed courtroom and kept from the jury."

ALTHOUGH THE ACCUSER REFUSED TO BE INterviewed, her mother told us that "my daughter's a philosopher," not a practitioner, and that she explored different lifestyles on an intellectual level but had no real interest in Jovanovic's world of sadomasochism. "I feel bad for him having to be in prison," the victim's mother said before the conviction was overturned. "I don't think he was evil from his heart." After the reversal, however, her position hardened. "As far as I'm concerned," she said bitterly, "he got a get-out-of-jail-free card." She believes Oliver Jovanovic should be in a mental hospital.

If there is a retrial—and the district attorney's office has begun the process of seeking one—Jovanovic may finally get to tell his story. He admits he is a different person than he was before his arrest. "Back then, I thought Kafka's *The Trial* was a work of fiction," he says. "I have more confidence, now, that the appellate division actually does care about justice." ▬

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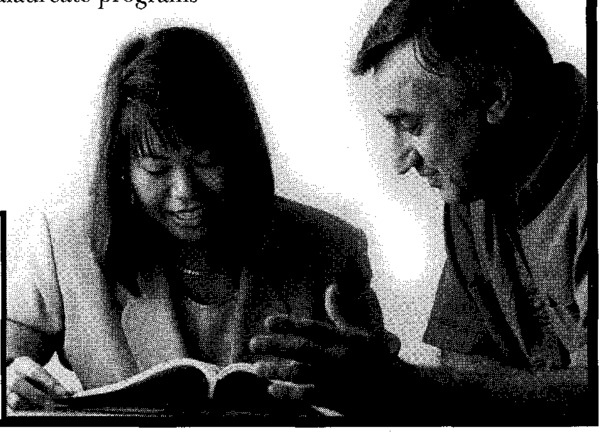

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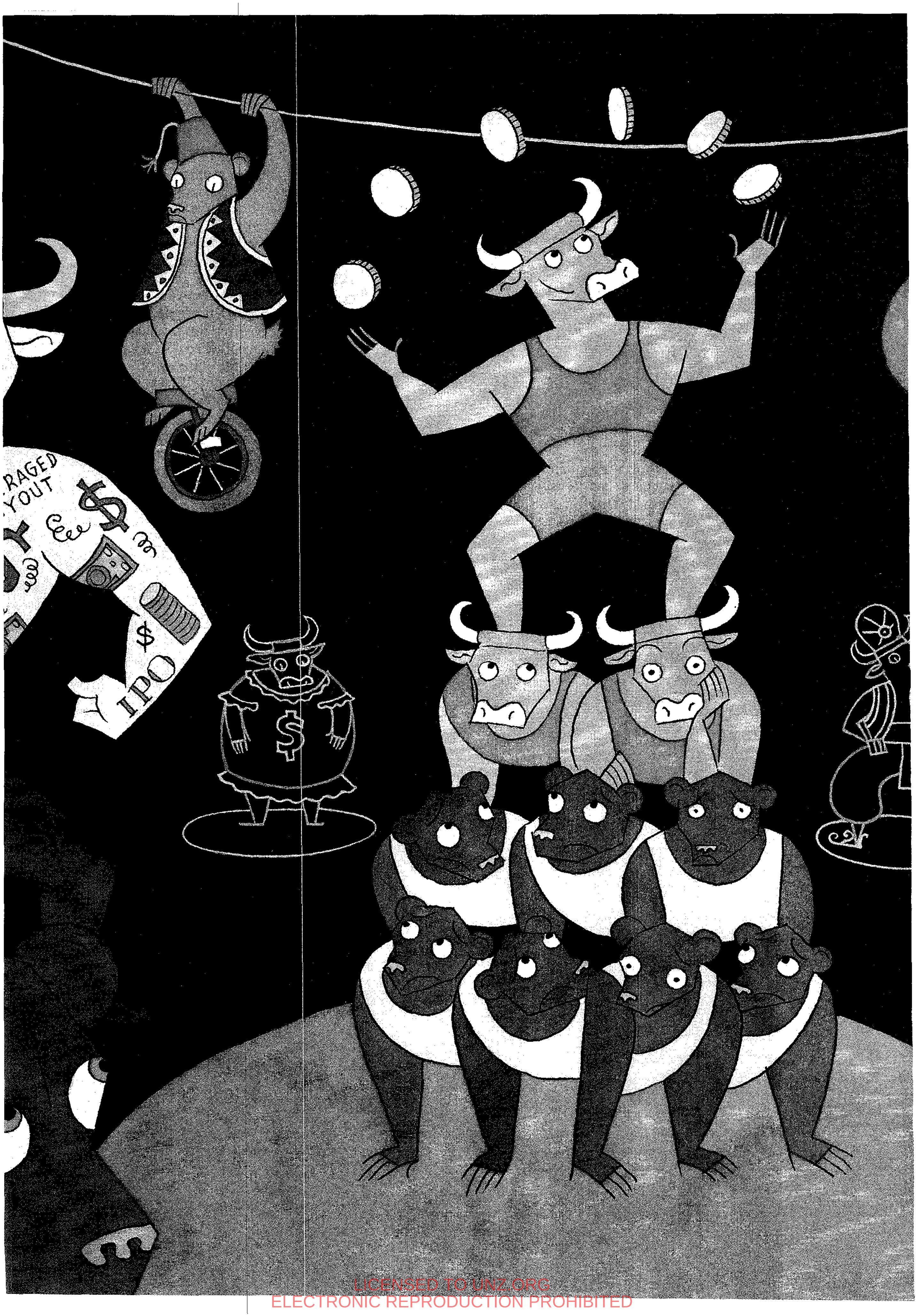
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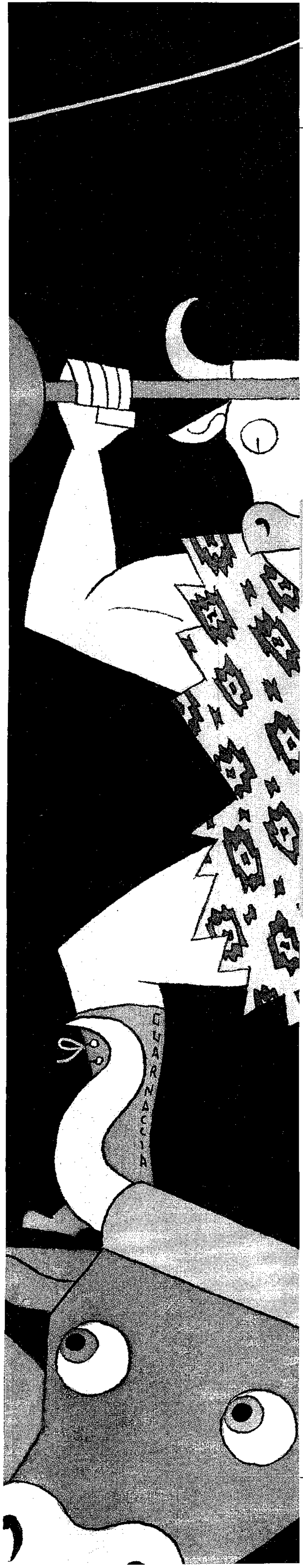


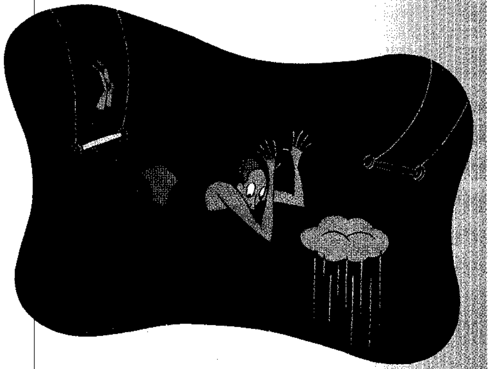
THE STAR REPORT

By Johanna Berkman

On Wall Street, the millennium celebration started early—in 1995, to be precise—and reached a stunning crescendo in the final months of 1999. Who *wasn't* a winner this year, except those poor lost souls who doubted the power of the new economy? On the other hand, you couldn't exactly use a dartboard to double or triple your portfolio. Making the obscene profits that will forever characterize this market required prescience and nerve. You had to believe in your analysis of this billowing landscape and the technologies that shape it. And then you had to scramble to get in first, when everyone else was scrambling as hard as you were. On the following pages, you'll find ten who are surfing the wave better than anyone else, along with their predictions on where the next waves are going to come from. Just don't say the word *bubble.*

Edited by Phoebe Eaton

Illustration by Steven Guarnaccia



BUSINESS BENCHMARKS

THE FORTUNATE 500

On the day Yahoo! was inducted into the S&P 500 in December, its shareholders were handed the chance to make a killing. The company's share price jumped from $212 to $348 as index-fund managers scrambled for shares of the closely held company. This was only the second Internet company—after AOL—to join the S&P 500, which begs the question: Will there be more churn this year, as Standard & Poor's admits new technology companies and puts nonproducing cows out to pasture?

"A lot of this is guesswork," admits Bob Walberg, chief equity strategist at Briefing.com, a market-research-and-analysis firm. "But we feel the S&P is underweighted in technology." Walberg speculates that the automotive retailer Pep Boys—currently experiencing what analysts politely refer to as "earnings pressure"—might soon be replaced by a virtual counterpart like Amazon. Walberg's take is that the S&P looks mainly for leading companies that are stable. Amazon's lack of earnings might be overlooked in view of its e-commerce domination. "If a company has never earned any money, that's definitely a negative. Is it possible that companies can nevertheless achieve such importance in the economy that they become too big to keep out? It's not out of the question," says an S&P spokesman. Walberg also thinks the index is underweighted in telecom. Strong candidates include PMC-Sierra and Qwest, perhaps replacing Homestake Mining and Bethlehem Steel—which somehow seem less important to the new economy. MICHAEL STEELE

START ME UP

Ryan Jacob Jacob Internet Fund

"THIS LOOKS LIKE THE COVER OF *TEEN BEAT*!" says Ryan Jacob, yanking a copy of *Kiplinger's* out of a file cabinet and examining it with theatrical disgust. Jacob was the August cover boy, and he isn't quite finished living it down. "I look like Leif Garrett," he groans.

The mutual-fund manager has two things nearly all of Wall Street wants: great performance and a full head of hair. Then again, he's only 30. After attending Drexel University, he did time in the sleepy family-trusts department at Bankers Trust before he got restless and moved to a job analyzing IPOs for a small Manhattan asset-management company. Then he went from small to minuscule, managing an Internet fund for Kinetics Asset Management, a company so tiny its back-office operations were run out of a North Babylon, Long Island, garage. Jacob had only a piddling $200,000 to throw around, but that was enough. A stunning return of 196 percent by 1998 stamped him the No. 1 mutual-fund manager in the country. He both reaped the benefit of early recognition and paid the price. After watching his fund balloon to $715 million by July 1999 and establishing an eighteen-month return of 531 percent, Jacob quit: A deal to sell the fund to a more established company fell through, and Jacob informed Kinetics' owners—a Russian-émigré computer programmer and a retired

Photographed by David Barry

school superintendent—that he simply couldn't afford to stay.

- **LIVING DANGEROUSLY** Within days of his departure, Jacob staked out his own shop. His target launch was Labor Day, but Jacob immediately found himself mired in regulatory hell at the SEC, arguing over ownership of his track record with his former employer. "They had to protect their business," he explains, "so they said, 'Well, Ryan was just part of a team managing the fund, and he really wasn't the one driving the investment decisions,' which was *completely* false."

Jacob Asset Management kicked off its flagship Internet fund on December 13—but not without incident. The fact that Jacob recruited his uncle, InKine Pharmaceuticals chairman Leonard Jacob, to serve on his board has attracted scrutiny. "I'm lucky to have somebody like him," says Jacob. "We're not paying board members a lot of money, and they're taking on some liability." Besides, he says, "my uncle doesn't pick up trash; he's on the boards of other companies and foundations."

- **MONEYMAKING MANTRA** "MTV was not profitable in its first year," says Jacob. "CNN was not profitable in its first year. Yet once these companies achieved critical mass, they became extremely valuable franchises. That's eventually going to happen on the Internet as well. The sector as a whole is overvalued, but companies that are able to establish leadership positions in their markets are drastically undervalued."

Jacob maintains he's a buy-and-hold kind of guy. "The media thinks I'm here with two six-shooters and spurs—that I'm, like, this Internet-fund day trader, which is the furthest thing from the truth."

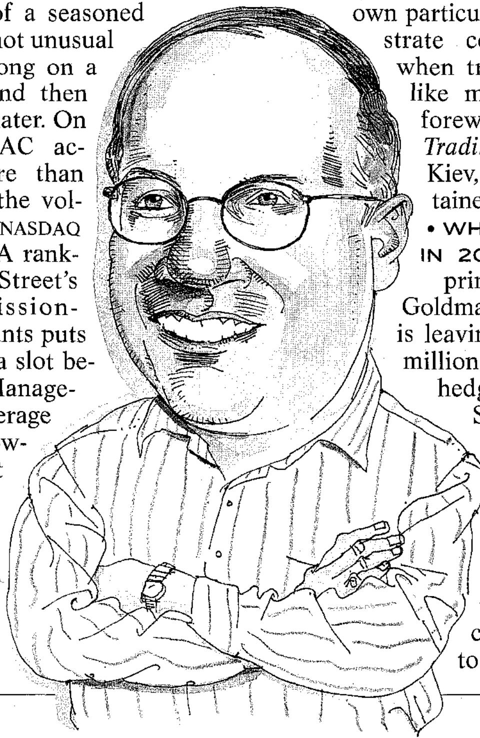
- **WHERE HE'S HEADED IN 2000** He's trying to set up his own Internet hedge fund—and can you blame him? In the meantime, his mutual fund is positively sweltering; in the initial two-week subscription period, Jacob says, 30,000 people called up, begging for the prospectus. With a take of $230 million, he's now busy building concentrated positions in 30 "sweaty-palm stocks"—young, unproven companies that could double or triple in value in a very short period of time. Right now, Jacob likes auctioneer eBay for its brand name and "trillion-dollar market opportunity, here and abroad." Jacob's also eyeing MarketWatch, because he senses that financial news will be huge on the Internet—"a much more efficient way" to transmit time-sensitive information.

LOW-PROFILE IN COURAGE

Steven Cohen SAC Capital Management

HEDGE-FUND MANAGERS GENERALLY DODGE the klieg light of the press, but word was going to get out about Steven Cohen's 70 percent 1999 returns. And if the curious are curiouser, that's just too bad: The secretive 43-year-old makes employees at SAC Capital Management in Stamford, Connecticut, sign confidentiality agreements said to be thicker than the Yellow Pages. Mystique is an alluring perfume, and those who could afford the price of admission should know the fund is now closed to new investors. Started in 1992, it has $1.3 billion in assets. Its worst year in the past five was 1996—when it was up 42 percent.

For his labors, Cohen charges 50 percent of the profits on the funds he trades most aggressively—that's more than double the 20 percent industry standard. (His staff of 150 charges anywhere from 20 to 35 percent.) Cohen, who toiled for fourteen years at Gruntal & Co. after graduating from the University of Pennsylvania, operates with all the attention deficit of a seasoned day trader—it's not unusual for him to go long on a stock, sell it, and then short it minutes later. On a busy day, SAC accounts for more than one percent of the volume on both the NASDAQ and the NYSE. A ranking of Wall Street's highest-commission-generating accounts puts SAC at No. 19, a slot behind Soros Management. With brokerage firms in deep kowtow, Cohen isn't shy about taking advantage: Every morning, SAC sends a fax to firms it trades through, listing stocks the firm is interested in. The unspoken message is, Give us the best information or we'll take our business elsewhere. A sell-side analyst recalls getting twenty phone calls in one day for information on a single stock. "They hound you," he says. "That's just the way they are."

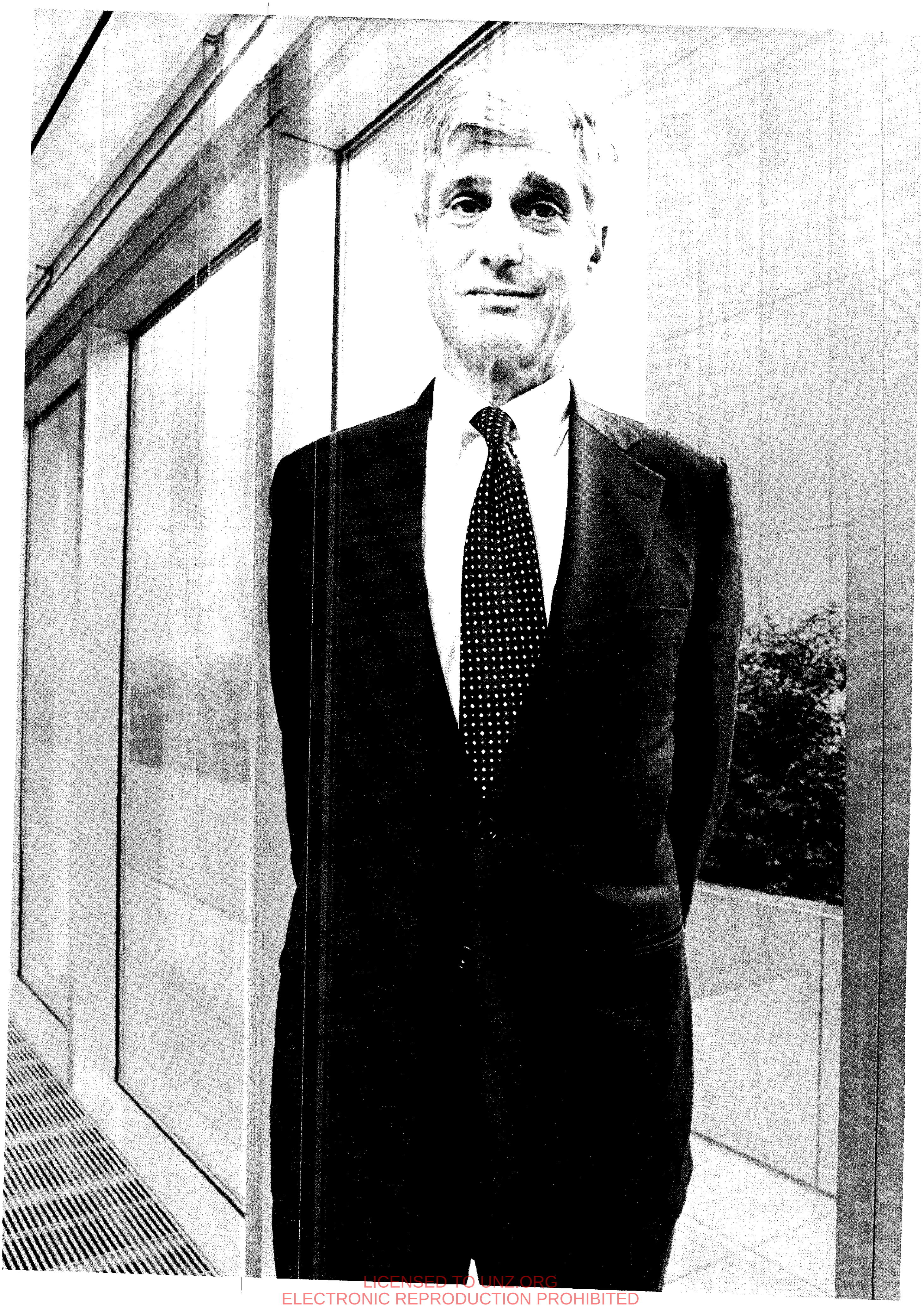


- **LIVING DANGEROUSLY** "Steve can hear the rhythm of the markets," says a longtime SAC client. "When it comes to other things, he's not as talented. I could see how I could tell him to meet me on such and such a corner, and he might have trouble getting there." Not that Cohen doesn't know a thing or two about having a blast: This past Christmas, he threw a seventies-themed office party at a Westchester yacht club. And his Greenwich neighbors have complained about his plans to turn fourteen acres of his $15 million estate into a mini Chelsea Piers, with an ice rink, a golf course, and an indoor basketball court.

- **MONEYMAKING MANTRA** Supertraders "are totally committed to their own particular style and demonstrate complete conviction when trading," the sphinxlike manager wrote in a foreword to the book *Trading to Win*, by Dr. Ari Kiev, a psychiatrist on retainer at SAC.

- **WHERE HE'S HEADED IN 2000** One of SAC's principal traders, ex-Goldmanite Tom Grossman, is leaving to set up a $200 million emerging-market hedge fund in which SAC will be a significant investor. As for the U.S. equity market, Cohen believes it's overvalued and highly dangerous for the novice. But his clients shouldn't have to worry.

Illustrations: opposite, Steven Guarnaccia; this page, Joe Ciardiello.



HIRE POWER

Bob Rubin Citigroup

FORMER TREASURY SECRETARY BOB RUBIN places a full glass of water on the plump cushion of his Citigroup club chair with all the quiet confidence of a man in the habit of command. He never once looks down, but then, he doesn't have to. He knows the glass won't tip.

For the first few months of last year, traders were obsessing over the seismic disaster that might ensue if—when—Bob Rubin decided to leave Treasury. Morgan Stanley perma-bear Barton Biggs went so far as to predict a 700-point drop in the Dow. But when Rubin announced his retirement in a Rose Garden ceremony last May, the Dow dropped a mere 200 points and quickly bounced back, a tribute to the incredible stamina of the bull market that he—the dollar-defending, global-crisis-averting "best Treasury secretary since Alexander Hamilton"—had helped create.

Meanwhile, Rubin's own stock was going through the roof. American International Group wanted to hire him. So, too, did Warburg Pincus, Forstmann Little, and Goldman Sachs, the firm where he'd ended his 26-year career as co-CEO when he left for Washington.

But then Rubin unveiled his October surprise: He'd decided to accept the post of executive-committee chairman at the $185 billion financial supermarket Citigroup, forming a triumvirate with Sandy Weill and John Reed. This time, it wasn't the Dow that dropped but Wall Street jaws. The financial community now has a better understanding of what motivates Bob Rubin: He likes a challenge.

Many have speculated that Rubin, whose office is in between Weill's and Reed's, was hired to keep the peace between the two men, said to be butting heads since Travelers merged with Citibank in 1998. This would make him perhaps the highest-paid couples counselor in history, but there's no truth to it, says Rubin, who describes the situation thus: "I think they actually have very good chemistry as far as I can see, but there are a lot of significant strategic, managerial, and operational issues, and I work with them on those." The troops, meanwhile, were ecstatic to have a third leader: As he turned to leave the trading floor on his first day of work, traders spontaneously applauded. But Rubin hardly feels like a celebrity, he says: "I come in in the morning, and there are all sorts of issues here to deal with. Nobody cares whether I was secretary of the Treasury or anything else. People care about what I say and whether it's of any use in trying to work through these issues."

- LIVING DANGEROUSLY His D.C. stint seems almost altruistic when you consider Rubin missed out on Goldman Sachs's IPO windfall last spring. But Rubin doesn't see it that way. "I've been away seven years now," he says, laughing. "It's just not something I think about."

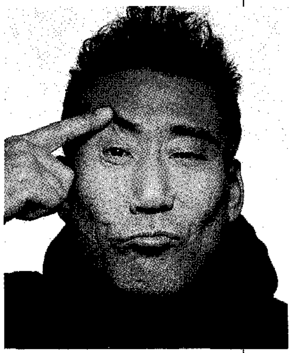
Rubin was one of the few Clinton-administration officials unblemished by scandal. But less than a month after Rubin joined Citigroup, Ralph Nader and a coalition of public-interest groups petitioned the Office of Government Ethics to investigate him, arguing that he may have improperly discussed the new financial-services bill (of which Citigroup is a key beneficiary) with Treasury successor Lawrence Summers after his departure. Government Ethics declined to investigate, as did the inspector general at Treasury. "I think it probably came off a misstatement that appeared in a news report," says Rubin of the flap. "It just wasn't true."

- MONEYMAKING MANTRA "An institution is ultimately its people, and one of Clinton's great insights that he's never gotten credit for is to get very good people and find processes for them to work together on. That's why he set up the National Economic Council."
- TEMPERATURE-TAKING The consensus view is that the economy will thrive

BUSINESS BENCHMARKS

SHOOTING FROM THE HYPE

Was anyone really surprised when the Securities and Exchange Commission filed charges of securities fraud against Yun Soo Oh Park, a.k.a. Internet-stock guru Tokyo Joe? Not Park, it seems. "I've heard it all before," he says, talking fast in a slight Korean accent. "I don't give a shit. My membership has gone up since this complaint was announced. America loves free publicity. I am bigger than life now! They have created a monster. I will fight this to the end, because this is the future. It's the new paradigm!"



Park never pretended to be anyone's credentialed investment adviser. He was an attorney in Korea and then a New York burrito-peddler before he launched his career as a flamboyant online stock picker. His Website, Tokyo Joe's Societe Anonyme, includes magazine stories recounting his efforts to play big shot at the strip club Scores. Nothing about him has ever suggested that you could trust him even to give you directions to Wall Street. A quick search of the Web yields plenty of well-substantiated claims that Park was "scalping" or "pumping and dumping"—that is, buying ahead of his members, touting the stock, and then selling as they followed his tip, driving up the price. Park tacked this candid disclaimer to one recent stock plug: "Do not chase. You pump it up, I dump in your face."

Warnings like the one above will be Park's defense: "Bring it on—I am ready," he boasts. But he should perhaps think twice about shorting the SEC, notes Steven Cohen, a lawyer at Kronish Lieb. "With the securities markets, caveat emptor just doesn't apply," Cohen says. "The SEC will find a clever way to call a fraud a fraud."

DAVID D. KIRKPATRICK

Photograph by Len Irish.

BUSINESS BENCHMARKS

FLAUNTING IT

This year, the big-ticket plaything for sub-CEO suits is a "fractional interest" in a private plane ("time share" just sounds too Miami Beach). "They're the air taxis for wealthy money managers who go visit companies in the Midwest," says a hedge-fund guy who recently bummed a ride on one. A one-sixteenth interest in a Citation V Ultra, Executive Jet's cheapest model, costs $417,500 (plus a $5,035 monthly upkeep fee and $1,275-per-hour charge for time spent in the air). "Anybody can get a Porsche these days," a sales trader sighs enviously. "But a jet? Even a third of a jet? That's still a big deal."

A cheaper pick-me-up is the RIM pager, a wireless e-mail device ($359 at BellSouth) that had everyone fidgeting in his stadium seat at last spring's Buffett conference; fund managers use them to discreetly place orders with their traders or art advisers while enduring endless CEO-spiel. JOHANNA BERKMAN

MADE IN JAPAN

If Japan were a single woman, her personals ad might read "Sexy foreigner with great legs seeks meaningful long-term relationship." Last year, the sun finally rose on the land of the rising sun; the main stock index, the Nikkei, went up 38 percent; the JASDAQ, Japan's version of NASDAQ, soared 247 percent. "I don't know if it's going to do that well again," concedes Morgan Stanley strategist Barton Biggs, but he's not taking away the party hats yet: "I think Japan is going to be the best big market in the world in 2000."

Buy Sony and Softbank, says Nick Edwards, who in 1999 raked in an eye-popping 330 percent return at the Warburg Pincus Japan Small Company Fund. "Sony is not just a hardware-gadget company," he argues. "It has much greater potential as an Internet stock than almost anything else in the world." Edwards calls buying stock in $95 billion Internet holding company Softbank "a chicken way of owning Yahoo!" (Softbank is Yahoo!'s biggest shareholder.) And he means it in a good way. J.B.

in 2000, "but there are no guarantees," Rubin cautions. Risks include a labor market that is tight, a savings rate that is low, a stock market that is high "at least by conventional standards," and the possibility of some unforeseen event rocking the rest of the world. As for inflation, which former colleague Alan Greenspan has worked so hard to keep in check, "the fundamental sense that inflation is low I think is correct," says Rubin.

• **WHERE HE'S HEADED IN 2000** "Patagonia in March, for fly-fishing." Speculation that he would be ordained head of the Fed when Greenspan's term expired in June was quashed when Greenspan renewed his contract two weeks ago. Anyway, he's comfortable as a reinstated New Yorker, confiding now that he thinks Hillary would shine as senator: "I haven't had the occasion to say it publicly, but I think she's smart. I think she's thoughtful. I think she cares a lot about issues that are important. And I think the one thing people have missed is that she is a real fighter for things she gets involved in."

Rubin's less enthralled with the notion of returning to Washington anytime soon. Unlike former Goldman confrère Jon Corzine, he says he has zero interest in running for public office: "I've got a job right now," he says, laughing, "that I feel sort of fully engaged in."

CONNECTING THE DOT-COMS

Flatiron Partners Jerry Colonna, Fred Wilson, Bob Greene, and Seth Goldstein

W

"WE'VE ACTUALLY HAD PEOPLE SIT AT THE table in our conference room and say that the motivation for starting their company is that guys they went to college with who started Internet companies are now rich, and they know they're smarter, so they figure, 'Why him? Why not me?' " says founding Flatiron partner Jerry Colonna. "That's a lousy motivation for starting a company where you're going to have to work seven days a week, twenty hours a day for two or three years." A Flatiron endorsement is a precious thing—something like the Good Housekeeping seal of approval—and Wall Street tends to show its respect. Last year, the firm had a stake in one out of every fourteen IPOs in the New York area: StarMedia, TheStreet.com, iXL, ITXC, VitaminShoppe.com, and multex.com all hopped on Flatiron's gravy train in 1999.

Founded in 1996 by Colonna and Fred Wilson, Flatiron was the first New York venture-capital firm dedicated exclusively to the Internet. With $350 million in backing from sole investor Chase Capital Partners, Flatiron currently owns sizable slices of 35 Internet companies, including delivery service Kozmo.com and content provider Powerful Media. Flatiron-backed companies have a sophisticated media-and-Madison Avenue flavor that's distinctive to Manhattan. That said, Flatiron has started to spread its wings: Recent investments include Beijing-based Internet portal Sina.com and the Internet Appliance Network, a maker of cordless appliances for Web-surfing and shopping. Flatiron isn't trying to outtech the tech investors in Silicon Valley. "But we want the best of the Internet," new principal Seth Goldstein says, "all the time and everywhere we can find it."

• **LIVING DANGEROUSLY** Though Flatiron's partners have looked like geniuses with investments like StarMedia, up 167 percent since its launch in May, retailer VitaminShoppe.com and financial-news service TheStreet.com have fared poorly. Beloved at first, TheStreet.com quickly got the bum's rush: On its first day of trading last May, the stock vroomed all the way to $70 from its IPO price of $19. But by September, the gravity of realistic expectations was pulling the stock price

Flatiron founders Fred Wilson and Jerry Colonna down to the high teens; it closed the year at $19 and change. "I suppose [when the stock hit $70], the smart thing would have been to use our billion and a half dollars of stock-equity capital and go buy a business that was worth a billion dollars," Fred Wilson says ruefully. (Wilson actually became chairman of TheStreet.com when the CEO resigned in November.) "But we didn't do that. Instead, we said, 'We've got a business to run,' and we put our heads down and ran the business."

• **MONEYMAKING MANTRA** "You look for a great leader and a visionary," says Bob Greene, who joined as managing partner last year. "You look for a big market opportunity, and being first."

"There's so much 'me too' investing going on," adds Wilson. "We won't do it. We are the people that the 'me too' investors copy." He points to Kozmo.com, recipients of a $23 million Flatiron purse: "The next thing we know, here comes Urbanfetch, copying our every move." Kozmo sued Urbanfetch, and Urbanfetch countersued, alleging Kozmo was trying to hamper Urbanfetch's fund-raising efforts; they settled out of court last December.

• **WHERE FLATIRON'S HEADED IN 2000** "The markets are going to go gaga over international Net companies and pervasive computing," Wilson says, explaining that pervasive computing "could be a flat panel on your refrigerator door that maintains an interactive grocery list."

And who's afraid of a market correction? Companies that want to go public and suddenly can't would be desperate for more cash, Greene predicts. To get it, they'd be more willing to fork over a bigger, juicier stake. "Cycles in our business," he says, "are a great thing."

"I don't like to back entrepreneurs **motivated by greed** because those are the entrepreneurs who turn tail and run when there's a bear market."

HAIL MARY

Mary Meeker Morgan Stanley Dean Witter

THE INTERNET ECONOMY HASN'T ALWAYS been kind to its oracles. Consider *Wired* co-founder Louis Rossetto, who preached relentlessly that the second coming was at hand. Then, after the world caught up with him, he failed twice at pulling off an IPO. Mary Meeker's oracular credentials are impeccable. She was a 33-year-old analyst at Morgan Stanley when she first put AOL on her buy list in 1993. At the time, the stock was trading at 52 cents (adjusted for splits), and Steve Case was better known for his Friday beer parties than for his business acumen. Then, in 1995, Meeker predicted that there would be 150 million people online by the end of the decade, which seemed, to say the least, rash.

Now, of course, the world she envisioned has come to pass, which means she's in the difficult position of being both a near-mythic figure and just another analyst, albeit a rather well-paid one—she's rumored to have pocketed some $15 million last year, and some on Wall Street believe she's worth even more.

• **LIVING DANGEROUSLY** These days, Meeker's every pronouncement is put under a microscope. Earlier this month, after Amazon reported that fourth-quarter sales had come in north of $650 million, up more than 100 percent from the same period a year ago—news that sent the stock down 15 percent—CNBC highlighted comments Meeker had earlier made to *Barron's* predicting that those sales "could be closer to $1 billion than $500 million." The following weekend, *Barron's* took her to task as well. "No matter how you slice it," chided the paper's leading columnist, Alan Abelson, "$650 million is closer to $500 million." Tired of being a prisoner of celebrity, she adopted a Greta Garbo policy this winter—she's not talking. "Mary feels she's been overexposed by the media," explains former Morgan Stanley Dean Witter spokesman turned e-commerce banker Wesley McDade.

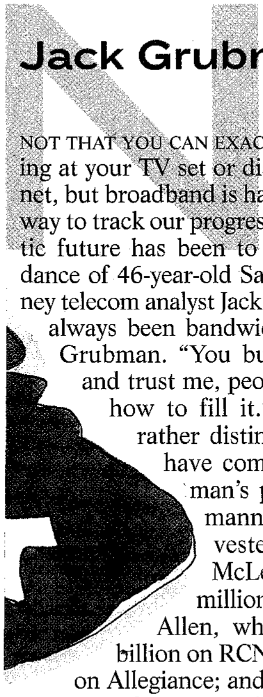
- **MONEYMAKING MANTRA** Perhaps more than anyone else, Meeker is credited with popularizing a Net-stock-valuation approach that looks far beyond company profits (which most of them lack, anyway). "How big's the market, how high is a company's market share, and who's No. 1" are her fundamental concerns. "I fully expect one of my favorite stocks to be a disaster," she is fond of saying. "What drives me crazy is that I don't know which one."
- **WHERE SHE'S HEADED IN 2000** It is the Street's current $64,000,000 question: Will she or won't she leave Morgan Stanley for the even more lucrative pastures of Silicon Valley? She's reportedly bought a house in Woodside, California, where her neighbors include Oracle's Larry Ellison and venture capitalist John Doerr, among other Internet superpowers. And last month came word that Meeker was joining Pasadena business incubator Idealab. Morgan, Idealab, and, ultimately, Meeker denied it was true.

The new story making the rounds is that Morgan Stanley is paying Meeker to sit tight while it courts Merrill Lynch's Internet analyst Henry Blodget, the only other name brand in the field. "Mary has no plans to leave the firm," insists Morgan Stanley spokesperson Jean Marie McFadden. As for whether Morgan Stanley is talking to Blodget, McFadden replies, "Wouldn't that be silly?" Blodget also denies the rumor. "I'm happy where I am," he says, laughing.

But Blodget does have some kind words for Meeker. "She has a spectacular banking track record," he says. "She's taken, I believe, ten companies public that have then gone up tenfold." According to Blodget, though, her most enduring influence has been subtler: "Just by saying, 'These are the companies you should focus on, and here's why we like them,' that's what she's done so well."

CABLE GUY

Jack Grubman Salomon Smith Barney



NOT THAT YOU CAN EXACTLY TELL BY LOOKING at your TV set or dialing up the Internet, but broadband is happening. And one way to track our progress into the fiber-optic future has been to watch the ascendance of 46-year-old Salomon Smith Barney telecom analyst Jack Grubman. "We've always been bandwidth junkies," says Grubman. "You build a fatter pipe, and trust me, people will figure out how to fill it." Lately, a lot of rather distinguished investors have come to share Grubman's philosophy: Forstmann Little, which invested $1 billion in McLeodUSA and $850 million in Nextlink; Paul Allen, who bestowed $1.7 billion on RCN and $355 million on Allegiance; and Microsoft, one of a group of investors that recently signed $900 million over to Winstar Communications. The intelligent money is storming the arena, "and not pre-IPO," says Grubman, "but very often after these stocks are up five- to tenfold from their IPO prices. It tells you that these guys, who have pretty high hurdle rates, are thinking there are still good returns here."

Grubman spent his early career as a mid-level executive at AT&T, a veritable incubator of telecom talent in the seventies and eighties. "I grew up in the industry I follow," he says, "and a lot of the people I knew when I first started at AT&T are now running companies." And Grubman has worked these connections to spectacular effect. Salomon is the banker for Global Crossing, whose CEO, Bob Annunziata, is another AT&T alum. Grubman's twelve-year friendship with MCI WorldCom CEO Bernie Ebbers is widely credited with bringing Salomon the biggest deal in history (that is, until last week's AOL–Time Warner

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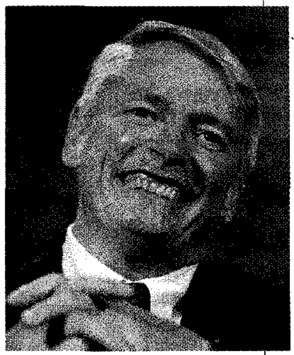
BUSINESS BENCHMARKS

SUPERCHARGED STOCK

Leave it to an out-of-towner to mastermind the tri-state area's best-performing non-penny stock of 1999. In September, Colorado cable king John Malone took TCI Music, a leftover from his old cable empire, and rechristened it Liberty Digital, corralling all his online investments inside the Liberty fence. So far, Malone, who still owns large chunks of Time Warner, News Corporation, and Barry Diller's USA Networks, has used Liberty Digital to hoard bits of Drugstore.com, iVillage, and Priceline.com. "Our business has one foot planted in interactivity and the other planted in traditional media," explains Lee Masters, Liberty Digital's president and CEO.



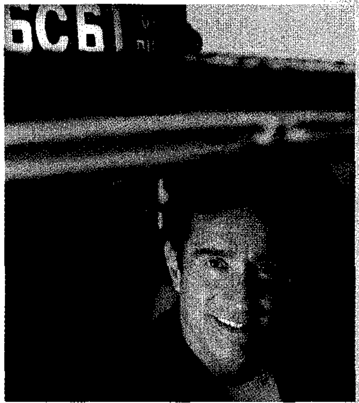
Fund manager Mario Gabelli has called the creation of this tracking stock "wonderful financial alchemy," and others agree: In 1999, the stock price jumped 1,484 percent. But the stock's enthralling back story is the cyber-rise of John Malone. In the new year, Liberty's price flagged—until the AOL–Time Warner deal, which made Malone richer and had the additional effect of perking up the stock price by 11%, to $64. "Malone's already a giant," says Jimmy Schaeffler, an analyst for the Carmel Group, a telecommunications-and-convergence-consulting company. "But he's smart enough to figure all this out, start all over again, and become even more of a giant." ROBERT KOLKER

Illustration by Joe Ciardiello. Photograph by Ozier Muhammad/The New York Times.

BUSINESS BENCHMARKS

HEARD ON THE STREET

From the driver's seat of Carlos Rubino's Isuzu Oasis yellow taxi, the year 2000 forecast looks mixed. "We are going to have a hard time, because the Fed is probably going to increase 50 basis points," says the 42-year-old cabbie who made headlines this year as he day-traded by the dashboard lights. "But after six months, people are going to forget about the increased rates, the economy is going to continue to be strong, and the people are going to start buying again."



Hack analysis? Rubino says his portfolio was up 35 percent last year, better than the S&P—a benchmark few professionals manage to beat.

Rubino suggests keeping at least half of your portfolio in solid technology stocks—he's currently holding Oracle, EMC, Cisco Systems, and Sun Microsystems—and the rest in cash for day trades. Other reasonably priced, buy-and-hold stocks, according to Rubino, are Priceline.com, Exodus, Excite@home, and Lycos. "This is a revolutionary era," he explains. "Technology and the Internet are the new superheroes."

A lot of people ask Rubino why he's still driving a cab. "Listen, I don't have a lot of money in the market," he tells them. "At the moment, my main job is the taxi." MICHAEL STEELE

Telecom tout Jack Grubman.

nuptials): MCI WorldCom's $115 billion acquisition of Sprint. Grubman got a big thank-you at bonus time. Last year, he was paid approximately $20 million in cash and Citigroup stock and options.

• **LIVING DANGEROUSLY** Some say that Grubman's desire to win business unduly influences his research. Most recently, he came under fire for doing an about-face on AT&T—a stock he had kept at "neutral" (the closest most analysts come to saying "sell") since 1995. Grubman suddenly went sweet on AT&T, upgrading it to "buy" just one week before the company announced it would be selling several billion dollars'

> "Despite the fact that some of these stocks **are up a lot**, I'm not sure the first batter is **out of the dugout** yet in terms of bandwidth."

worth of its wireless business in an IPO. The market's Pavlovian response was to jack AT&T up more than $2 that day; it was the most actively traded stock on the NYSE. "The *Wall Street Journal* tried to make a big deal out of the upgrade," says Grubman, "but the reality of the world is that analysts are becoming increasingly important in the banking practice of firms, not just for underwriting but also for mergers and acquisitions. It just is what it is; it's part of the business."

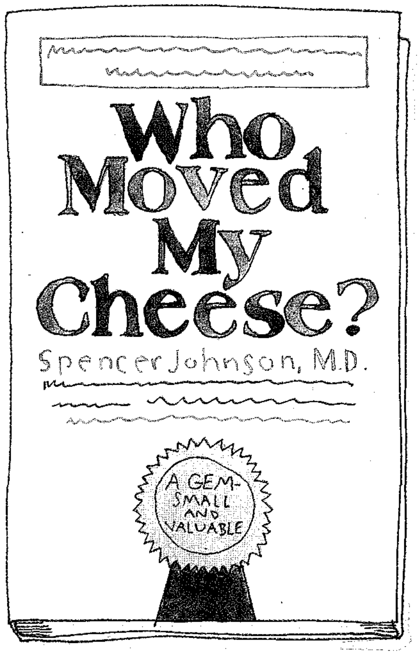
- **MONEYMAKING MANTRA** "You have to be brave and realize that this is a brave new world and that telecom's going to be a big part of that in terms of demand for bandwidth, data, and Internet services, and all this good stuff."
- **WHERE HE'S HEADED IN 2000** "You're going to see an acceleration of M&A activity globally," Grubman affirms. His favorite stock is WorldCom, the $125 billion behemoth he describes as "the only true, fully integrated local-and-long-distance on-Net provider of voice, data, and Internet protocol on a domestic and global basis—far and away the best-positioned company in this industry." According to Grubman, the company's revenues are increasing 14 percent a year, and its earnings should sustain 20 percent annual growth over the long haul. WorldCom is currently trading at 23 times what it should earn in 2000 (versus a market multiple of 26)—and only 18 times those earnings if you add back in all the goodwill and amortization subtracted as a result of its many acquisitions. "You can't find many companies this size growing top- and bottom-line this fast and still selling at below a market multiple," says Grubman, before translating to layman's language: "The stock is *cheap.*"

OF MICE AND ZEN

Spencer Johnson's Management Must-Read

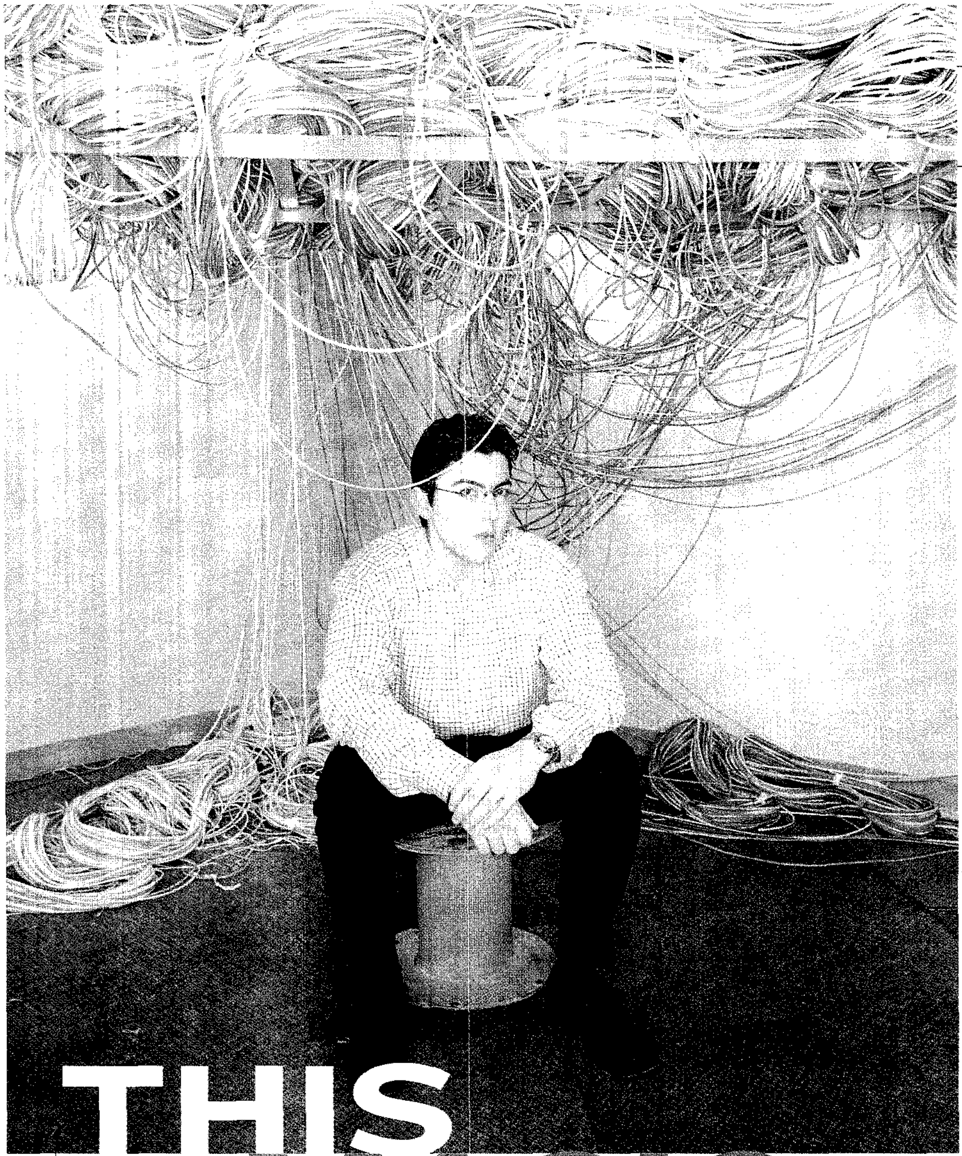
SOUTHWEST AIRLINES BOUGHT 27,000 COPIES, mailing one to each employee. Amway bought 15,000. Mercedes-Benz, 8,500. Kodak, 12,000. The New York Stock Exchange's Dick Grasso ordered 12—just for his top employees. Even Merrill Lynch and Morgan Stanley have bulk-ordered this 94-page big-print parable about two "little people" named Hem and Haw whose cheese (really a stand-in for money, success, and happiness) disappears, only to be tracked down by a pair of enterprising mice named Sniff and Scurry. "I'd heard this story years ago that mice won't keep running back to the same place looking for cheese," says Spencer Johnson. "Unfortunately, people aren't like that."

Once upon a time, Johnson, a South Dakota–born doctor, turned down a job at the Mayo Clinic; he was more intrigued, he says, by people who were getting sick because of their belief systems. Johnson turned that fascination into a highly lucrative, if somewhat anonymous, franchise as an author of business self-help books. His greatest success, pre-*Cheese,* was co-writing *The One Minute Manager.* But the current book seems to have perfectly captured the anxieties of traditional businesspeople as they try to cope with a rapidly mutating economy. Not that his message is always welcome: On Amazon, one reader reports that getting this book from your boss is like being handed a bottle of Scope.


Who Moved My Cheese?
Spencer Johnson, M.D.
A GEM-SMALL AND VALUABLE

- **LIVING DANGEROUSLY** Putnam dispatched *Cheese* to the bookstores at the height of *l'affaire* Lewinsky; Johnson found himself shut out of *Oprah, Good Morning America,* and *Larry King Live.* "To keep my sense of humor, I had to tell myself, 'They're just moving my cheese.' " Move it did: Thanks to word of mouth that fairly roared, *Cheese* soon nibbled its way through every major best-seller list in the country—it's occupied a top-ten hole on the New York *Times* business best-seller list for a full year. With more than 700,000 sold and on bookstore shelves, *Cheese* is speeding its way into its thirty-fifth printing.
- **MONEYMAKING MANTRA** "Most change—whether you realize it at the time or not—leads to something better," says Johnson. "New cheese tastes a lot better than the old cheese."
- **WHERE HE'S HEADED IN 2000** Into celluloid. *Who Moved My Cheese?* is now a low-budget animated movie that stands to become the corporate-hygiene flick of the double-0 years—though Johnson refuses to think of *Cheese* as a training tool: "That word reminds me of hitting a puppy with a newspaper." When Johnson and his 1981-incorporated Spencer Johnson Company aren't busy fielding orders for *Cheese* golf shirts, pens, and Post-It notes from the likes of Hewlett-Packard, he'll be arranging half-day "Who Moved My Cheese Experience" seminars with management consultant Deloitte & Touche, and will help companies string together "Smell the Cheese Often" meetings: "Executives will get together and ask themselves, 'What is our old cheese? Is it moldy? Is it stale?' If they're looking very closely, it probably is—things are changing so rapidly these days." Johnson likes to say that smart companies are looking for those who can help them change: "These are the people getting the increased salaries and better positions. And if you can sniff out change, you're valuable. Most organizations have too many change-resistant Hems. What they need are a lot more Sniffs."

Photograph by Robert Huber/Lookat (Rubino). Illustration by Joe Ciardiello.



THIS MAGIC MOMENTUM

Kirk Kazazian Tradescape.com

“I’M GETTING RAPED TODAY,” SAYS 24-YEAR-old day trader Kirk Kazazian (University of Pennsylvania, ’96) to no one in particular. All around him, at the Park Avenue offices of Tradescape.com, row after row of young men sit transfixed by the flashing red and green numbers on their computer screens. Were it not for the fact that all are wearing baseball caps and jeans, this could be a trading floor anywhere, with its requisite stale air, gurgle of CNBC in the background, and testosterone-injected humor that comes with the absence of womenfolk. It’s here at Tradescape that a troupe of postgraduates with quick reflexes have parlayed the $50,000 minimum opening balance ($10,000 for home traders) into serious coin.

This past year, Kazazian earned $5,367,632.13 (net of commissions), inputting an average of three trades a minute; he started with a $22,000 stake only eighteen months ago. November was his best month ever—he made $1.2 million. Kazazian doesn’t bother researching the fundamentals: Take INCY, for instance. Today, Kazazian’s up $16,000 in the stock. It’s a biotech company, Kazazian offers tentatively. “I know its name—it’s just not coming to me right now.” On a typical day, all of Kazazian’s ins and outs constitute 0.05 percent of the volume on NASDAQ. “Every day, I find another hot stock they’re mentioning on CNBC that goes up 200 percent in the day,” he says, laughing. Bad stocks are Intel and Cisco. “They don’t move in spurts,” says Kazazian. “And they have a lot of market-makers, so we can’t manipulate them as much.”

- **LIVING DANGEROUSLY** Founded in April 1997 by 27-year-old Omar Sharif Amanat (Wharton, ’95), Tradescape bought Momentum Securities last June; a month later, a day trader went berserk in its Atlanta offices, killing four Momentum employees, five day traders at another company, and his own family. “It was a real tragedy,” says Amanat. “But it’s not like the CEO was going around shooting people. Momentum’s management team has one of the best reputations in this sector.”

Just one month later, Tradescape received a $28 million infusion from the Japanese Internet holding company Softbank; long-term plans include an IPO. Kazazian, an investor in the firm (it has 17 offices nationally, 4 in Manhattan), is convinced that Tradescape has the best technology going—E*Trade’s thinking about licensing the software. “That’s all day trading is about,” he says. “Having the best execution, the fastest speed.” Kazazian knows, however, that horsepower may not help his crew in a major correction. “If a lot of people are scared out of the market,” he says, “then that wouldn’t allow for these big moves in stocks anymore.” That would pain him—greatly. “I could still make, maybe, $10,000 or $20,000 a day,” he says. “But it just wouldn’t be as fun.” A bad day is when Kazazian manages to lose $100,000: “It’s happened a lot, actually.”

- **MONEYMAKING MANTRA** “I don’t like to think of this in terms of dollars. I think of it in a terms of a score or a number. That way, you don’t put pressure on yourself.”

Kazazian’s M.O. is simple: “Any stock not related to high tech or biotech is not a good play. And once a stock takes off and runs for like 5 or 6 points with no one selling, that’s where I’m selling it all, because a lot of times, that signals the top. Likewise, on the bottom, when its just drifting down, drifting down, you’ve really got to wait for that last flush—when the sellers come in, and they finally just emotionally dump *everything*. And you’re in there, buying at the bottom, buying 10,000, 20,000 shares. When it bounces up 2 points, that’s how you make money.”

- **WHERE HE’S HEADED IN 2000** To the Ferrari dealership, where a $170,000 midnight-blue 360 Modena with his name on it is arriving in February.

NET SMART

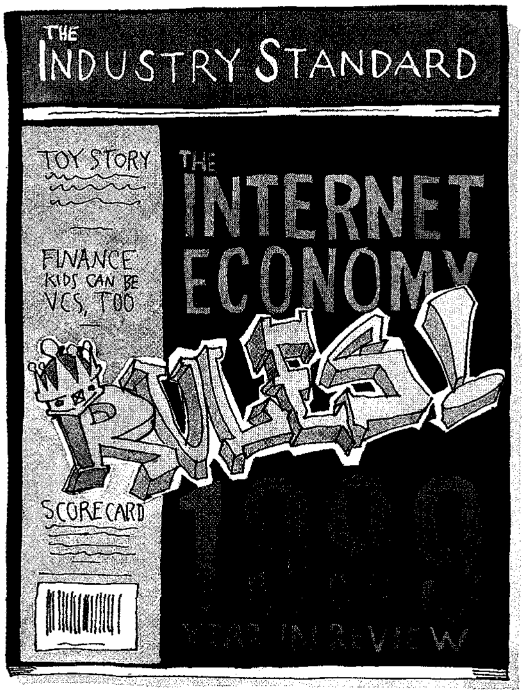
The Industry Standard Its Content Is King

"IF YOU HAD TOLD ME A YEAR AGO TODAY that we were going to sell 3,000 ad pages in 1999," says *Industry Standard* founder, CEO, and president John Battelle, "I would have said, 'What are you smoking?' "

Last January, *IS* was just another new magazine struggling for must-read stature. But 450,000 unique visitors later, the weekly has lived up to the promise of its name: "We paddled out to the right spot and caught a very large wave," says Battelle, still astonished that his site is now drawing 4.7 million page views a month. Both Valley and Alley venture capitalists use *IS* to get intelligence on the competition; hedge-fund managers and arbitrage guys think it's a handy map to the undulating topography of this new territory. And it was a validating moment when CNBC's Ron Insana grabbed the issue with the story of Toysrus.com's problems and held it up on camera.

"I don't think business magazines understand how to provide readers with the information they need in the Internet economy," says Battelle, who started the magazine in April 1998 with $15 million from information-technology conglomerate IDG. "They're vulnerable. Just like Merrill Lynch is vulnerable to E*Trade and Borders is vulnerable to Amazon."

- **LIVING DANGEROUSLY** "We had a really hard first six months," says Battelle. "We got our asses kicked. You should have seen how thin the magazine was." Drafting the L.A *Times*'s Silicon Valley specialist Jonathan Weber as San Francisco–based editor-in-chief proved the ballast *IS* needed. And surprise, surprise: The *Standard* now hopes to follow in the tracks of so many of its subjects and hit it big with an IPO. Battelle knows it can be a bumpy road. His last employer, *Wired*, stumbled there twice before darting under the Condé Nast umbrella.



- **MONEYMAKING MANTRA** "To cut through the standard hype and marketing bullshit that's so prevalent in this business," says editor Weber.
- **WHERE IT'S HEADED IN 2000** Battelle wants to leverage the red-bannered mag into a new-media empire and projects year 2000 revenues of $85 million. "You'll see new magazines, new Websites, and new services," he says. Meanwhile, the twenty-person New York bureau, headed by ex–*Village Voice* media columnist James Ledbetter, is moving up by moving downtown, from an office tower on jarringly unhip 52nd Street into a former art gallery on what Ledbetter calls "the outrageously-priced-shoe block"—West Broadway between Prince and Spring. It's a lot more convenient to Silicon Alley—even if Ledbetter hates calling it that. "It only exists to rhyme with Silicon Valley," he explains. "It assumes a metaphoric backseat, and we don't have a backseat anymore."

BUSINESS BENCHMARKS

BACK FROM THE BRINK

Nearly blowing up the global economy would be a career-ender for most fund managers, but not John W. Meriwether. When his mammoth hedge fund, Long-Term Capital Management, fell through the floor in the fall of 1998, the prospect of its failure sent world markets into convulsions. Meriwether agreed to accept a $3.6 billion emergency bailout and turned over the keys. But at 52, he was hardly ready for that condo in Boca. A bankable Wall Street star since his days as Salomon Brothers' vice-chairman and liar's-poker champion in the eighties, Meriwether knows he still has two exceptional skills: raising millions of other people's money and using it to trade exotic derivatives in murky financial markets around the world. And with Long-Term winding down, he has quietly hung a new sign on the door of his old offices in leafy Greenwich, Connecticut.

Say good-bye to Long-Term Capital *Management; he's doing business as* JWM Partners now. Meriwether and five of his old partners—together since Salomon—have retained about 70 of Long-Term's 178 employees in Greenwich and London, according to people involved. It was a once-in-a-lifetime fluke that swamped Long-Term Capital, Meriwether is reminding potential investors. And he promises less leverage and more disclosure this time around. He and his partners have already raised about $250 million and expect to add another $1 billion by the end of the year. (They then plan to borrow as much as $15 billion—it's no fun unless you play for real money.)

Some note a silver lining to Meriwether's notoriety. Securities laws preclude hedge funds from marketing themselves in any way. That's no longer a problem for Meriwether, notes Jeffrey Benjamin, who tracks hedge funds for Cerulli Associates—investors looking for the Meriwether touch know just where to find him.

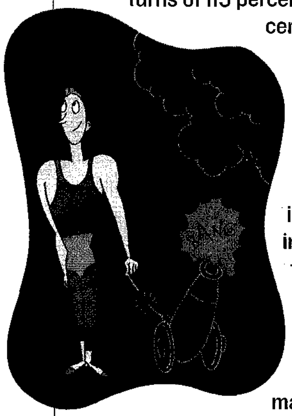
DAVID D. KIRKPATRICK

Illustration by Joe Ciardiello. Photograph by AP/Wide World.

BUSINESS BENCHMARKS

LET'S DO LAUNCHES

To say that 1999 was a good year for IPOs is like saying Mark McGwire adds a little pop to the Cardinals lineup. Last year, we saw the biggest IPOs in U.S. history (UPS) and in world history (Italian electricity giant Enel S.p.A.), and the largest opening-day increase (Linux, which cannonballed up 733 percent). The market's froth was whipped into stiff peaks primarily by Internet stocks, whose first-day gains averaged 187 percent. Will there be more of the same this year? "It's hard to think we'd have a repeat," says Kathleen Smith, co-manager of the Greenwich-based IPO Plus Aftermarket Fund, which delivered 1999 returns of 115 percent. Still, there are certainly big fish on the line. The paperwork alone on the "demutualization" of MetLife—scheduled for March—is record-breaking; the deal may top UPS's $5.5 billion record. Another insurance company liable to feather many a nest is John Hancock Financial Services, expected to raise $1.8 billion.



Internet companies should continue minting millionaires, but most of the heat is confined to the business-to-business and infrastructure sectors. Investors are tired of watching stale e-commerce repeats. "And the companies are getting younger and younger," cautions Smith. "So the risk level goes up." Her one exception is Buy.com, the second-largest retailer on the Web. The 800-pound gorilla lurking in the international wireless sector is AT&T Wireless, which hasn't filed yet but also could become the biggest IPO of 2000.

But the sweetest IPO by far stands to be Krispy Kreme. Even if the business plan—by definition—has plenty of holes in it, a few thousand shares would certainly taste good with your morning coffee. MICHAEL STEELE

BARD OF THE BOILER ROOM

Ben Younger's first movie, set in the underbelly of the bull market, earned him a motorcycle from Ben Affleck and soaring stock in Hollywood. But the 27-year-old director likes it just fine in Brooklyn, thank you. By Ariel Levy

IT'S THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS, THE COLDEST day the city has seen all winter, but Ben Younger is smiling madly as he walks along Bedford Avenue in his striped hat and down parka, taking in the hipsters headed for used-record stores and the Italian grandmothers in skirts and nude stockings gossiping out on their stoops. After nine months in Los Angeles, he couldn't be happier to be back at the Brooklyn diner where he used to hang out all the time, installed at a table next to a leaky radiator.

"It really does suck out there," he says, staring at a man who is earnestly studying a book of Rorschach tests. "I mean, L.A. just *sucks.*" This despite the fact that Younger had gone west to edit his first film, *Boiler Room,* starring Giovanni Ribisi and Ben Affleck, which he also wrote and directed. He finished the screenplay a year ago while he was still a waiter at Steak Frites. Before that, he worked as a grip on music videos and movies. Before that, he managed the State Assembly campaign for Queens Democrat Melinda Katz (she won). Before that, he was a policy analyst for the New York City comptroller's office and a legislative aide to Alan Hevesi. Before that, he was a stand-up comedian. He is 27 years old.

Boiler Room, which previews at Sundance later this month, is the story of a tough, smart Jewish kid who tries to ride the bull market out of Queens—an aspiring stockbroker who discovers that there is still no such thing as free money. In Hollywood, the movie is generating the kind of advance buzz rarely enjoyed by first-time writer-directors; waiting for a friend at a bar shortly after he got to Hollywood, Younger overheard two agents discussing his script in overheated tones. He found it a bit creepy.

Though he had fun learning to surf and cruising through the canyons on the BMW motorcycle Affleck bought him, Younger says he was "fucking miserable" in Los Angeles, where he'd been just once before. He missed riding the subway, hanging at his apartment in Greenpoint, just walking around. And it was weird being addressed as Mr. Younger, or, as Harry Hamlin's manager trilled upon approaching him at one Hollywood party, Ben "*Boiler Room*" Younger.

"L.A. is a town where you're truly judged simply based on what you do, so your self-image becomes blurred," he says, taking a sip of hot chocolate. "People are like, 'Oh, you're Jewish, so that probably helps a lot.' But even though everyone out there is Jewish, they might as well not be, because there's no real feeling of heritage or culture. It's just extreme assimilation."

Being Jewish comes up a lot with Younger, a former yeshiva boy who grew up in a Modern Orthodox family. In terms of religious devotion, Younger rates his family about a six on a scale of one to ten, "one being you, ten being the Lubavitcher rebbe." And while he declines to place himself on this makeshift Jew-ometer, his religion has always been a significant part of his identity. He learned how to fight when his parents moved the family to

Illustration by Steven Guarnaccia.

Eltingville in Staten Island and he was the only Jewish kid in the neighborhood.

After his parents split up, Younger shuttled between his mom's place in New Jersey and his dad's in Flatbush. He went to Queens College and started doing a stand-up routine around town, but he had to stop when his dad was diagnosed with colon cancer. Younger was 19 at the time. "After that, I couldn't be funny anymore," he says. "The year he was dying, we became very close—suddenly, all those walls you couldn't get through? They get broken down. Dealing with that changed everything. If my dad died in a car crash, I would not be sitting here today."

Supremely self-assured and prone to hip-hop-speak, the director, in person, is not unlike Seth, the 19-year-old protagonist of *Boiler Room.* As much as Younger loves Woody Allen—his next movie, he says, will be an homage to *Annie Hall*—he's had it with the conventional Hollywood portrait of neurotic and neutered Jewish males. "I'm sick of that; it's tired," he says with a laugh. "It's true, but it's tired. I've known some tough Jewish guys; I mean, I watched my dad beat the shit out of a guy on Coney Island Avenue for cutting him off in the car.

"In America today, everyone thinks it's **possible** to become a **millionaire**," says Younger. "Nobody thinks, *I'm gonna work for it.* And what **gives *you*** the right to think that you're gonna be a millionaire without having some incredible idea? You still have to be an **innovator**."

"We've all seen the sensitive schlep," he adds. "But what's interesting to me is a combination of the two: It's not like there's one reality and either you're Vinnie Goombatz or you're Woody Allen. Seth is a tough kid, but he's emotional, not oblivious."

Giovanni Ribisi is at his most quietly beguiling playing Seth as a thoughtful hustler, always watching, thinking, figuring out the angles, never quite at peace in his surroundings. "Giovanni's a very intellectual guy," says Younger. "If something was just a little off, he knew. There was no 'Oh, it's just a movie.' He spent three twelve-hour days with my brother checking out boiler rooms."

When the movie begins, Seth is running an underground casino out of his living room in Queens, making a pretty good living providing guys from the neighborhood with a little illicit excitement. But his father, a judge, is disgusted by this life, and, desperate to gain his approval, Seth determines to go legit.

One night, Greg (Nicky Katt) comes in and loses a wad of money at Seth's blackjack table, but he doesn't really mind. He turns out to be a stockbroker, pulling in millions from a dubious Long Island brokerage called J.T. Marlin. It isn't long before Seth is there, too, cold-calling customers and selling them stock over the phone.

Housed in a nondescript cement building off the L.I.E., J.T. Marlin is a world away from J.P. Morgan, but the crude guys from lower-middle-class families who run the operation make up in ambition for what they lack in education. It's a place governed by rules, like "Don't pitch the bitch—always get the man of the house on the phone," quickly adopted by trainees eager to earn millions by selling suspect stock to gullible marks.

Seth is inducted into this world at a raucous group interview led by Jim Young (Ben Affleck), an updated version of Alec Baldwin's character in *Glengarry Glen Ross.* Young preaches the capitalist gospel—"Anyone who tells you money is the root of all evil," he exhorts, "doesn't have any"—with a fervor that reminds Seth of a Hitler Youth rally.

This scene was born out of an experience Younger had five years ago, when he accompanied an acquaintance employed in a boiler room to just such a meeting. "He was my friend's younger brother, and he was driving a new sports car," says Younger. "This guy tells me, 'Look, you work here for a year, you make your million bucks, go to the Bahamas, and then you can write.' I was like, 'Um, I'll check my book, but I'm pretty sure this fits into the game plan.' " The firm, which was busted a few years later, offered him a job.

But instead of living the life, Younger decided to write about it. "I walked in and immediately realized, *this is my movie.* I mean, you see these kids and you know something is going on. I was expecting guys who went to Dartmouth, but they were all barely out of high school, sitting in a room playing Game Boys. I had already run a campaign at this point, but most of these kids were still working at the gas station," says Younger. "Now it's all over the news, but going back five years ago, day trading, the Internet, none of that existed."

He spent two years interviewing brokers about every detail of their lives. "I was lucky enough to stumble on a new world—they're getting harder and harder to find—and if you actually lock down on one, you better represent that shit right, because otherwise it's like you had your chance and you ruined it."

BOILER ROOM IS, AT ITS CORE, A MOVIE about playing the odds—with cards, with stock, with life. This fascination with chance "comes from mine and the character's Jewish background," Younger says, "in which there's a belief in *bashert,* that what was meant to be will happen in the end." You get the sense that for Younger, it's pretty well true: His own story has the same feeling of things somehow falling haphazardly into the only place they could.

One day, while working at Steak Frites, Younger waited on Steve Kerper, who happened to be a television writer and producer. "Ben had the same look on his face that I had the first ten years of my career when anyone would give me five minutes of their time," remembers Kerper. "He was charming and sincere, and he didn't talk about connections; he talked about his script. Like a writer." So Kerper called Endeavor agent Adriana Alberghetti, a friend, and advised her to take a look. "I didn't hear anything again for about a year," says Kerper. "Then one day, he calls me and tells me, 'They're making my movie, and Ben Affleck is going to be in it!' And I said, 'You're kidding! That's great! You prick!' "

On the day Alberghetti called to tell him the good news, Younger was sitting in the "shithole apartment" in Brooklyn where he still resides, eating pasta in his boxer shorts. "She starts using all this baseball terminology like 'This is a home run, and I'm not just talking in-the-park home run!' " he remembers. "That's when I knew the shit was about to go down. I was freaking out, but I couldn't call anyone because Shabbes had already started."

Younger spoke with six producers before finally selecting Team Todd, the two sisters behind the first *Austin Powers* movie. As soon as his screenplay made the rounds at the studios, Younger started getting big offers to sell his script and walk away—one for $800,000—but the young writer was interested only in a deal that would allow him to direct his movie as well. Eventually, New Line Cinema gave him his chance, but at a small fraction of the money. (Younger declines to reveal the exact figure.)

Hard sell: Giovanni Ribisi in *Boiler Room*.

The final step in *Boiler Room*'s transformation into a bona fide phenomenon came when Ben Affleck signed on. Last fall, Affleck was in Savannah shooting his fourth movie in a row, and though he'd specifically instructed his agent not to send him any scripts, he received the *Boiler Room* screenplay with a note saying, "Just read this." "At the time, it was a $2- or $3 million movie and had this 'kid' no one had heard of named Ben Younger attached to direct," says Affleck. "I just responded so strongly to the caliber of writing that I told my agent I wanted to do it."

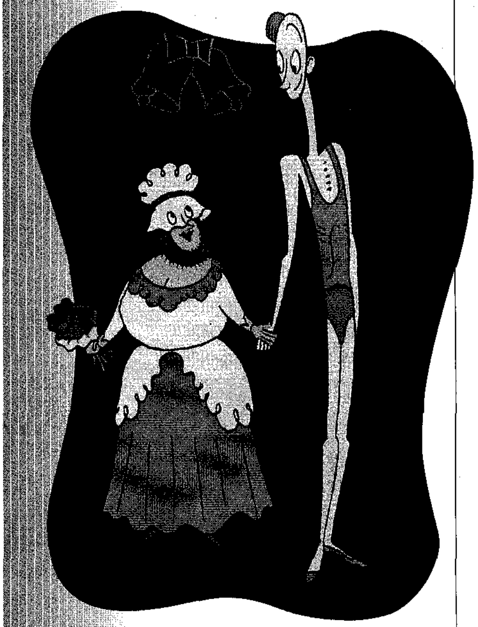
The movie started shooting last January in New York, and at first, Younger was understandably nervous on his set. "We tried to get Affleck to come the last week of the shoot so I would be up to speed," says Younger, "but he came the third day."

But according to both Bens, everything worked out surprisingly well. Affleck says he arrived on set and told his fledgling director, "I think you're smart; I trust you; I'm willing to take this ride with you," though he also adds that producer Jen Todd "made up for whatever naïveté Ben had."

Fortunately for Younger, he had the added comfort of working with a crew he already knew from his first career in the film industry. "They were all my friends. The key grip was the guy who trained me as a grip. And nobody was wowed by me, that's for sure, which kept me from being petulant or fussy."

At first, Younger couldn't shake the air of unreality. "But," he says, "there are only so many mornings in a row you can wake up and say, 'I think I'm blessed.' " After a while, it starts to feel more plausible. It's like when your father gets diagnosed with terminal cancer, except good: At first, it feels like a parody, ridiculous in how little it resembles your actual life. But over time, the distance between the old and new shrinks until finally it's life before the change that seems remote and possibly fictional.

It's that promise of a magical new life that drives Younger's characters. "In America today, everyone thinks it's possible to become a millionaire," he says. "Everyone's thinking, *I gots to get paid.* They turn on the TV, they hear that some Internet stock went public today and anyone who was in the room when it went down is now worth a million dollars. People see shit like that, and they think it's possible. Nobody thinks, *I'm gonna work for it.* And what gives you the right to think that you're gonna be a millionaire without having some incredible idea? I mean, you have to be an innovator." ▬

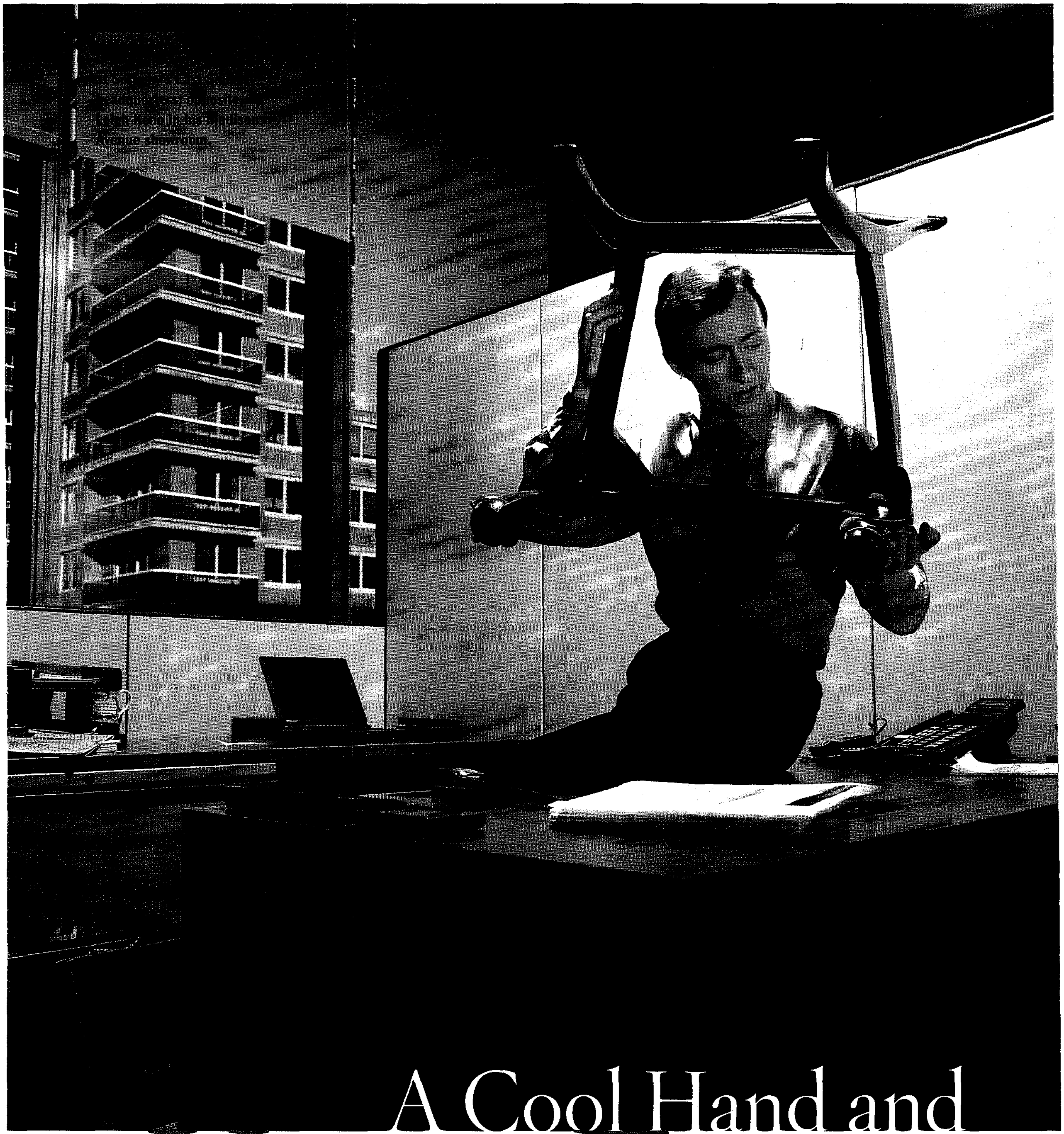


BUSINESS BENCHMARKS

MOUTHWATERING MERGERS

Last week's AOL-and-Time Warner elopement has investment bankers itching to play yenta. Lycos and Bell Atlantic? Yahoo! (despite its pledge to stay independent) and AT&T? The players with the biggest immediate bounce from the AOL deal—and the best prospects—included News Corporation and Disney on the content side and Comcast and Cox Communications on the delivery side. The lesson here: Any marriage that unites Internet-friendly content with a company that can physically bring the Web into your house is looking like the more perfect union in 2000. "Everyone is sitting around wondering if the future is the telephone line, the cable, or the cell phone," one mergers-and-acquisitions lawyer explains. "One way you try to cover yourself is to have a position in all three." The retail world is also rife with marriage material. "Domino's buys Kozmo!" chirps one M&A specialist. Aside from tasty pizza-and-a-movie combo specials, there are other pluses: "Domino's has got local presence all over the place; Kozmo's got the back-end Internet logistics figured out. That's an example of the kind of deal you'll see this year." Except for one thing: If AOL's power play is any indication, Domino's may wind up as some e-company's midnight snack. ROBERT KOLKER

Photograph by David Lee. Illustration by Steven Guarnaccia.



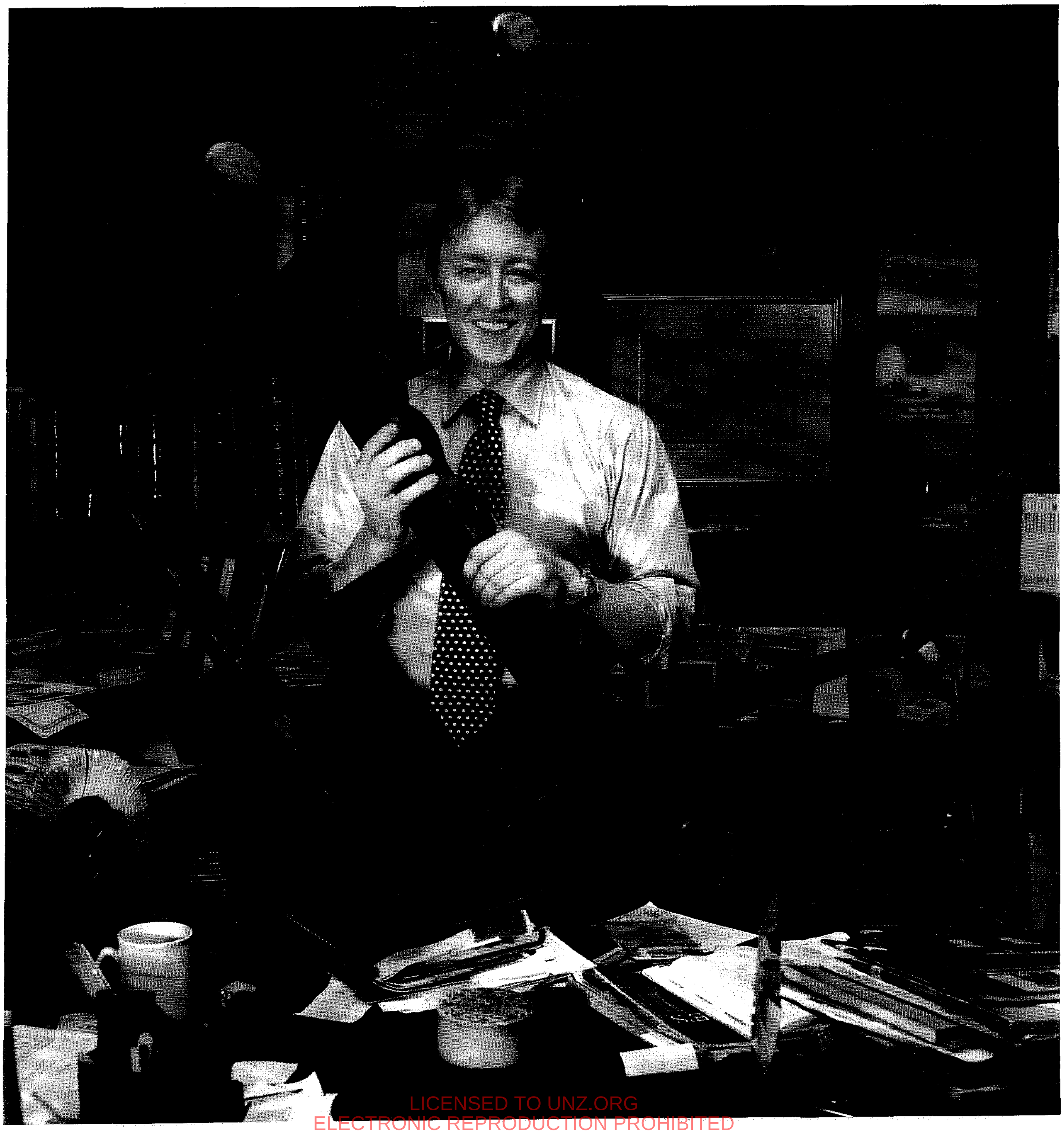
[illegible] Leigh Keno in his Madison Avenue showroom.

A Cool Hand and a Keno Eye

Photographs by Ken Shung

Talk about great performances: *Antiques Roadshow* has become public TV's top-rated program and made stars of dealers Leigh and Leslie Keno. Now they're riding a seller's market ($8.25 million for a Queen Anne secretary?) right into the Winter Antiques Show.

By Christopher Mason



EXTRACTING A DRAWER FROM AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY high chest of drawers he plans to offer for $440,000 at his booth at Thursday night's opening of the Winter Antiques Show, Leigh Keno takes a sniff and breaks into a broad grin, as if savoring the perfect truffle soufflé. • "You can't fake the aroma of wood that's aged for 200 years," he insists. Given the stratospheric prices being paid for American furniture these days—a Queen Anne carved-mahogany secretary bookcase fetched $8.25 million at Sotheby's last year, on the heels of a staggering $4.73 million for a Chippendale chest of drawers at Christie's—it's not surprising that this year's Americana Week is shaping up to be an extravaganza. Kicking off with Thursday's gala—the first highlight of the social season—the event comprises an annual round of auctions and exhibitions where connoisseurs gather to gasp over details such as carved serpentine crests, scrolled acanthus leaves, and clawed-ball feet. • No one will be more at home amid the diminutive tycoons and precious artifacts than the exuberantly squeaky-clean Madison Avenue dealer Leigh Keno and his twin brother Leslie, a fellow showman and furniture sleuth who heads the American-furniture department at Sotheby's. Identically blond, blue-eyed, and almost preposterously affable, the Keno brothers are the reigning stars of the fiercely competitive world of American antiques. Sharing the same Savile Row tailor, they show up on occasion wearing similar bespoke suits. "It's a bit scary," Leigh admits. "We're like the Bobbsey twins." They once arrived separately at a post-auction party wearing identical custom-made shirts, having independently selected the same fabric from more than 300 swatches at Woods & Brown, their London shirt-makers. Even their dentist, Leslie notes, is spooked by the identical configuration of their teeth.

All the major players—including the Kenos—will be unveiling their wares this week, hoping to capture the imagination, and dollars, of a growing but still relatively small number of major collectors, like Robert Bass, the Texan billionaire who ponied up $12.1 million sight-unseen for the Nicholas Brown secretary at Christie's in 1990; the anonymous buyer who snapped up the Captain Brintnall Chippendale mahogany tray-top tea table with open talon feet for $3.65 million at the Winter Antiques Show two years ago; and Eddy Nicolson, who once dropped a record $1.45 million on a pie-crust tea table at Christie's.

As the American bull market continues to stampede, so does the seemingly insatiable demand for seventeenth- and eighteenth-century American furniture of exalted provenance and rarity. Selected with an almost maniacal devotion to authenticity (pieces discovered to have been cleaned, restored, or otherwise meddled with face the indignity of losing two thirds of their value), these totems of Colonial splendor are pursued by an expanding number of demanding private collectors forced to compete for objects of increasing scarcity. "There's a powerful psychology that says you want what you cannot have," observes Arie Kopelman, the president of Chanel, who is also the chairman of the Winter Antiques Show.

Given the enormous sums of money at stake and the almost puritanical zeal for authenticity and original condition endemic to the world of American furniture, minute inspections are an inevitable ritual. So it is not unusual to see expensively dressed collectors and dealers crawling about on the salesroom floor.

"When you're looking at furniture," Leigh advises, "it's easier to have a single-breasted suit."

THE FERVOR FOR AMERICANA IS HARDLY limited to the high end of the market. Thanks in part to the popularity of *Antiques Roadshow*, which is currently in its fourth season as PBS's most-watched series, with an audience of 14 million, as well as the runaway Internet success of eBay (where the average lot is $40), the previously rarefied world of fine antiques is becoming increasingly democratized.

"They're nice boys," dealer Albert Sack confesses. "I just don't like to see them run away with all the attention."

To the exasperation of their competitors, the Keno twins appear to straddle both ends of the market with ease. Besides their status as the golden boys of *Antiques Roadshow*, they hold the distinction of having scored a $1 million book contract—the biggest advance ever paid for a book on antiques ("Their fan base is just enormous," chirps their agent Susan Ginsburg)—for *Hidden Treasures*, which is due in stores November 2000.

Elaborately self-effacing, the twins attribute their Brobdingnagian deal to the success of the TV series, which has turned them into celebrities. "Just about everyone loves the idea of a treasure hunt, you know?" Leslie says. "I think the show basically has touched a nerve. It's gotten people reconnected with the everyday objects they live with, and it's got them going to the attic or the basement, literally hunting for treasure."

Although based on an ostensibly banal premise—people across America bring in objects for antiques experts to appraise for free—the relentlessly folksy program makes for surprisingly irresistible television. When *Roadshow* stopped in Secaucus, New Jersey, two years ago, the nattily tailored twins made much of their heart-pounding excitement as they examined a mahogany card table brought in by Claire Beckmann, a retired local schoolteacher who had paid $25 for it at a yard sale some 30 years earlier.

Identifying it on the show as a 1798 masterpiece by Boston craftsmen Thomas and John Seymour, Leslie explained how hot sand was used to create its inlaid satinwood bowknots and tapering bellflowers. Summing up, the brothers declared the admirably grungy table to be worth between $200,000 and $300,000—the highest-ever estimate on *Roadshow*.

That coup, subsequently chronicled by *People* magazine and replayed on *Oprah*, handily catapulted the brothers to a new level of nationwide glory, to the considerable dismay of revered longtime dealers like Albert Sack, of Israel Sack, Inc. "I suppose they're a marketable commodity," he grumbles, going on to confess that last year, tiring of their fresh-faced countenances, "I wrote to the *Antiques Roadshow* and said, 'You're giving them too much exposure,' and I got a letter back saying, 'You've got to admit they're cuter than you or I, and they have people running about asking for their autograph.'

"Listen," Sack adds. "They're nice boys, they're ambitious, and they're honest. I just don't like to see them run away with all the attention." That said, Sack lets slip that he will be appearing next week with almighty Martha herself on *Martha Stewart Living*, the morning TV show. "It's actually my third time on *Martha*," he says.

Aida Moreno, the executive producer of *Antiques Roadshow*, notes that the program's roster of 250 appraisers in-

DOUBLE UP Leigh, left, and Leslie, right, handle the twin gaming tables that are star attractions at Sotheby's this week.

cludes plenty of experts with a considerable following of their own (including Leslie's knowledgeable rival at Christie's, John Hays). But, she adds, "the Kenos are wonderfully curious, and they convey their love for what they do on TV." Another reason for all the hoopla, she says, is that "they're twins, which is sort of weird and fascinating."

Volunteering as traveling TV appraisers might not seem the best way to raise one's profile in the exalted world of $3.65 million Newport tea tables and $2.75 million Chippendale armchairs, but the *Roadshow* has actually generated significant business for the twins. The show's appraisers are forbidden from soliciting business. But that doesn't stop anyone in the crowd of 10,000 that typically attends the nationwide summertime weekend-taping sessions from picking up appraisers' business cards, which they are permitted to leave on a table by the exit.

"I remember thinking, *Is she gonna call? Is she gonna call?*" Leslie says, sitting in his new, sleekly appointed office at Sotheby's, recalling his trepidation before hearing from Claire Beckmann, the lady from Secaucus whose $25 card table he had appraised on *Antiques Roadshow.* To his relief, she called a week after their vertiginous encounter to express interest in selling it at Sotheby's.

Her choice proved the wisdom of the major auction houses' forays into the populist world of dead-celebrity auctions, which began with the cookie-jar-and-major-Americana sale of Andy Warhol in 1987. Leslie recalls that Beckmann was engagingly frank about why she was interested in selling at Sotheby's. "She explained how she'd gone with a friend to the Jackie O exhibition," he says, "and she said she really loved the whole process—John-John's first steps and all that." Leslie sold the card table for $541,500, including the buyer's premium of $51,000. (Although it was bought by Israel Sack, Inc., the underbidder happened to be Leigh.)

And *Roadshow* continues to yield agreeably auction-ready treasures. This Saturday, Sotheby's will offer a painted-pine portrait medallion of George Washington (Lot 607, estimated at $50,000 to $80,000) attributed to Samuel McIntire, a Salem, Massachusetts, architect and carver. Leslie appraised it last summer in Des Moines, Iowa, after its current owner, Thomas Gould, drove all the way from Minneapolis to offer it for consideration.

TWIN NOVELTY ASIDE, WHO BETTER TO feed the public's cusp-of-the-millennium fascination for objects that bespeak the nation's history than the Keno brothers, with their thrill-of-the-chase stories about high-style collectibles? At 42, the twins still exude fanatical teenage glee. "That's super!" Leigh exclaims in his Madison Avenue showroom when a roving Americana scout calls to report a new find. "Another one! Oh, my God! Is it *great?*"

Given the intensity of their enthusiasm, it is not surprising to learn that the twins' passion for collecting was instilled at an early age. Their parents, Ronald Keno, now a retired art teacher, and his wife, Norma, ran a little antiques store across the street from their house in Mohawk, New York, where the boys grew up with their older brother Mitchell. Before long, the budding bespectacled antiquarians (they now wear contact lenses) had their own corner of their parents' shop, with business cards printed up by their father.

Poring over a box of diaries begun when they were 12 years old, Leigh points to their first entry, on July 16, 1969, where he wrote "We are antique dealers" in a backward-slanting hand. A few pages later, a naïve drawing of a nineteenth-century jug they purchased bears the inscription "Dynamite," followed by the declaration "Our love for antiques is great."

"It gave you an incredible sense of purpose and the thrill of the search," Leslie says of their childhood collection of decorative stoneware, which wound up financing their college educations.

Single-minded in their quest for treasures, the boys were wrapped up in their shared discoveries. With the dawn of adolescence, however, they began sparring for girls' attention in high school. "It got very competitive at one point," Leslie recalls. "The twin-jealousy thing was pretty terrible—you know, when girls wanted one more than the other." These days, he insists, there is no rivalry between them. "I'm proud of Leigh, and I think he is of me," he says. "We're just happy for the other when he achieves something."

Opting to attend separate colleges, the twins moved in together in Manhattan upon graduation, taking jobs at different auction houses—Leslie at Sotheby's, Leigh at William Doyle Galleries before moving to Christie's. While working at rival auction houses, they often found themselves pursuing the same property. "We just learned to talk about fishing, cars, and girls, and to talk about antiques only in very general terms," Leigh says.

Their identical looks frequently caused perplexing mix-ups. When Leigh turned up one afternoon at a Round Hill Road estate in Greenwich, a lady greeted him at the door, looking puzzled. "She said, 'Did you forget something?' " he recalls. "It turned out she'd called Sotheby's and Christie's, and Leslie had been there earlier. And we both happened to be wearing a blue blazer and the same gray pants," he adds. "She was pretty relieved to have me explain the situation."

Around the same time, Leslie stopped into Christie's one day and was aghast

Photograph by Ken Shung.

when Christopher Burge, the rival auction house's then chairman, came up to him and began going over confidential details of an upcoming sale. "I said, 'Wait! Don't tell me any more—I'm Leslie,' " he remembers, laughing.

Arriving for lunch at the Hotel Carlyle one Sunday last month—they now live two blocks apart on the Upper East Side— the brothers fall into a halting ritual of politesse as they approach a revolving door. "After you," Leigh says. "After you," Leslie replies. "No, after you," Leigh insists. The impasse finally ends when Leigh, who is older by twelve minutes, propels his brother forward.

Inside, the eerie sibling echo continues as they glance up from the lavish menu, startling the waiter as they simultaneously utter the words "Lobster bisque." Today, Leigh is dressed in neatly pressed corduroys, Leslie in a blue blazer and gray flannels. Although they're virtually indistinguishable, the twins' good looks are subtly different: Leigh's nose is aquiline, Leslie's slants slightly to the left; Leigh has broader shoulders, Leslie is trimmer; and Leigh's blond hair is parted in the center, Leslie's to the side. "I don't think it's a conscious decision," Leslie says. "It was always that way, even when we were in our teens."

Of the two, Leslie is more conservative: more frequently seen in a tie, more palpably self-possessed, less hyperbolic. Though no less formal, Leigh is more animated, more rambunctious, and more obviously suited to the dealer's arts of flattery and charm.

For all their bonhomie, the twins are deeply competitive, despite their claims to the contrary. When responding to questions, each speaks engagingly before wincing from an abrupt under-the-table kick from his brother, convinced he is talking too much. "We're always getting bruised knees," Leslie explains. "But when you're twins, you automatically have a best friend," he adds brightly.

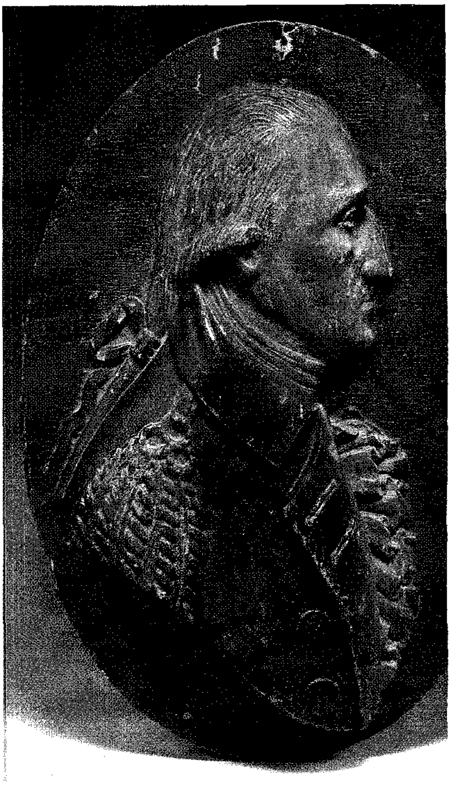
Moments later, however, the brothers launch into an unexpected, bloodcurdling exchange of invective and accusations occasioned by some imperceptible slight, which concludes with Leigh's telling Leslie, "You're a real piece of work."

Glancing nervously at the whirring tape recorder on the table as they recoil from their twin-world vituperation, both are full of apology, craving an opportunity for another interview and politely exhorting their lunch guest to erase their spat.

"We get along really well," Leigh says beseechingly. "We're just not good at faking it when we have an argument." Ten minutes later, they are exchanging affectionate slaps on the back as they bid adieu on Madison Avenue: "Bye, Leigh." "See ya, Les."

THE NEXT DAY, LEIGH IS SITTING ON the cozy, worn leather sofa in his second-floor showroom across the street, surrounded by piles of antique reference books and examining pieces he is thinking of including in his booth at the upcoming Winter Antiques Show. At four o'clock, two handsome tall-case antique clocks with major-league price tags chime a split second apart, eerily reminiscent of the Keno twins' ordering lobster bisque the day before.

"I'm very excited about this piece," Leigh says, pointing to a slender-cased, bonnet-topped clock in the corner that was made near Boston around 1800. Priced at $185,000, it has a face ornamented by a tiny rocking ship that bobs from side to side, animated by the swinging pendulum below. Not only does the clock have a distinguished provenance—the piece has been in the same Massachusetts family since 1800—but its value is enhanced by the fact that the ship bears an American, not a British, flag. This makes it especially rare, Leigh explains, because American clocks from the period were often made using British mechanical parts from the prerevolutionary 1770s.



"We're talking someone who's willing to own furniture with a grungy surface," Leslie says, "who's paying millions for the privilege of having those stains."

"With some clocks, you can see where someone has painted stars and stripes over a British flag," Leigh says. "It's amazing what a bit of red, white, and blue will do." If the flag were merely British, he notes, the entire clock would be worth roughly 30 percent less—a difference of about $54,000. "It's quite something for an area that's about a quarter of an inch square," he admits.

Given some of the extravagant prices paid at auction for Americana during the past decade, it is curious to consider that for much of the twentieth century, American antiques were regarded as the poor cousins of British and French furniture.

Albert Sack, the respected Americana dealer who in 1934 joined the family business his pioneering father, Israel Sack, had started in 1905, recalls that it was not until the sixties that American furniture began to attract serious attention. "It was a matter of survival for 30 years," he says, noting that the first auction to bring in $100,000 for an item of American furniture was not until 1971. These days, however, while a fine English eighteenth-century turret-topped card table might fetch $20,000, a virtually identical piece made in America during the same period can command as much as $300,000. The wild discrepancy, it seems, is due to three principal factors: the relatively small quantity of furniture produced in America during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the scarcity of desirably unrestored objects reaching the marketplace, and the growing number and sophistication of deep-pocketed Americans eager to acquire examples of their nation's patrimony.

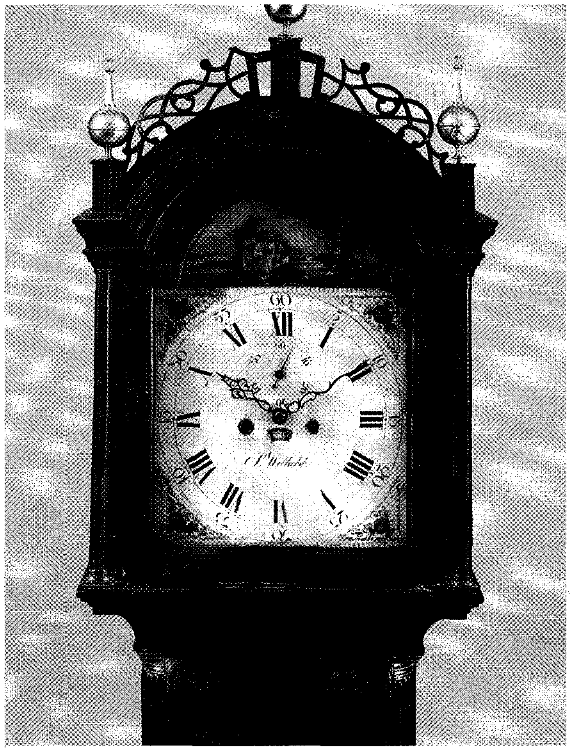
Making a distinction between what he calls consumer pieces (furniture someone might buy to decorate a home) and collector pieces (ranging from $100,000 into the millions), Sack notes that the fiercest competition these days is in the upper category. "It's become a very sophisticated market," he says, "with a big emphasis on scholarship and research. The new collectors are concentrating on the premier objects, and they're willing to pay."

Adding a notch to the intensity of the competition is the fact that collectors of Americana often develop cravings for furniture of specific periods and regions—early rococo pieces from Boston or

Photographs: left, courtesy of Sotheby's; right, courtesy of Leigh Keno American Antiques.

Philadelphia, for instance, or Federal gems from New York or Newport, with each city possessing its own golden period and master craftsmen—creating a bidding frenzy when an outstanding piece that fills a hole in their collection appears on the market.

"The regional aspect is really a huge factor in people's passions," Leigh says. "It's really about patriotism, this pride in what our ancestors made and collected, even though these things are inspired by furniture and tastes in England."



PATRIOTIC SCORE Opposite, a George Washington wooden medallion now for sale at Sotheby's; above, a clockface's very valuable American flag.

To acquire and resell the best antiques and remain at the pinnacle of their trade, the Keno twins, like other successful antiques vendors, must cultivate an unimpeachable reputation, optimum exposure, and virtuoso charm.

One of the star dealers of the Winter Antiques Show, Leigh always holds the prime booth—to the right as you enter the vast drill hall of the Seventh Regiment Armory on Park Avenue—and invariably dazzles with one or two exceptional wares. Now in its forty-sixth year, the show has 72 dealers, a third of whom specialize in Americana, and is widely viewed as the premier Americana show in the country. As such, it inevitably inspires dealers like Leigh to put aside choice offerings during the year in order to captivate patrons each year in January.

Five years ago, he scored a memorable coup by flying to Buenos Aires in early January to inspect and purchase a rare $440,000 Federal inlaid-mahogany secretary bookcase with 25 *églomisé* glass panels, bringing it back just in time for the Winter Antiques Show. Jack Warner, the former CEO of the Gulf States Paper Corporation in Tuscaloosa and a longtime client of Leigh's, was intrigued to hear about it, but since Winter Antiques Show dealers are forbidden from exhibiting at the show any items that have been pre-sold, Warner flew to New York on opening night to buy it. "He was first on line to purchase it himself," Leigh recalls, grinning. Spotting a pair of tables on either side, Warner asked him to throw those on the bill, too. "I was pretty excited," Leigh says, "because it was all within twelve seconds."

WHEN ASKED BY A client to produce a condition report on a piece of furniture, Leigh arrives with bright lights and a series of instruments, looking more like a forensic pathologist than a furniture dealer. Amazingly, such detective work is not limited to showrooms and salesrooms. At the homes of collectors, he says, "It's not unusual at a cocktail party to flip a piece upside down to inspect it. Believe it or not, that's not considered a faux pas." This cavorting is often viewed with horror by aficionados of British and French furniture, he admits.

Hearing devotees of American furniture extolling the virtues of unrestored furniture, you could swear they were speaking of the Holy Grail, not of a few pieces of nicely carved old wood. "It's almost a seal of authenticity, you know?" Leslie says, eyes ablaze as he peers at the desirable dirt at the base of a Philadelphia high chest being stored just outside his office. "You get to see all the natural and honest wear patterns on the surface shellac that are intact with the original finish. And it tells a story—it speaks to you in an honest way that screams out authenticity and integrity."

While it is considered perfectly respectable for a masterpiece by Rubens or a Versailles-quality French boulle cabinet to be cleaned a couple of times in 200 years, such maintenance is heresy to many collectors of American furniture. "With European pieces, they clean it up within an inch of its life," Albert Sack says. "But Americans love the authenticity."

Coveting honest-to-goodness gunk and unrestored perfection, serious buyers are almost immune to aesthetic beauty, according to Leslie. "They're not buying for the look, they're buying for the object," he says. "We're talking someone who's willing to own furniture with a grungy surface—who's paying millions for the privilege of having those stains."

WHILE EXCEPTIONAL OBJECTS remain scarce, the currently booming seller's market for Americana appears to be enticing families who have owned pieces for more than 200 years to take the plunge. Among the cream of its 330 lots on sale this week, Christie's has six such hallowed items, including an ornately carved mahogany high-style Philadelphia card table expected to go for between $1 million and $2 million, which is being offered by George G. Meade Easby, a direct descendant of the original owner, Cornelius Stevenson. "It's rare to see pieces with that kind of provenance at auction," Hays says gleefully.

Sotheby's 733-lot sale, meanwhile, has 21 items of direct-descent provenance, including 14 being sold by the Beekman Family Association, descendants of James W. Beekman, a prosperous eighteenth-century dry-goods merchant and landowner. One of the sale's highlights is Lot 718, a pair of mahogany five-legged gaming tables, identified as having been commissioned for his country house, Mount Pleasant, which once occupied what is now Beekman Place. Also identical twins, the tables are estimated to fetch between $400,000 and $600,000.

With combined sales of American furniture and folk art for 1999 of $25.9 million, however, Sotheby's still has a way to go to match Christie's $27.5 million.

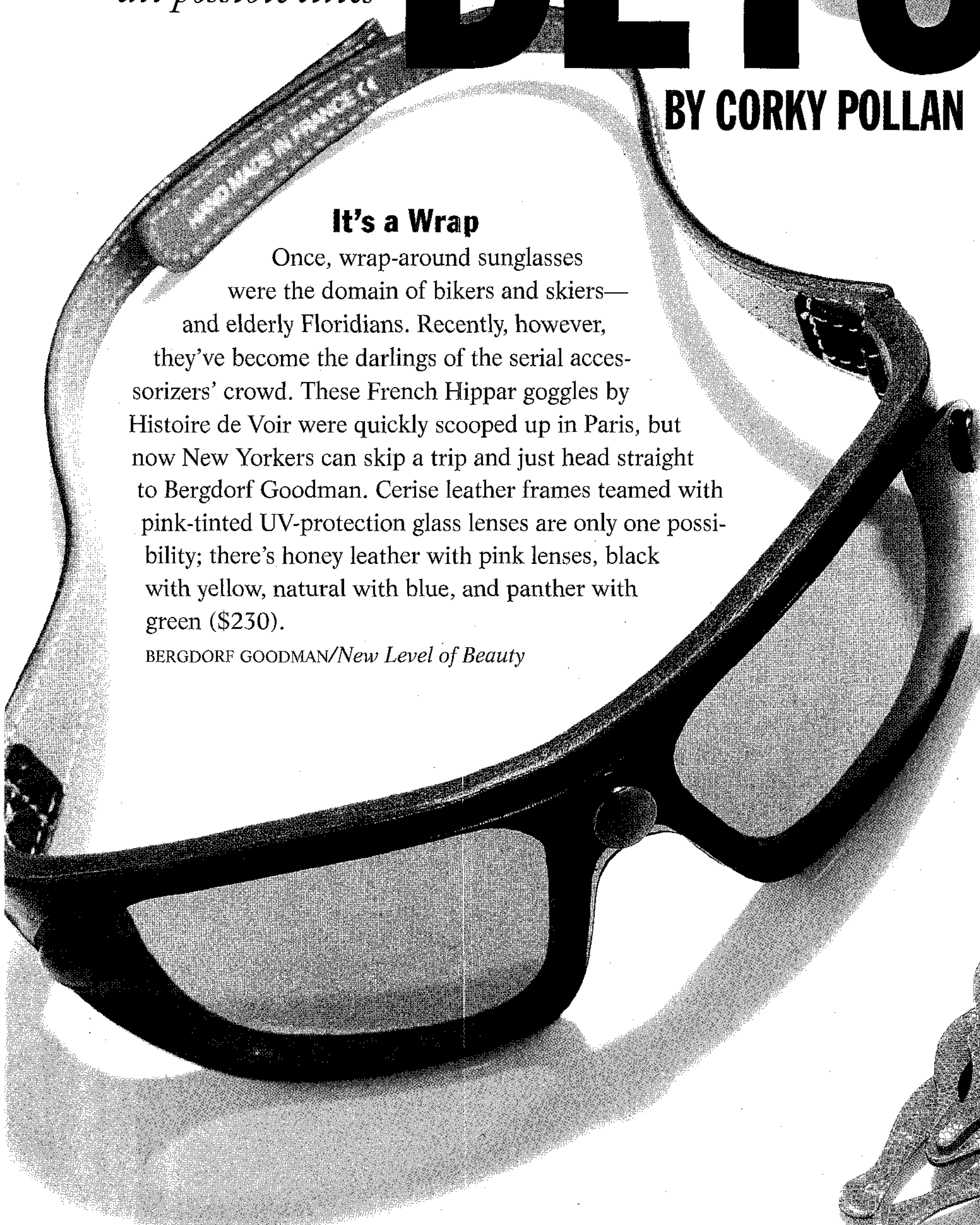
This year, Christie's has gone to the expense of producing a separate 52-page catalogue for a single object identified as having been in the same family for over 300 years: the Joseph and Bathsheba Pope valuables cabinet, a carved-oak piece the size of a small safe, from Salem, Massachusetts. Drawing potential purchasers' attention to the historical chic of the notorious Salem Witch Trials of 1692, the text describes how the original owners, after being accused of dabbling in witchcraft themselves, ratted on fellow Puritans by claiming to have witnessed the demonic powers of several local witches.

Though the catalogue says "Estimate on request"—a further marketing ploy to arouse speculation and interest—John Hays points out that the cabinet is expected to realize between $600,000 and $900,000. If so, it will break the $528,000 record for seventeenth-century furniture. "We always hope for millions," Hays says cheerfully. "But who knows?" ■

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN



It's a Wrap

Once, wrap-around sunglasses were the domain of bikers and skiers—and elderly Floridians. Recently, however, they've become the darlings of the serial accessorizers' crowd. These French Hippar goggles by Histoire de Voir were quickly scooped up in Paris, but now New Yorkers can skip a trip and just head straight to Bergdorf Goodman. Cerise leather frames teamed with pink-tinted UV-protection glass lenses are only one possibility; there's honey leather with pink lenses, black with yellow, natural with blue, and panther with green ($230).

BERGDORF GOODMAN/*New Level of Beauty*

Foxy Lady

Lea Stein's jewelry resembles Bakelite pieces from the thirties, but this French bijou-maker had her very own technique. She layered celluloid and fabric, coated them with a secret component, and then slowly baked the "sandwich." Stein and her Paris atelier turned out thousands of brooches and bracelets during the fifties, sixties, and early seventies, but the most sought-after were her 3-D foxes. She did them in red or unfoxy colors like peach, purple, and blue, but all had attitude and shiny sly eyes. A skulk of these jaunty critters have now surfaced at Marcia Messiqua, adding a touch of whimsy to the otherwise serious French antique furniture ($75).

MARCIA MESSIQUA/*1184 Madison Avenue, near 86th Street/212-410-2400*

On and Off a Roll

Just a year ago, the big news was in-line sneaker-skates with detachable wheels. Now it's high-tops that morph into skates. Like the landing gear on planes, the wheels on these Street Flyers are retractable, which means kids can zip around to the candy store, quickly retract the wheels by hand or with the wrench key, and slip inside—no need to pay attention to the NO SKATES ALLOWED sign. Street Flyers are not designed for railing or stunting, but they sure beat lugging around an extra pair of shoes ($135; ages 5 to adult).

FAO SCHWARZ/*767 Fifth Avenue, at 58th Street/212-644-9400*

TELECOMUNICACIONES

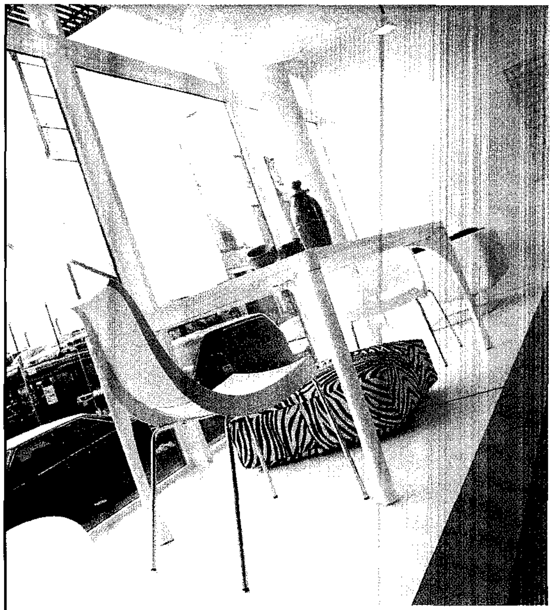
Return Call

While it seems everyone is touting futuristic designs in keeping with our arrival in the twenty-first century, Sherry Jo Williams of Sonrisa (home of vintage steel furniture) has a yen for telephones from an earlier age of telecommunications, the forties. Indulging her Luddite leanings, Williams has rounded up a cache of these rotary beauties that have been rewired so they're compatible with our modern phone systems. Unlike their new flightier cousins, these stolid phones just sit there and never get lost in the bedclothes, and since they're rotary, you don't even have the option of pressing 1 for sportswear or 2 for dinnerware—you'll actually have to talk to an operator ($310).

SONRISA/*22 West 21st Street/212-627-7474*

Photographed by James Worrell

Send shopping questions to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.



Property's Line

Stefan Beckman is a set designer and prop stylist for *Vogue, Harper's Bazaar,* Versace ads, and TV films. Sabrina Schilcher is a painter with ties to the fashion and interior-design worlds (she's worked with Thierry Mugler and owns Salon Moderne on Lafayette Street, filled with modern though not stark furniture). But Beckman says he and Schilcher "enjoy being a little crazy," so in addition to everything else they do this energetic pair opened Property, a stadium-size furniture store. Adjectives like *edgy, streamlined, sexy,* and *a tad retro* apply to their assortment of dining tables, chairs, sofas, and beds. And they've snared the perfect TV stand: a long bench outfitted with a drawer (for videos) that swivels and is wide enough and deep enough to hold a 20-inch-deep TV. Beckman and Schilcher lean toward the colorful and playful (bright beanbag chairs from Australia, space-age fiberglass modules from Italy) and they like to mix modern and vintage, so they've assembled, in addition to their new stuff, a fine collection of vintage glassware and Swedish ceramics. (From $25 for a Marc Boase ceramic ashtray to $180 for a plastic stacking chair to $1,000 for Emmemobili's updated Eames coffee table to $4,400 for a David Chipperfield sofa.)

PROPERTY/*14 Wooster Street/917-237-0123*

SMARTCITY

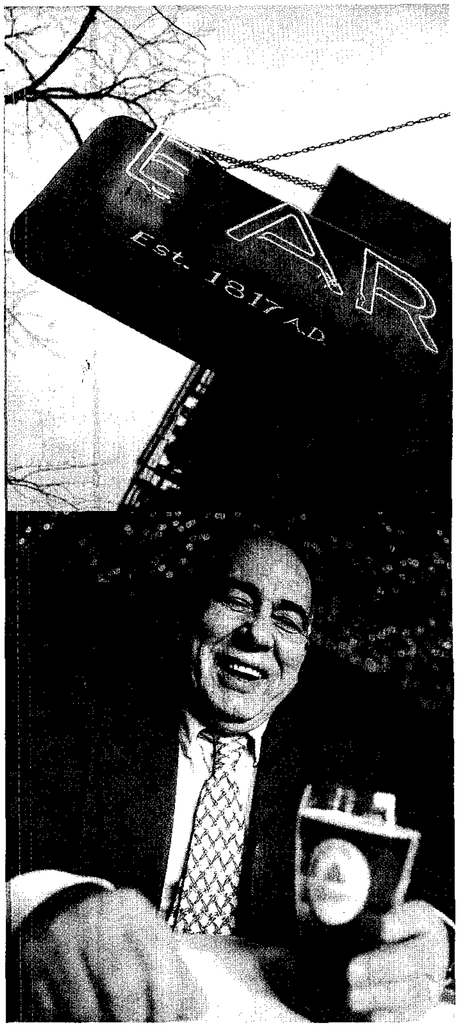
The Century Club

Confederate ghosts, Abe Lincoln's chair, Frank Sinatra's private pleasures. New York's nineteenth-century saloons have plenty of stories to tell. **By Stephanie Williams**

BARS HAVE ALWAYS PLAYED A MAJOR role in New York's history. The city's first tavern—the rather uncreatively named City Tavern—opened in 1641. Folks spent so much time there that it literally became the town hall. And by 1648, Peter Stuyvesant, the seventeenth century's own Rudy Giuliani, was already griping that 25 percent of the island's buildings had saloons in them. New York has reinvented itself many times since then, but the tavern has always retained its social centrality. Today's incarnations, with their velvet ropes, low-slung lounge furniture, and South American cocktails, may bear little surface resemblance to the smoky stand-up barrooms of yesteryear, but at heart they are the same. Why are bars such a big deal? Perhaps it's that people who choose to live in the country's most densely populated city are by nature social animals. Or it may have to do with the commercial nature of the city, the constant networking and social climbing that must get done; or maybe it's because when you live in a small apartment, it's not easy to entertain at home. Whatever the reason, many of the city's oldest pubs are still going strong. Indeed, some of the oldest are enjoying a renewal in their Golden Years. Here's to them: May they last another hundred years.

Old Town Bar and Restaurant (established 1892) *45 East 18th Street (212-529-6732)*

Bob Crowley says his set for *The Iceman Cometh* was inspired by the Old Town, since once you enter you never want to leave. Maybe it's the fourteen-foot ceilings and high-backed booths, which have seated the likes of Tom Cruise, Brad Pitt, Ralph Fiennes, and the Brooklyn Dodgers. (See if yours is one of the seats with a Prohibition-era storage space underneath in case of a raid.) These days, regulars include Frank McCourt and Liam Neeson, who courted his wife, Natasha Richardson, here. Other classic touches include shots of Art Carney and Jackie Gleason on the wall, the ancient urinals, and the gaslights that patrons once lit to hail passing trolleys—but the Old Town's coolest fixture is without a doubt the Tuesday-afternoon bartender, Richie O'Rourke, who cannot be stumped when it comes to sports trivia.



Ancient Evenings: Clockwise from top left, the Ear Inn; vintage voltage at the White Horse; inside the Landmark Tavern; Jose Grossberg of Pete's Tavern drinks in the atmosphere of it all.

Teddy's Bar and Grill (established 1887) *96 Berry Street, Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-384-9787)*

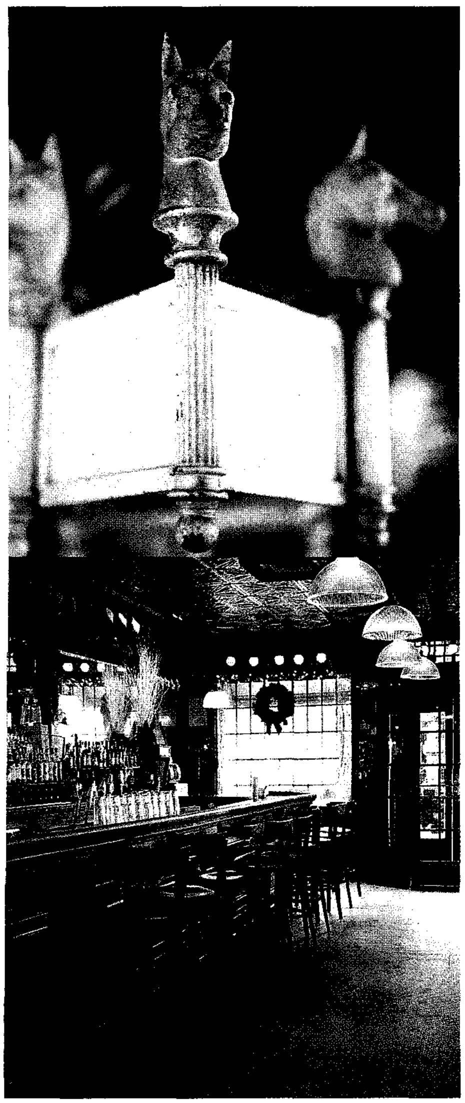
The new owners have put in a kitchen (and recently took out the piano!), but otherwise not too much has changed in this tin-ceilinged former speakeasy and union organizing hall since the day when

EXPERT TESTIMONY

The Pizza Connection

"I'm not a wiseguy," we can almost hear Paulie Walnuts saying, in his trademark arms-crossed, turtle-faced way, "but I play one on TV." Now that he and the rest of the oddly lovable cast of the HBO series *The Sopranos* have returned for a second season of exploring family (and Family) dynamics, we thought we'd poll the actors on something their characters would surely be qualified to answer: where to get the best pizza. Not surprisingly, they chose, with a leave-the-gun-take-the-cannoli decisiveness, the old-school brick-oven pies from John's (278 Bleecker Street; 243-1680). "I'm a traditional guy," says Dominic Chianese (whose untraditional proficiency in a certain mob-prohibited sex act as septuagenarian Junior Soprano qualifies him for a crossover cameo on HBO's other scary-funny hit, *Sex and the City*). "I like fresh mozzarella and tomato on my pizza." Edie Falco (Carmela) and Vincent Pastore (Big Pussy) backed up Chianese's choice for its "charcoal taste, thin crust, and great tomato sauce," whereas Tony Sirico (Walnuts), an admitted "pepperoni freak," went uptown, with John's theater-district outpost (260 West 44th Street; 391-7560). However, as is typical of the modern-day Mafia, there was dissension among the junior ranks: Slice guy Michael Imperioli (Tony Soprano's loose-cannon nephew Chris Moltisanti) said he prefers Joe's (233 Bleecker Street; 366-1182) for its "subtlety." No disrespect intended. ROB PATRONITE

Photographs by Scott Jones.



Mae West was born upstairs. The bar was once home to Brooklyn's branch of Tammany Hall, but nowadays you're more likely to find would-be cineastes from the neighborhood. On Wednesday nights the bar hosts a Jazz Tap Jam that often features Savion Glover's mom on vocals. Check out the stained-glass window (ca. 1890) advertising Peter Doelger's Extra Beer, a long-defunct local brew.

The White Horse Tavern (established 1880) *567 Hudson Street (212-243-9260)*

The James Dean Oyster House—as it was once called—was a private drinking establishment long before earning the liquor license hanging above the bar. The place attained legendary status in 1953 when Dylan Thomas downed his last whiskey, then staggered off to die; less famously, it was also a favorite of John Belushi's. After Belushi died, says co-owner Eddie Brennan, Dan Aykroyd would sometimes show up at closing time, lock the doors, and buy the house a round. Others who've spent time under the vintage horse-head light fixtures include the poet's namesake, Bob Dylan; Norman Mailer; Michael Crichton; and just about every Beat poet worth his weight in Benzedrine.

PJ Clarke's (established 1870s) *915 Third Avenue, at 55th Street (212-759-1650)*

Frank Sinatra's favorite thing about this bar was the bathroom. "Those urinals!" he was once heard to joyfully exclaim. "You could stand Abe Beame in one of them and have room to spare." They are rather large—Barbara Corcoran has probably rented smaller alcove studios—but you don't have to pee standing up to take pleasure in this old gem. Dan Lavezzo, whose father took over Clarke's in the forties and turned it into a kind of Moomba of its day, says, "My memory of this place is of the palpable sense of energy and delight—the electric surge—when someone of stature would walk in casually," he says, giving Muhammad Ali as an example. "There was distance and intimacy at the same time." Jackie and Ari Onassis used to come in and people-watch from a window in the middle dining room; Johnny Mercer wrote "One for My Baby" on a napkin at the bar; and Louis Armstrong once played his trumpet in the back room—and it wasn't a gig; he was just hanging out.

Landmark Tavern (established 1868) *626 Eleventh Avenue, at 46th Street (212-757-8595)*

Landmark used to be a waterfront tavern (before Twelfth Avenue was built on landfill), but these days, it's a classy boîte where rock stars and Academy Award winners sip single-malts at the long bar, carved in 1839 from a single mahogany tree. Three ghosts are said to wander the premises, including those of an Irish girl who came here during the potato famine and died of cholera on the third floor at a time when it was used as a flophouse, and a Confederate soldier who was mortally wounded in a bar fight and died in the second-floor bathtub. When the third floor was a speakeasy, it was frequented by Hollywood actor and Hell's Kitchen native George Raft. Raft specialized in playing gangsters—many thought he was one in real life—and his movies were often set in New York boozeries where you'd knock three times or say something like "Joe sent me." The Landmark, of course, still has its original speakeasy door.

(continued on page 104)

NAVIGATOR

Q: I spilled coffee all over my tan shearling jacket. Aside from hiding the spots with pashmina scarves, what can I do?

A: Unless you're aiming for a new variant on the the animal-print look, you'll need to take your coat to a professional. Stains on leather, suede, shearling, and other skins can be removed or diminished. But, warns Dan Eisen, chief garment analyst at the Neighborhood Cleaners Association, the hide will not necessarily come back looking as good as new. Depending on the degree of rigor involved in the cleaning process (chemical solvents, soap and water, or mere dry cleaning), your garment may very well lose oil and color and require refinishing or re-dyeing; there might even be some shrinkage. It all depends on the nature of the stain and the fragility and inherent imperfections of the hide. The key is to not wait. Request an estimate up front—a three-quarter-length shearling at a really good cleaner can run you about $85 to $150—and ask what kind of results you can expect. Most local dry cleaners will forward your garment to a specialist, but if you'd rather cut out the middleman, here are the city's best leather cleaners:

Fashion Award Cleaners (1462 Lexington Avenue, near 95th Street; 212-289-5623): Personalized service and competitive prices draw Stateside clients, like Sotheby's vintage queen Tiffany Dubin, and fans from as far away as South Africa and Europe.

Meurice Garment Care (245 East 57th Street, 212-759-9057; 31 University Place, 212-475-2778): They'll tackle almost anything, even lemon-oil cleaner on a suede jacket.

Hallak Cleaners (1232 Second Avenue, near 65th Street; 212-832-0750): A favorite of designer boutiques, they've been cleaning leather for over thirty-five years.

ANNA RACHMANSKY

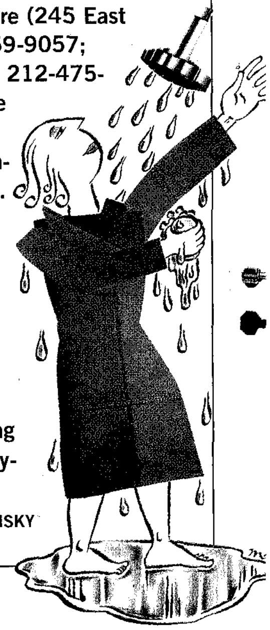


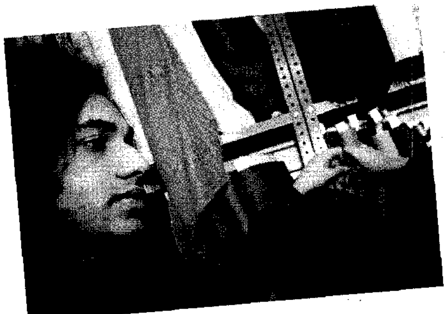
Illustration by Matthew Martin.

SHYAMA PATEL

Bolts From the Blue

Man of the cloth: *Anand Jon knows where to find great material—and shares his secret closeout sources that can let anyone be* **a designer for a day.**

THOSE SKIMPY HALTER TOPS AND breezy skirts you're craving for spring aren't cheap—and figured by the square inch, the prices can be downright appalling. But with a little practice, you (or your neighborhood tailor) can whip up these simple shapes for just a few dollars. All you need is an idea and a snazzy swatch of material. For inspiration, we asked eveningwear designer Anand Jon—the master of simple evening shapes created from pricey embroidered fabric—to tune us in to the inexpensive sources he scavenged in his student days at Parsons.



Jon leads us to the fabric stores that dot Broadway just below Canal Street. "They're called jobbers," he explains. "They buy designers' leftover fabric and sell it way below wholesale." He likes them best for cotton, velvet, and brocade fabrics, generally steering clear of lace and wool, which often look cheap. At **P&S Fabrics**, floor-to-ceiling racks are crammed with fabric sold by the yard. Jon approves several blue-toned brocades ("Beautiful for pillows," gushes his sister Sanjana), a fine blue cotton ($3), and a red taffeta ($3). Silky white satin ($4) is a real find—"I just bought some for $12 a yard," Jon sighs. "Feel it!"

At **Long Island Fabric** we find loads of budget muslin for minimalists or pattern-makers ($2), sheer black jersey for sexy tops—"the same quality we use," says Jon ($4)—and a surprise score: a coarse, disco-ish gold fabric ($8). ("Tom Ford would love this," Jon jokes, draping it around his leg.) Pick it up for yourself—but don't count on seeing it on Jon's runways: "I can't buy from these guys," he explains. "I have to deliver to the stores exactly the same fabrics I show on the runway—and what you see here one day, you never see again."

P&S Fabrics Corp., 355 Broadway, near Leonard St. (212-226-1534); Long Island Fabric, 406 Broadway, near Canal St. (212-925-4488).

Picks of the Week

Beyond the Bosphorus is taking 40 percent off all kilim rugs. Small styles are $35–$168, runners are $240–$960, and large rugs are $1,080–$1,800. Pillows are $25–$175. *79 Sullivan St. (212-219-8257); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Sun. noon–7; 1/21–2/21.*

Bond 07's sale has hip downtown duds from Fake London, Cashmere Studio, Anna Sui, and Uniform at 50 to 75 percent off, from $15–$300. Bags are $20–$150, jewelry is $10–$100. *7 Bond St. (212-677-0336); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 11–7, Sun. noon–7; 1/17–1/21.*

Maison Decor's floor samples of upholstered furniture, window treatments, and accessories are up to half off, from $46 for a lamp to $2,260 for a chenille sofa. Selected fabrics are on sale, too. *1094 Madison Ave., at 82nd St. (212-744-7079); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 10–6, Thurs. till 7; 1/17–2/26.*

Pratesi is taking half off select top-end linens: "Pioggia" sheet sets are $785–$830; "Botticelli" towel sets are $330; waffle-weave blankets are $375–$450. *829 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (212-288-2315); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Sat. 10–6; 1/17–1/31.*

Martin's sexy, vintage-inspired clothes (at stores like Hedra Prue) are half off at the sample sale, from $20 for peasant tops to $150 for velvet jackets. *206 E. 6th St. (212-358-0011); cash only; Tues.–Thurs. 5–9; 1/18–1/20.* ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

ALWAYS A DEAL

Good Pluck

GOOD NEWS FOR THOSE WHO ARE fascinated by any newfangled beauty treatment: **Completely Bare** is offering *New York* readers half off the first session of any of its high-tech, surprisingly effective services, including a surgery-free "face-lift," micro-dermabrasion, and Epilight permanent hair removal (all are usually $150 and up per session). But beware: You may need several sessions for best results. Mention *New York* when booking. *764 Madison Ave., near 66th St., Suite 3R (212-717-9300).*

Photographs by Mayita Mendez.

Through a Glass Darkly

That notorious Peeping Tom returns in a restored print of 'Rear Window'; the Screening Room showcases Robert Mugge's masterly music documentaries.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S **Rear Window**, WHICH IS BEing re-released at the Film Forum in a marvelously restored print supervised by Robert Harris and James Katz, features James Stewart as the cinema's most famous Peeping Tom and is often described as the ultimate movie about voyeurism. Since watching a movie is, in itself, a form of voyeurism, Hitchcock's film has also been called the ultimate movie about moviegoing. There may be some truth to this, but, like so much academic Hitchcock criticism, it doesn't really describe our feelings when we watch the movie; it doesn't convey our sheer enjoyment.

For much of his career, Hitchcock was categorized as a "mere" entertainer—the master of suspense. Then along came the *Cahiers du Cinema* crowd and the Brits to tell us that Hitchcock was the supreme Catholic artist for our age of anxiety and a rival to Poe and Baudelaire. This revisionism was, I think, overscaled, but I remain sympathetic to its intent; more riches, after all, are camouflaged by popular entertainment than by most of what passes for high art. With Hitchcock there was always, even in his most minor entertainments, a residue of fear, of dread, that was more expressive and unsettling than, strictly speaking, it needed to be. Perhaps more than any other director, Hitchcock controlled down to the minutest detail the environment of his moviescape; and yet the great theme of his best movies is the horror visited upon us by a loss of control. The extreme manipulation in Hitchcock's films, the sense we have that he has already anticipated our every response, can seem coldly calculating, but it probably helps to recognize that, deep down, he was just as frightened as we were.

Rear Window, which was released by Paramount Pictures in 1954, is perhaps the clearest example of a Hitchcock movie that functions on dual levels: It's both mousetrap and abyss. Contrast this with *Vertigo* (1958), also restored a number of years back by Harris and Katz, in which the mousetrap, for perhaps the only time in Hitchcock's career, is entirely gone, and what we get instead is pure, obsessive trance. *Vertigo* is a great walkabout of a movie, with delirium at its core. What disturbs viewers about it is that Hitchcock is supposed to be the director who makes us all, at least for the time that we are in the theater, a little crazy, and yet in this film the moviemaker himself seems unmoored. In *Rear Window*, Hitchcock never lets himself go like that, but the movie has a morbid, spectral atmosphere that links it with that later work, and Stewart's performance is almost a warm-up for what he would accomplish in *Vertigo*. In both films, his characters dally with a suspicion that ultimately engulfs.

***Window* screen: Grace Kelly and James Stewart in the restored Alfred Hitchcock classic.**

Stewart's Jefferies in *Rear Window* is a news photographer laid up in his Greenwich Village apartment with his leg in a cast, the result of an on-the-job mishap. Peering into the windows of his neighbors across the courtyard, he begins to imagine—first as diversion, then as obsession—that a white-haired, barrel-chested salesman, Lars Thorwald (Raymond Burr), has murdered his ailing wife and disposed of her body in pieces. Jefferies's amateur sleuthing impresses no one at first, not his smart-aleck nurse, Stella (Thelma Ritter), or his police-detective friend, Tom (Wendell Corey), or his marriage-minded high-society girlfriend, Lisa (Grace Kelly), who makes her first real appearance in the movie as a luminous profile sliding with sensuous slowness into a kiss with the dozing invalid. Jefferies, who can't get himself to commit to her, complains that Lisa is "too perfect," and, actually, she is. (That was always the problem with Grace Kelly.) But Hitchcock understood that dry ice can sting, too. The blonde ice queens who often were his heroines embodied his aesthetic: tight control on the surface and smolderings underneath.

Rear Window has a ghastly, comic subtext: Jefferies's obsession with the supposed murder is also a projection of his own desire to be rid of Lisa and her gold-plated ministrations. (She does things like ordering up to his apartment dinner and champagne from "21.") Virtually the entire movie is shot from Jefferies's vantage point inside his cramped apartment, and the people who pass through it often register as intrusions. They distract Jefferies from the real show going on across the courtyard—the summertime mini-dramas glimpsed through unshad-

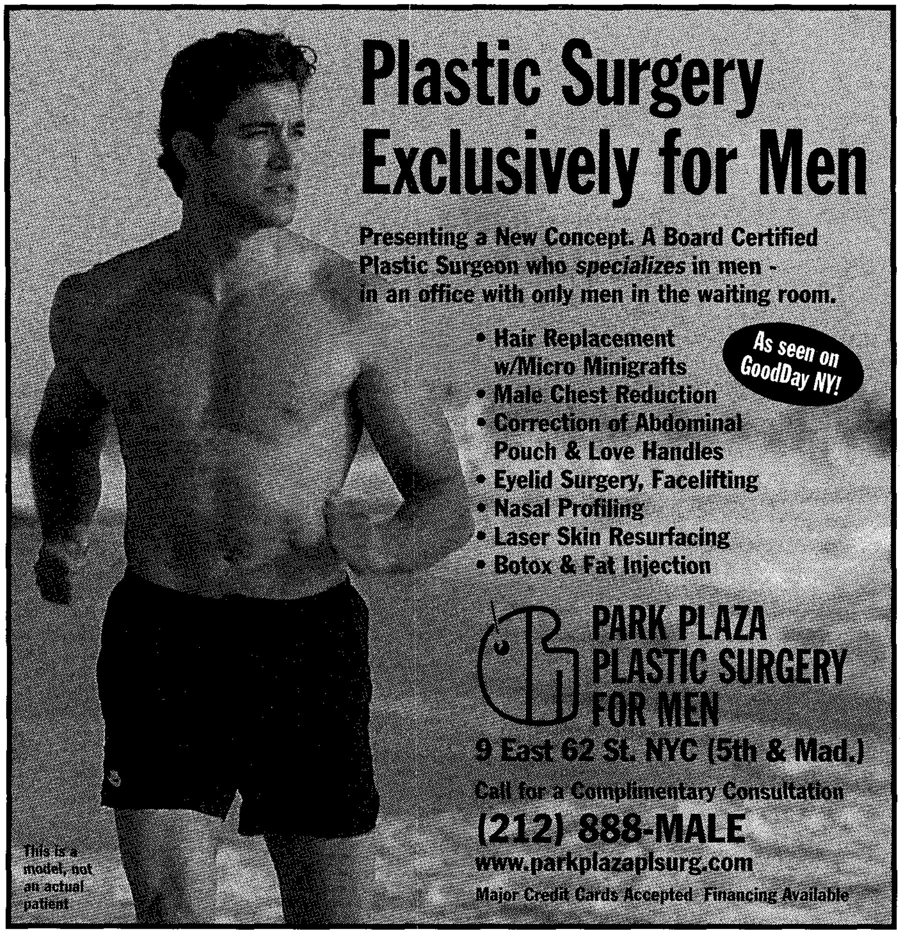
Photograph courtesy of Universal Studios.

ed windows involving not only Thorwald but a childless couple doting on a pet dog, a flirtatious dancer, newlyweds, a sculptor, a composer, and a sad spinster who sets the dinner table for two and eats alone. These window-framed vignettes are trite, perhaps deliberately so, but they offer up a quintessentially urban phenomenon. In the city, every window is a portal into an incompletely understood story. (*Psycho,* remember, opens with the camera's entry into a randomly chosen window.) Hitchcock captures our compulsion to transform our surroundings into a narrative, a cyclorama, not only for our amusement but for our sanity.

He also recognizes how much we want the worst to happen: Like Jefferies, we want the murder to be real. If it isn't, then we are merely voyeurs, and that's too sordid to contemplate. Even if it *is* real, even if we turn out to be saviors instead of peepers, there's still a sordidness about the enterprise. If you break into people's carefully constructed worlds, you can expect to come undone, too. Jefferies puts Lisa and, ultimately, himself in mortal danger, and yet the most plaintive and powerful moment in the movie comes when Thorwald confronts Jefferies in his apartment and cries out, "What do you want from me?" In the world of *Rear Window,* even murderers are entitled to a little privacy.

THE SCREENING ROOM IS OFFERING UP A weeklong retrospective of music documentaries by Robert Mugge, and they're well worth checking out. Each day's double bill features Mugge's latest, **Hellhounds on My Trail: The Afterlife of Robert Johnson**, paired with earlier works on blues, zydeco, Gil Scott-Heron, and Al Green. Mugge is part ethnographer, part fan, and although he doesn't get into things very deeply, he showcases communities and sounds that are a complete reason for going to his movies. *Hellhounds on My Trail* is keyed to a weeklong tribute to Johnson that was staged in the fall of 1998 at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, and a fair amount of blather seeps into the proceedings. (We're told by the keynote speaker, Peter Guralnick, for example, that Johnson's art "defies explanation," which doesn't stop everybody from trying.) Fortunately, most of the movie features first-rate musicians, including Johnson's stepson Robert Lockwood Jr. and Johnson's contemporaries David Honeyboy Edwards and Henry Townsend, covering the great bluesman's compositions, and their range of energy and inspiration is staggering. The movie isn't so much about Robert Johnson as it is about what was passed along, from one hellhound to another. ■

Peter Rainer's 1998–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.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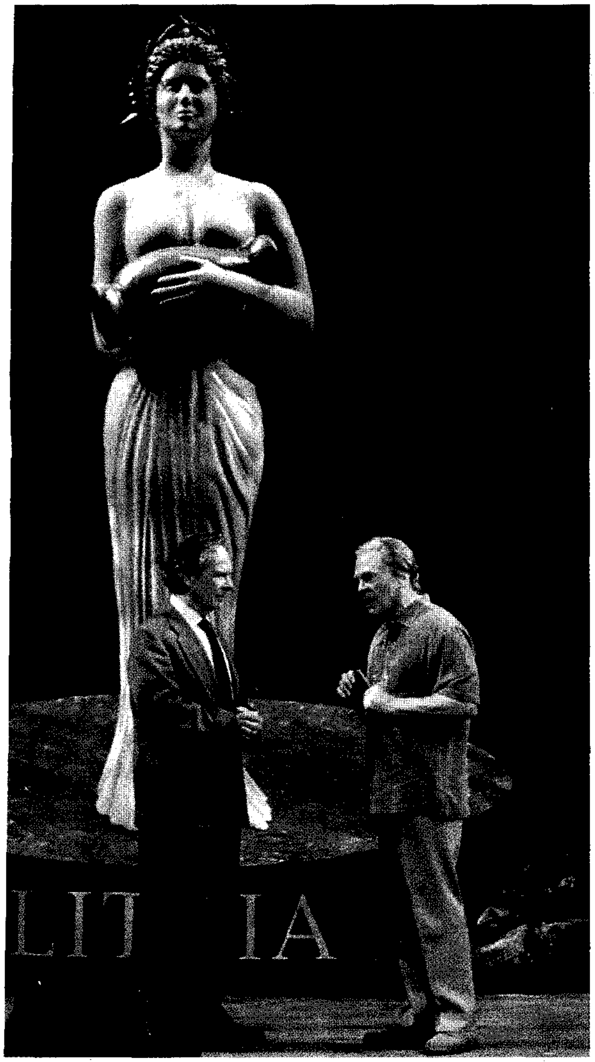
THEATER **JOHN SIMON**

Twin Piques

In 'Wrong Mountain,' David Hirson prattles on (again!) about high art vs. low; two early plays remind us of a time when David Mamet still mattered.

IMAGINE A PLAY IN WHICH EVERY LINE EITHER sounds like a quotation (bad enough), is a quotation (worse), or is one character quoting another (worse yet). And even the lines that merely sound like quotations are also in a way quotations, for David Hirson, the author of **Wrong Mountain**, is so enamored of himself that you can practically see invisible quotation marks bedecking his every utterance.

The play—sorry, the chrestomathy—concerns Henry Dennett, an elitist poet, at outs with his family, which includes an ex-wife about to marry a popular playwright; and a son, Adam, and a daughter, Jessica, who resent their soon-to-be-stepfather in tandem. On a bet, he writes a play that is produced by an outlandishly campy festival director, Maurice Montesor, and features a rather curious set of actors. There are also two other playwrights—a flighty woman, and a serious youth, Clifford—competing with Henry for the festival prize. This takes place in a bizarre location, where a kitschy goddess presides over a fountain with peculiar water.



Cliffhanger: Ron Rifkin and Daniel Davis in *Wrong Mountain*.

Henry is being treated by a Broadway-besotted doctor for a huge worm that torments his insides, and there is a framing image of two moonlit snowcapped mountains. One of them is presumably the right one to climb, the other, the wrong one; unless, as we're told, all mountains are right, or all of them wrong. There is name-dropping second only to the quotation-dropping, also expressionist elements, surreal elements, pastiche, and even a miniature train that chugs across the stage from left to right and, later, from right to left—or, perhaps, to wrong. There is distorted Grieg music blaring in the background, along with lots of symbolism in the foreground.

And mountains of verbiage. Hirson's debut was with a pretentious play in rhyming couplets, *La Bête,* but *Wrong Mountain* proves that he can be just as pretentious in prose, which ranges from the convoluted to the Gongoristic, with always a lip-smacking undertone, as you sense Hirson sucking on his polysyllables as if they were Jujubes. There is some respite here and there, when he relaxes a little, manages to get off a funny one, or allows a character to sound fleetingly human. But he promptly repents, regresses into the recondite, this time perhaps with a Latin quotation.

Unfortunately, Richard Jones, who also directed *La Bête,* does not palliate any of the excesses but, on the contrary, plays clankingly into them. Thus he allows Daniel Davis, a not-untalented actor, to camp up Maurice to the point of constantly threatening to turn into a balloon and float off the stage, and encourages the good Ron Rifkin, as Henry, to rant even more grandiosely than Alceste and a Thomas Kyd character rolled together. It is to Rifkin's credit that he manages to breathe some humanity into the rant.

Daniel Jenkins is likable as Clifford; Tom Riis Farrell, funny as the doctor; Bruce Norris has a nice quality as Adam; and when she stops pouting, Anne Dudek is effective as a young actress as unimpressed by Henry's play as by his hungry "old-man lips." The only truly horrible performance comes from Ilana Levine, a simpering actress you want to yank off the boards. Giles Cadle's scenery is ineffably vulgar.

The main problem, though, is the dreadful showoffiness of Hirson's endless polemics about art. He wallows in his erudition like a mud wrestler in his mud but without even the wrestler's innocence, only his swinishness. At 41, other playwrights have acted grown-up; if Hirson does not start shedding his osten-

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tatiously bookwormish adolescence, he may end up swallowed by a library.

I HAVE OFTEN WONDERED WHY I LIKED THE first two Mamet plays seen hereabouts so well and the later ones so little. Now that **Sexual Perversity in Chicago** and **The Duck Variations** are with us again, though not in the same order, I think I know why. All that is original and good in Mamet is encapsulated in those plays, which were news then. The rest of Mamet is the same thing rehashed over and over, and no longer news.

To some extent every creator remains himself. We can find some Shakespeare even in *Titus Andronicus,* some Mozart even in *Mitridate.* But there's scant *Titus* in *Lear,* and little *Mitridate* in *Don Giovanni.* In Mamet's late plays there is nothing these early ones don't do as well or better, and if, like the author of *Rent,* Mamet had met an untimely death, they would have lived on as a powerful promise tragically unfulfilled.

Perversity deals with two young Chicago men who work in the same office and two young women—one teaching small children, one in commercial art—who live together. Bernard, the older guy, is a big womanizer; Danny, the younger, aspires to that status. Deborah, the artist, gets involved with Danny; Joan, the teacher (who may be a closet lesbian), resists Bernard's crude advances. Deborah moves in with Danny and, after some fights, back in with Joan. Otherwise nothing happens, but there are words, streams of those Mametian words.

The men talk about women vauntingly, wantingly, fantasizingly, superiorly, and, above all, grossly. The women talk about men, though less obsessively and crassly. All scenes are essentially self-contained vignettes, sometimes very short, that end on a goofy punch line, an ambiguity, or a non sequitur leaving an aftertaste of puzzlement, a sense of the everyday absurd. And no one learns or changes.

In *The Duck Variations,* two retired geezers sit on a lakeside bench and talk. We know nothing about them except their part-commonplace, part-nonsensical chatter shuttling between the dreariest platitudes and ludicrous misinformation. Much of it is about the ducks they are watching, much about life as they understand it, and about both they are mostly wrong. But it is also, in a sad way, funny. It is not far-fetched to assume that this Emil and George are really Bernard and Danny grown old, which is why I would have preferred *Variations* to follow *Perversity.*

Both plays are about the broken dialogue between people, the hollow inarticulateness that pseudo-savvy verbiage tries to plaster over. They are about us, idiot savants all, and the comic-pathetic ways in which we struggle to make do. At the Atlantic Theater Company, they are decently but not brilliantly produced, and *Variations* is delivered at too fast a pace for the full absurdity to sink in.

SURREALISM IS DEAD, FROM WHICH "LONG live Surrealism!" does not follow. Movements have their moments; their works can be revived, but their impetus cannot be resuscitated. Dada is as extinct as the dodo, and absurdism (which, by the way, never called itself that) gave Surrealism a different spin. It developed one or several initial absurdities to their logical conclusion, rather than merely piling up dream or nightmare images. Kira Obolensky's just-opened **Lobster Alice** is a pitiful exhumation of moldering Surrealism.

The play (for lack of a worse word) concerns the six weeks in 1946 Salvador Dalí worked at "a large Hollywood studio" creating a short, surreal animated ballet to the song "Destino," a.k.a "You Tempt Me," in conjunction with an animator, here called John Finch, who was also working on Disney's *Alice in Wonderland.* Obolensky's piece is a speculation on how this attempt was aborted.

Taking place in Finch's Burbank studio, it is partly the near-realistic story of how Finch and his secretary, Alice Horowitz, shy and clumsy lovers, grope toward a happy ending, with Alice briefly under the spell of the philandering Dalí. Partly, too, it is a hallucinatory phantasmagoria where life surreally imitates art. To be sure, the plastic onstage lobsters derive from the other *Alice,* yet they, along with a human caterpillar and scenes from Dalí's paintings, invade the action, or at least the landscape seen through Finch's picture window.

That nothing much comes of this poleaxed potpourri also has to do with the author's deadly way with dialogue. Stillborn epigrams, mechanistic wordplay, and numbing longueurs feel like hapless actors' improvisations. The director, Maria Mileaf, can do little with this, and even such fine old hands as Frances Aronson (lights) and David Van Tieghem (music and sound) are left stranded. The survivors are Neil Patel's décor, Jan Hartley's projections, and some of Ann Hould-Ward's costumes, the others falling short, like Dalí's mustache, which here is only half of the (sur)real thing.

Reg Rogers is an amusingly bumbling Finch, but Jessica Hecht is a bit too mannered as Alice. David Patrick Kelly's Dalí lacks demonic bravura, and Derek Richardson is saddled with an impossible part. The four artificial lobsters contribute almost as much as the quartet (or quadrille) of live actors. ■

John Simon's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

ART MARK STEVENS

Scars and Stripes

Two shows at the Museum of Natural History look at people who decorate their bodies and at butterflies, who have no choice in the matter.

IN ONE OF HIS BEST-KNOWN DRAWINGS, THE *NEW Yorker* cartoonist Charles Addams depicted the night watchman of the American Museum of Natural History shining a flashlight on a dinosaur egg that's *hatching.* The cartoon was more than funny; it captured the strange and fanciful secret life of this particular institution. As any New York kid knows, the other-worldly fascination of the museum—the old bones, haunted halls, and beautifully surreal dioramas—is far more vivid than its earnest pedagogical mission. Beneath the academic surface, the museum stimulates romantic dreams of strange places, times, and practices; it serves as both an important teacher and a bizarre wonderland. It was for that reason that this big kid looked forward to its current exhibitions about exotic forms of decorative behavior: "Body Art: Marks of Identity" and "The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter." Facts might be gathered, but, just as important, fancy served.

A 1913 Herbert Lang photo of Chief Danga, a Mangbetu practitioner of head elongation.

The many imaginative echoes of **Body Art** seemed especially promising. Today, there are tribes of tattooed New Yorkers with extravagantly colored hair and rings in their noses, eyebrows, ears, navels, tongues. A fresh view of scarification, piercing, and body painting from other eras and regions could create an interesting perspective on our own culture. It could also offer an unusually serious contrast to the contemporary torturing of the flesh recently on display at the "Sensation" show in Brooklyn. Unfortunately, "Body Art" does not live up to its promise. It's a very timid exhibition with a bland academic tone that never risks offense, and it's organized around unsurprising truths: Body-art practices link people to their physical and spiritual worlds. . . . Marks of identity sometimes challenge cultural ideals and sometimes confirm them. . . . Today's body art is about experimentation and crossing boundaries. . . .

The show skirts the visceral and outrageous, avoiding the funkier examples of the subject. The photographs are unfailingly tasteful, even when the subject is a seedy neo-tribal punk from our own culture. There is actually a warning on display from the New York City Department of Health on the dangers of getting a tattoo. You could pass through this exhibition, in short, never supposing that what human beings visit upon their flesh is steeped in fetishism, sexuality, rage, spiritual passion, and Dionysian madness. Maybe that goes on somewhere else, but not in a *museum.*

Still, those who like a cracked dinosaur egg will find some extraordinary things in this show. The curators have gathered together more than 600 objects and images, dating from around 3000 B.C. to the present. Not all the cultures represented are well known. For example, the show contains a particularly beautiful collection of black-and-white photographs taken in the twenties of the Selk'nam Indians, a tribe from Tierra del Fuego, at the southern tip of South America. By wearing astonishing hats and headdresses and covering their naked bodies with bold decorative designs, the Indians transformed themselves into shadowy creatures that seem half-flesh, half-spirit.

The curators have placed examples of body art from both "primitive" and "sophisticated" cultures in close proximity, which effectively emphasizes how useless such distinctions finally become and how similar human preoccupations are across time and place. The line between fashion and ferocity is often very fine; in this show, the grotesque and the delicate constantly intermingle. What could be more savage than the practice—carried out in the elegant precincts of Chinese society—of breaking and binding the feet of little girls? The show contains a beautiful array of the tiny elfin slippers that the girls would wear as adults. Across from these tiny slippers is a case that displays the evolution of the corsets and brassieres that have twisted and shaped the female figure to reflect the ever-changing ideal of what women should look like in Western culture.

The most poignant part of the exhibit is a movie clip that shows what Western society has done to many oth-

Photograph courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.

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NEW YORK

er cultures where body art was once a serious matter. One section contains some disturbing shots of Western tourists in New Guinea photographing the "natives," who seem to regard the snapping tourists, in turn, as utterly outlandish. Another demonstrates what happened to the Southeast Nuba people of Sudan after the German photographer Leni Riefenstahl published a lush and pretty book in the seventies full of illustrations of naked young men adorned with painted symbols. A Nuba elder—looking exasperated and bewildered—complained that all Riefenstahl and the tourists following her ever really wanted was "pictures of people without clothes." Soon, the young men began earning money dolling up their naked bodies for the visiting tourists, with the result that the actual meaning of the body art—along with the traditional position of young men in that society—changed fundamentally. Their painting was now just a performance. The Southeast Nuba became postmodernists.

OF COURSE, THE MUSEUM'S **Butterfly Conservatory**—now in its second year—has its earnest academic side. You can learn about pupae and wings. But the concealed meanings are, as usual, more interesting. Traditionally, the museum is the great un-zoo. The birds do not fly; they are stuffed. The butterflies do not flutter; they are mounted. But here they've done away with the pins and you can watch real butterflies flutter and hatch within the museum. For once, you can step behind the glass and wander about with the living.

The museum advertises the Conservatory—which sounds elegantly Edwardian—as a magical place filled with tropical plants, butterflies, and the scent of jasmine. But as the name suggests, there could hardly be a more artificial environment. That is what's finally so entertaining. These particular butterflies are dandies. They live in a small hothouse—filled with plants—that is supposed to simulate a rain forest. (The museum pipes in the sound of howler monkeys, quetzals, and parrots.) They are cultivated on butterfly farms. They have wonderful, theatrical names: Zebra longwings, monarchs, blue morphos. And they do not remind me of whimsy on the wind. They act more like a bunch of cynical actors hanging around backstage smoking and drinking beer. Quite a few are lazily preening and eating rotting fruit. Very occasionally, one does some real work and alights on the head of a little girl. Applause and bows all around. But they mostly prefer to cluster near the bright lights on the ceiling, sipping water spiked with honey, like beautiful barflies. ■

Mark Stevens's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

DANCE **TOBI TOBIAS**

Unsound *Sleeping*

Doug Varone goes in a new, narrative-based direction but never quite gets anywhere; from Stuttgart, dance that looks like advertising.

Nancy Bannon, Eddie Taketa, Daniel Charon, and Larry Hahn in Doug Varone's *Sleeping With Giants.*

Doug Varone, A POSTMODERN CHOREOGRAPHER for the intelligentsia, has been diversifying lately. Though his main focus remains the concert stage—his company greeted the new century with a week's run at the Joyce—Varone has pursued freelance gigs in musical theater, opera, and the movies. In recent interviews, he says that his adventures on this outlying turf have rekindled his interest in narrative. That should be all to the good, since explicitness is something even his finest dances could use more of. A typical Varone piece is all ravishing motion—at once gutsy and fluid, full of thrilling risks yet natural-looking—the point of which remains obscure. A full program of the stuff exhausts the attention. After fifteen glorious minutes, the watcher, glutted, starts craving bones on which to hang this magnificent flesh. Once the senses are sated, the mind demands a focal point of character, of situation, even of story.

To create *Sleeping With Giants,* the most ambitious of the five works new to New York in the Joyce engagement, Varone turned to literature, specifically Shirley Jackson's "The Lottery" and William Golding's *Lord of the Flies.* Here he found searing incarnations of his theme: the impulse of a social group to turn on its weakest member—single him out, expel him from the sheltering matrix of the society, savage him in escalating rage, then destroy him utterly. Apparently, the young-middle-aged Varone, who has been witnessing his own forces as a performer diminish, conceived the main character in *Giants* as a person faltering because of age. The vulnerability can be interpreted more widely, to apply to any kind of marginalizing condition.

Unfortunately, the idea remains aloof from the actual dancing. The two elements stubbornly refuse to mesh. At some points, the choreography is almost literal, like mime; elsewhere, it's so vaguely abstract it might easily belong to any other Varone piece. With intent performances from dedicated dancers, a here-comes-trouble score by Michael Nyman, chic-ominous stage and costume design, and suitably portentous lighting, *Sleeping With Giants* lays claim to major significance, yet it doesn't actually deliver the goods. The action is pretty much just what you'd expect. (Compare it with Martha Graham's pithy *Heretic,* and you see immediately how it waffles instead of striking home.) Varone may have recognized the fact that his work would benefit from stating its case more concretely, but he hasn't yet found an effective, original way to make that happen.

Nevertheless, there's a compelling reason to see the piece: It features the veteran dancer Larry Hahn—big, burly body, Mount Rushmore face—who wears his years with grave, poignant dignity. The most lithe and facile of Hahn's juniors, still able to maintain clarity and grace at the highest pitch of energy, should consider themselves lucky if they mature into artists of this guy's type and caliber.

THE **Stuttgart Ballet**—THE COMPANY JOHN CRANKO PUT ON the map in the sixties—is on a coast-to-coast tour with a repertoire of short ballets mainly of newer vintage. I caught the troupe at Newark's New Jersey Performing Arts Center—one of those dismaying latter-day culture malls where, blessedly, the audience still dresses up, with understated elegance, for the theater. The more rakishly disheveled New York audience can greet the troupe at the City Center (venerably redolent with dance history) January 19 to 22.

The two contemporary works I saw were Christian Spuck's *Dos Amores* and Mauro Bigonzetti's *Kazimir's Colors.* You've never heard of these choreographers? No matter. You're being steeped in the products of others just like them; they're typical of their times. All art, whatever its bid for eternal relevance, reflects its era. And what the Zeitgeist is

(continued on page 72)

Photograph by Ellen Crane.

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

I Want *My* MTV

Not even Ed Sullivan could make TV viewers appreciate opera, but 'Central Park' on "Great Performances" keeps the faith with a minority audience.

THEY ARE SINGING ALL OVER **Central Park** (Wednesday, January 19; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13), beginning at Bethesda Fountain, moseying over to Strawberry Fields, ending up at the zoo. In a trilogy of one-act operas jointly commissioned by "Great Performances," the New York City Opera, and the Glimmerglass Opera in Cooperstown, they are singing music composed by Deborah Drattell, Michael Torke, and Robert Beaser for librettos written by Wendy Wasserstein, A. R. Gurney, and Terrence McNally, with subtitles as easy to read as the rhinestones on a velvet Elvis. And I am comfortably at home in my sweat socks, watching it all on videotape, while I wonder why—with the single possible exception of Ingmar Bergman's production of *The Magic Flute*—we are so resistant to opera on film, especially on television.

Deep bench: City Opera diva Lauren Flanigan in "The Food of Love," from *Central Park*.

Talking about something else 30 years ago, Pauline Kael confessed in passing that she didn't know why, when opera singers went into the movies, "the baritones can act but the tenors can't." This is so breathtakingly authoritative that it almost doesn't matter if it's true, like the single joke in Edward Said's 380 pages on *Culture and Imperialism.* "As was the case in all of Verdi's early operas," writes Said with a wink, "*Aïda* is about a tenor and a soprano who want to make love but are prevented by a baritone and a mezzo."

There are, of course, many jokes in Wasserstein's libretto for *The Festival of Regrets.* After a blimp's-eye view of the park, a descent to the fountain, the setting of the stage, the tuning of the Glimmerglass orchestra, and the tossing of a Frisbee from the conductor to a player, there are jokes about facials and psychiatrists, Brearley and Tic Tacs, New York 1 and Evelyn Waugh, Lenny Bernstein and J. Alfred Prufrock. But mostly, as a rabbi on the Jewish New Year occasion of Tashlich exhorts his flock to toss bread crumbs into the fountain, there is ruefulness cast upon the waters, as in a well-bred *New Yorker* short story—and Lauren Flanigan mourning her bygone marriage in Drattell's pastiche of synagogue melodies and klezmer blues.

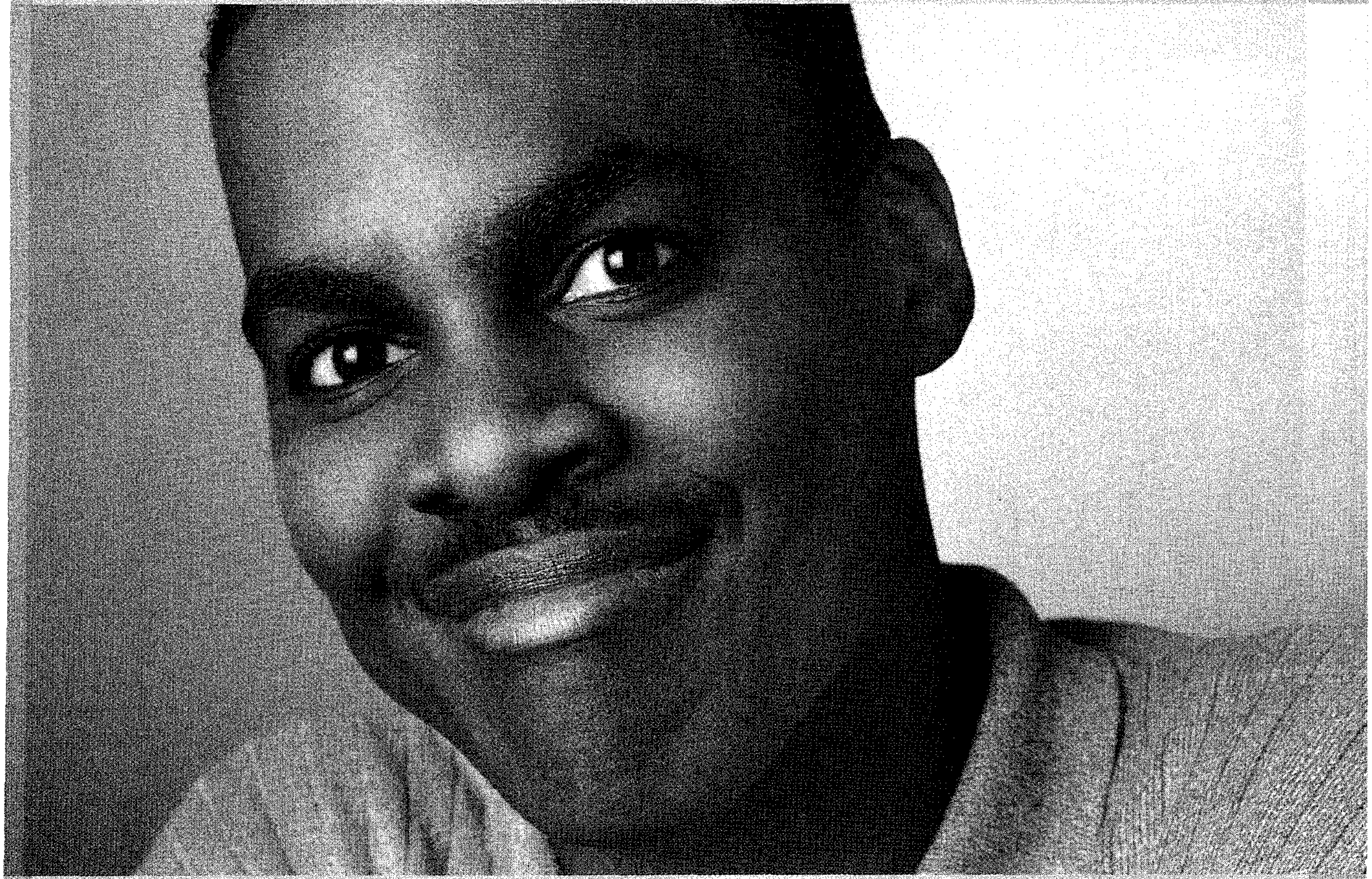
For *Strawberry Fields,* Torke's music is a lot more pop, tending to the schmaltzy, and Gurney's libretto a lot less witty, verging on the lugubrious, as mezzo-soprano Joyce Castle sits down on a park bench next to Columbia grad student Jeffrey Lentz for what she imagines will be a performance of the operatic story of her life, although it's really a delirium of Alzheimer's. But even here, as Castle and Lentz tour nineteenth-century music among hard hats, beggars, and serpent-toothed adult children, between references to Bergdorf Goodman and *Women's Wear Daily,* there is a lovely residue, particularly when they compare John Lennon and Giuseppe Verdi.

The McNally-Beaser collaboration, *The Food of Love,* is the darkest and most anguished of the three one-acters. Lauren Flanigan returns, as a jobless, homeless, unwed mother, with a baby she wants to give away to someone better equipped to care for him. But aside from a moderately friendly cop on the beat, all she finds at the zoo are cell phones, "compassion fatigue," and (a brilliant conceit) a matched-luggage pair of tan-seeking yuppies who wear wraparound sun-reflector shields like military sonar or the mandibles of aliens. If we are tempted to interrupt Flanigan's dazzling performance with the suggestion that she get herself arrested and let Rudy take care of the kid, we should be ashamed of ourselves.

Okay, so *Central Park* isn't exactly *Sunday in the Park With George.* But I'm in favor of real writers' getting television money for something other than sitcoms about pimples, and real composers' getting television money for something other than jingles about deodor-

Photograph by George Mott/Glimmerglass Opera.

"FOR ME, FIGHTING CANCER MEANT BELIEVING IN A TOMORROW WITH ME IN IT."



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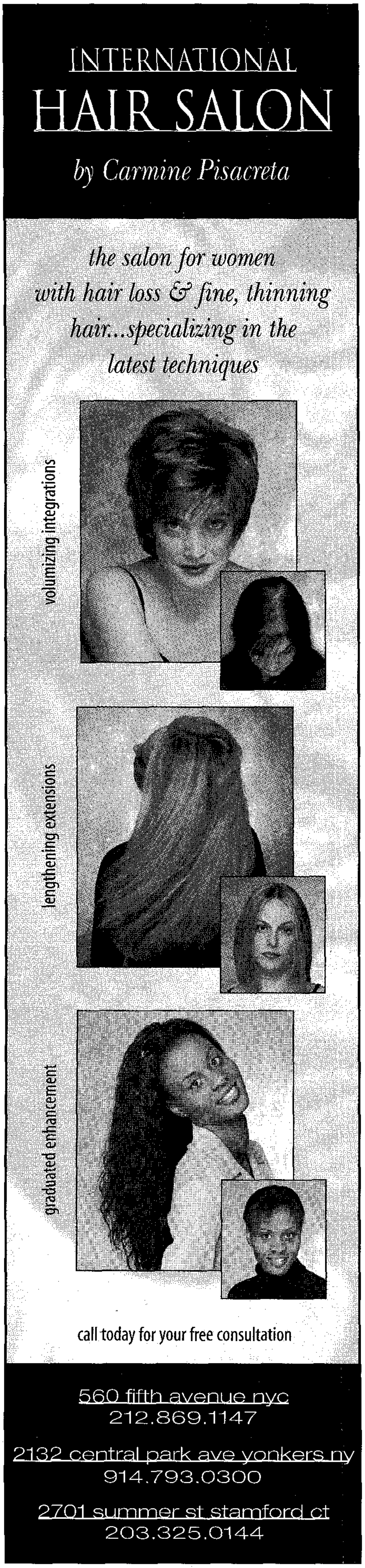

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ants, and public television's investing in more than three tenors. We depend almost entirely on public TV, along with Bravo and maybe a night or two from Bulgaria on Channel 24, for any small-screen reminder at all that operas are still staged and sung. This mystifies. It can't be that spectacle doesn't work on a smaller scale—what else is pro football, not to mention pro wrestling? Isn't opera just premature music video?

Ed Sullivan certainly thought so back in 1956, when he entered into his $100,000 deal with the Met's Rudolf Bing. To five different operas on five separate Sunday nights on CBS, Ed promised to devote eighteen minutes each. On the first such Sunday, November 26, 1956, Maria Callas made her TV debut as Tosca. This was Ed's best shot, and it cost him six points off his Trendex. The second Sunday, January 27, 1957, with Dorothy Kistin in *Madame Butterfly,* Ed actually lost his time period in the ratings. March 10, the third Sunday, a desperate Ed cut *La Bohème* down to a four-minute duet by Renata Tebaldi and Richard Tucker. That was it for grand opera on Ed's show (unless we count Rise Stevens's singing "Cement Mixer Putty-Putty"). Bring on Elvis. We hear a lot about what television has done to the attention span of the American public. We don't hear enough about what the attention span of the American public has done to television.

TELEVISION

In brief: IN THIS WEEK'S EPISODE OF "FRONTline," **The Killer at Thurston High** (Tuesday, January 18; 10 to 11:30 P.M.; Channel 13), producers Michael Kirk, Miri Navasky, and Karen O'Connor report back at exhaustive, mesmerizing, and depressing length from a year's inquiry into the origins of 15-year-old Kip Kinkel's killing spree in Springfield, Oregon, in 1998. The usual bromides do not apply. Kip's father was a retired teacher and tennis coach, apparently beloved by his students, who built his own house, called Shangri-La, in a friendly middle-class neighborhood just outside Eugene. Kip's mother taught Spanish. Both loved books, languages, travel, and Kip—which didn't prevent his gunning them down before going the next morning to the high school that had expelled him and opening fire on 27 students, two of whom also died. We hear about the dyslexia, the shoplifting, the therapy and Prozac, the Marilyn Manson music, and the Web-surfing for porn sites. There would even be a trench coat. But we hear as well about the guns—a 9-mm. Glock, a 20-gauge sawed-off shotgun, a semiautomatic Ruger rifle, a 336 Marlin rifle, a Winchester lever-action rifle, two .22-caliber handguns, and thousands of rounds of ammunition. ▬

John Leonard's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Tobias *continued from page 70*

producing these days is work that is close kin to advertising—the façade glossy, the content erotically provocative and/or violent (today's two main selling points). All surface, such material futilely aims to titillate and startle the already benumbed. It blithely ignores three elements that once lay at the heart of choreography: dancing for its own sweet sake, musical responsiveness, and the dimension of the spirit.

Bigonzetti employs only a narrow segment of the classical vocabulary, Spuck an even smaller one. Interestingly, ominously, the performers look fabulous in the stuff. Their inadequacies of strength and precision are revealed only in more challenging work. By which I mean merely Cranko's, the notion of these practitioners' attempting Balanchine or Petipa being ludicrous. Throughout, the focus is on pose rather than on continuity of motion; grotesque virtuoso exaggerations of anatomical possibility are the norm. Any intimation of real human feeling has been banished. No doubt it's considered passé. It is hardly astonishing that the musical accompaniment is merely atmospheric.

DANCE

Cranko was represented by the 1972 *Initials R.B.M.E.,* a work that celebrates the choreographer's passionate relationship with the stars—Richard Cragun, Birgit Keil, Marcia Haydée, and Egon Madsen—of the company he shaped to his vision. Only one member on the present roster has the force of temperament that characterized those powerful, idiosyncratic creatures of the stage. He is Ivan Cavallari, who played what I take to be the Cranko figure in the third movement, opposite the appealing Bridget Breiner, incarnating "Marcia." The amorphous and anonymous quality of the dancing preceding Cavallari's appearance mercifully faded away before a figure who left no doubt that he was thinking something, feeling something, embodying a meaningful state of affairs. Cavallari evoked the aspiration to ecstasy on the part of a leader who is, by the nature of the situation, utterly dependent on his acolytes. When the ensemble spilled onto the stage in that third movement, the figures seemed to be pouring from his gut, as if he were birthing them. Breiner couldn't be more unlike Haydée (who led the Stuttgart for two decades after Cranko's premature death). *The* dramatic dancer of her day, Haydée was a neurotic-looking figure (pinched, worried face; body both slight and knobbly). Breiner is all innocent, luminous loveliness. What she captures in her incarnation of Haydée is the mutual dependence, central to choreography and its execution, of Pygmalion and Galatea. ▬

Tobi Tobias's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

HAL RUBENSTEIN

Let's Get Ready to Rumba

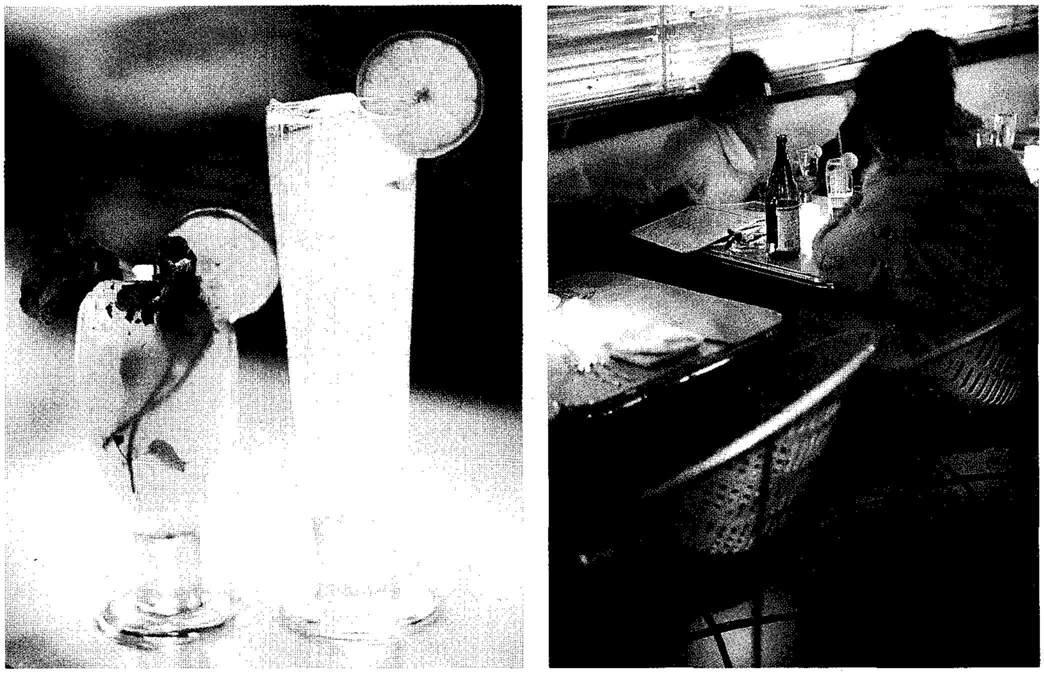
At Isla, proprietor Diane Ghioto delivers a fantasy love letter to fifties Havana; at Canteen, the mood is as casual as a sixties suburban rec room's.

FROM THE WAY THE MEDIA HAVE BEEN GRAPHING each and every shake of Ricky, Jennifer, and Enrique's butts, you'd think that no one north of Miami had ever heard a sexy mambo before. Since when has the insinuating allure of Latino culture been a head-slapping surprise around here? I'll wager half Puffy's annual lawyers' fees that I didn't have the only cha-cha loving mom in Flushing whose favorite song in the fifties was "Cherry Pink & Apple Blossom White." Nor was my dad the only man to see his wife walk out of their bedroom dressed for the next bar mitzvah in a black lace fishtailed gown just like the one Xavier Cugat drooled over when he played conga shoulder-high to Abbe Lane. (Mom, by the way, was a knockout.) Besides picking up stickball and skellies, every one of my friends and I learned how to merengue before we could ride solo on a subway.

Walking through the door of **Isla** to a sudden goosing by a trumpeting blast of "Cherry Pink," I immediately, gleefully feared my Aunt Doris was going to come out from behind the bar and make me dance with her. But eerily inviting resonances didn't stop there, for Isla glows the exact shade of turquoise my mother painted all her kitchen moldings while listening to a radio station that played "Perfidia," lots of Tito Puente, and Eydie Gorme's Spanish records. If I hadn't read her bio, I'd swear Isla's owner, Diane Ghioto, had grown up round my corner. She hails from Tampa, in fact, where she was surrounded and delighted by at least as many Latino influences as Little Ricky Ricardo, and after making several trips to Havana, she decided to indulge her fantasy of what the Cuban capital might have been like in the fifties.

Ghioto says the look she went for is "swank," which just happens to be the name of the Eisenhower-era men's-furnishings company that made my first pair of cuff links. They were faceted "onyx," set in sleek gold-toned rhodium: real brazen, but real cool. I don't know if the company is still in business, but Ghioto brings honor to the brand. Rare is a restaurant or hotel design referencing this period that doesn't cause kitsch itch or seem frigidly retro. But her lagoon-hued boîte could gratify both Meyer Lansky and Morris Lapidus, for Isla has the energy inherent in the best of American moderne. It's not perfect. Thanks to Isla's rapid success, the narrow, 55-seat L-shaped room already feels cramped, and the music is so loud and infectious that you resent the lack of enough room to rumba. Someone needs to lower the volume, or take over the space next door and lay a dance floor fast.

Luckily, Isla has chef Aaron Sanchez to keep folks in their seats. You want proof talent is genetic? Sanchez's mom is Zarela Martinez, the chef-owner of Zarela on Second Avenue. Her handsome visage should be enshrined on some denomination of the peso for what she has done to wise up Americans to the notion that Mexican cuisine possesses far more substance and spark than what gets rolled in a burrito. Aaron inherited not only his mother's smoldering good looks but her fearlessness in presenting vibrantly original dishes. Having trained with both Douglas Rodriguez, the former wizard of Patria, and Alex Garcia, chef at the sunset-bright Calle Ocho, Sanchez has fashioned his own savvy, freewheeling Cuban menu—respectful of origin but playfully relishing the fact that most of us are more familiar with Cuba's music than with its food. Suckingly juicy shreds of beef picadillo are pressed into chewy, barely sweet plantain cups to form delicious tostones rellenos. Mussels spiked with their requisite garlic acquire an unexpected payoff from a wonderfully heady overlay of smoked tomatoes. A tropical salad of avocado, tangerine, and powerful red onion is splashed with a brisk cilantro vinaigrette. The crackle of sweet cornmeal and



Miami ice: Isla's mojito and honey lemonade match the dining room's fifties decor.

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

shards of chorizo almost overwhelm an order of smoked-chicken croqueta in saffron sauce but arrive in better balance another night. Empanaditas, however, have the weird airiness of hors d'oeuvre at a corporate lunch, devoid of fillings equal to the tostones' density. But the seviche—including lime-juice-marinated oysters, slashes of tuna vigorously seasoned with aji pepper paste, and scallops awash in coconut broth—is as deliriously invigorating as a Luna Roja, the house drink (Sauza gold, Cointreau, and a rim of salt and cayenne pepper). Two of these and you'll swear Eydie is singing in English.

Entrées feature Sanchez's welcome first attempts at a lighter touch (he perfected the blunt approach as L-Ray's opening chef). An impressively tender duck breast is presented under a lovely, almost-too-delicate tamarind glaze. Angus strip steak gains estimable body with a confident, elegant Madeira-wine sauce served with cleanly fried yuca. Don't be surprised if the chicken's spiced-rum-and-citrus marinade is bottled one day. Additional fire for a sour-orange mojo and mashed-bonaito stuffing may be what causes a pork chop to be overcooked both times, but if he can solve the uneven cooking, Sanchez has a great dish here. Curious that paellita winds up the menu's weakest choice, but its pale flavors and zipless familiarity actually run counter to the pleasing invention all around it, namely jumbo shrimp in a brackish and bold plantain crust or a near-pulsing salsa verde fortifying a flaky pan-roasted sea bass.

Despite Spanish names, desserts have only a passing relation to Cuban cuisine. What a relief. Choose from an easy, smooth espresso flan, a happy overdose of butterscotch custard and caramel; bizarrely pleasing mango-mint sorbet sandwiches; chocolate del cielo, "near Heaven" like its name suggests; and a superb pineapple tart that hardly needs its coconut ice cream. And yet, the coolest meal-ending treat isn't any of those. Isla serves coffee, not frappa, mocha, or chocolate, just regular coffee that is irregularly good. Be careful—drink one cup too many, and then what you gonna do with all that energy? True, customers have been known to ask Diane Ghioto to dance, and she happily obliges, but if this keeps up, she is going to need a marimba band. And my mother's old lace dress.

Isla, 39 Downing Street (212-352-2822). Dinner only. Monday through Thursday, 6 P.M. to midnight. Friday through Saturday, 6 P.M. to 1 A.M. Sunday, 6 P.M. to 11 P.M. Appetizers, $8 to $13.50; entrées, $14 to $24. All major credit cards.

WHEN THE FIFTIES ENDED, SO DID MY mother's love of turquoise (though never her need to mambo). The sixties ushered in a new house, and a new kitchen, this time done in too-rich brown and terrifyingly brilliant orange. **Canteen**'s furniture mimics these hues with *Twilight Zone* precision. Despite its name, however, Canteen's desire to dally with memory and pop-cultural mythology is not as whole-hearted or as determined as Isla's. In fact, the first impression one gets of the vast cellar space is that, after filling it with the most spectacularly molded and sublimely comfortable chairs ever to be upholstered in persimmon, owners Matthew Kenney and John McDonald stopped writing checks. When you consider the architectural one-up-yours-manship of many of the spaces just within Manolo distance (and that ain't far), Canteen appears startlingly unfinished.

Yet that may be the very reason it is packed with young people who look far more comfortable here than they do at the equally popular Fressen or Lot 61. Once you settle into one of those amazing chairs, there is absolutely nothing intimidating about Canteen. Its big, thick, unadorned cream support columns; bare walls; and matching uncovered, unlit ceiling resemble an unfinished basement minus the hot-water heater in the corner. How, or why, would you put on airs in this space? No wonder everyone looks so relaxed.

The menu lacks focus, but that too may be part of a plan. Some items deliberately aim for those-were-the-days cuteness, like macaroni and cheese, chicken potpie, cobb salad, and rice pudding. And they're actually pretty good. But the dishes that trigger no nostalgic impulses—chicken-spaetzle soup, clay-pot mussels in beer, pumpkin-crusted red snapper, chili-barbecued salmon, spit-roasted chicken, and pork chops—are even better. Other choices fall numbingly flat: blini, almost soapy tuna tartare, the pizzas, a syrup-sweet pan roast, lamb with a sauce defined only by its color.

But there're enough choices here from which to pull a satisfying meal for a table of four. More important, there's enough good cheer all around to spur you into having a really good time. Canteen flows like a party—not the ones you remember in a frat house but the ones in the student union. Bet a dance floor wouldn't hurt, neither. But I doubt if anyone here could cha-cha.

Canteen, 142 Mercer Street (212-431-7676). Tuesday through Saturday, noon to 2 A.M.; Sunday and Monday, noon to midnight. Appetizers, $8 to $13; entrées, $16 to $26. All major credit cards. ■

Hal Rubenstein's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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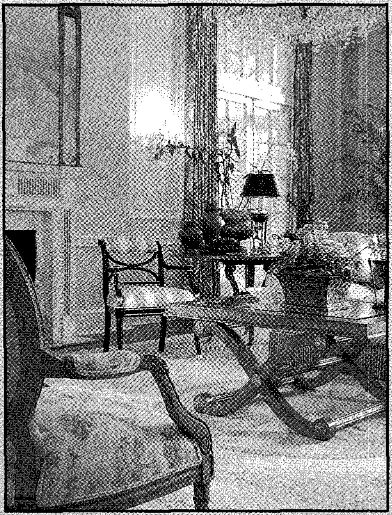

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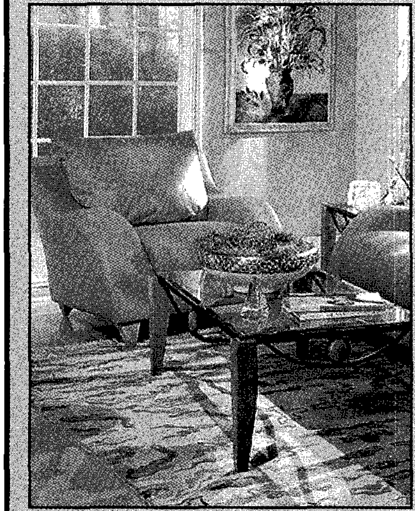

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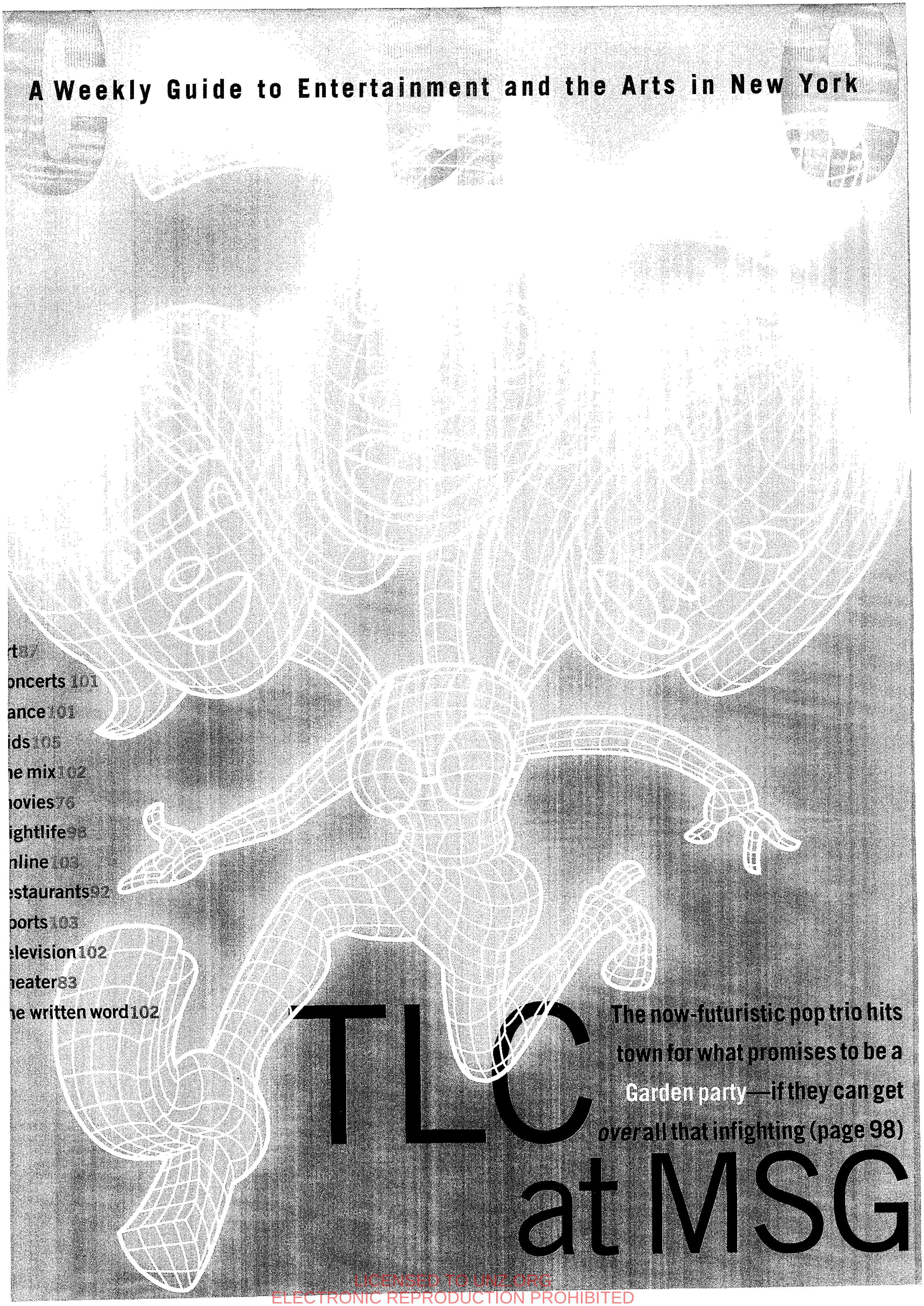

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TLC at MSG

The now-futuristic pop trio hits town for what promises to be a Garden party—if they can get *over* all that infighting (page 98)

movies

Rear Window...Down to You...Metropolis x 2

New Films

★**All About My Mother**—Pedro Almodóvar's movie about a mother, magnificently played by Cecilia Roth, who becomes a caregiver to an entire carnival of lost souls, is his best in years. It's a heavily sentimentalized vision of femalehood, a cross between Tennessee Williams and Ross Hunter. In Spanish with English subtitles. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

American Beauty—Kevin Spacey plays a middle-aged zero living out a life of quiet desperation in spic-and-span suburbia with a harridan real-estate-agent wife (Annette Bening) and morose daughter (Thora Birch) who despise him. It's like a sportier, homegrown version of all those Antonioni-ish movies about the depleted upper-middle classes zombified by ennui. (Rainer; 9/20/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *The Screening Room; Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

American Movie—Two years in the life of Mark Borschadt, a driven and slightly deranged independent filmmaker in Wisconsin. (1 hr. 47 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

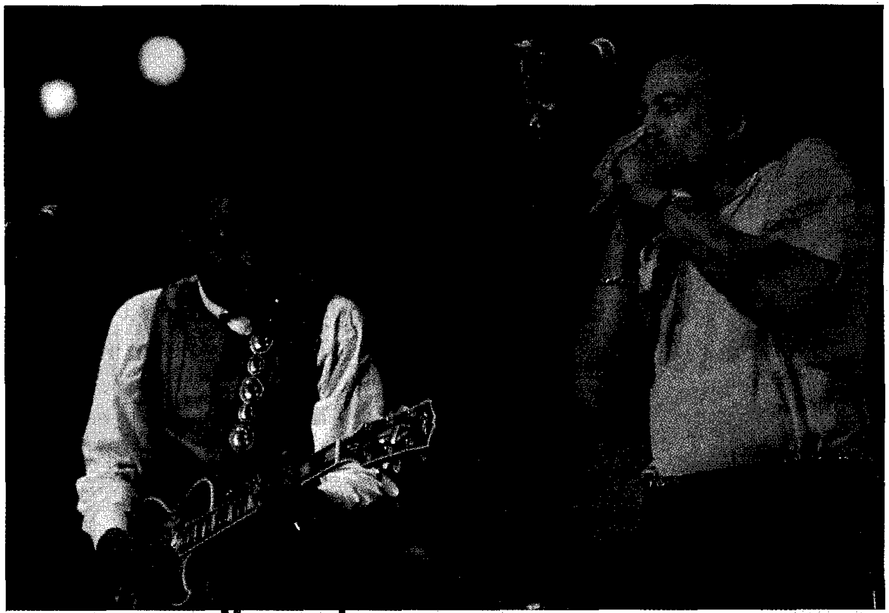
Angela's Ashes—Frank McCourt's whimsical coming-of-age memoir, starring Emily Watson and Robert Carlyle, is blarney-free but also spirit-free, humor-free, depth-free. It's a sodden, grayed-out thing. (Rainer; 1/3/00) (2 hrs. 25 mins.; R) *Loews Village; CO Coronet; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Anna and the King—Jodie Foster stars in this epic period romance based on Rodgers and Hammerstein's *The King and I*, with Asian action hero Chow Yun-Fat as the King of Siam, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. (2 hrs. 20 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's Ziegfeld; UA Gemini; Bay Plaza; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Any Given Sunday—Oliver Stone's movie about the cutthroat world of professional football would appear to really be about his conflicts with the Hollywood system he loves/hates. Al Pacino is the head coach who can't adapt to the new-style market chicaneries and disloyalties of the game; Cameron Diaz is his bitch-on-wheels boss. James Woods, Jamie Foxx, Dennis Quaid, Jim Brown, and many others show up. (Rainer; 1/3/00) (2 hrs. 40 mins.; R) *Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Being John Malkovich**—A stunning piece of metaphysical vaudeville. John Cusack plays a dejected puppeteer who, working as a file clerk, discovers in the wall of his office a portal leading directly into the head of John Malkovich (playing himself). (Rainer; 11/8/99) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Clearview's 59th Street East; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Bicentennial Man—Robin Williams is an android housekeeper who grows human while caring for a family and its many generations over the course of 200 years. Based on the Isaac Asimov short story. (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG) *UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Sutton; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*



Happening

Mugge Waters

Music documentarian Robert Mugge makes a special appearance January 21 at the Screening Room when his new film, *Hellhounds on My Trail: The Afterlife of Robert Johnson*, premieres as part of the weeklong retrospective "Steady Rollin' Man: The Films of Robert Mugge." The film features performances by numerous artists, including Joe Louis Walker and Billy Branch (pictured, left to right).

★**Boys Don't Cry**—Directed by first-timer Kimberly Peirce, the film is about Teena Brandon, who, as Brandon Teena, passed as a boy, romanced the girls, and was killed for her deceptions by two ex-cons in Nebraska in 1993. (Rainer; 10/18/99) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; UA Criterion.*

The Cider House Rules—Michael Caine, Delroy Lindo, and Tobey Maguire star in Lasse Hallstöm's sweet coming-of-ager, based on the novel by John Irving. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Crown Gotham; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Cradle Will Rock**—Tim Robbins's movie is almost insanely ambitious: an attempt to convey the full fracas of art and theater and politics in thirties New York. It misses more often than not, but it's a spirited comedy about a great subject and Ruben Blades, as Diego Rivera, and Bill Murray, as a despondent vaudeville ventriloquist, are especially good. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Sony Lincoln Square; Pavilion.*

Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo—Former *SNL*-er Rob Schneider gets inspired by the male prostitute he's house-sitting for. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Diamonds—Kirk Douglas is an ex-prizefighter who convinces his son (Dan Akroyd) and teenage grandson (Corbin Allred) to join him in a search across Nevada for lost diamonds. With Lauren Bacall. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin.*

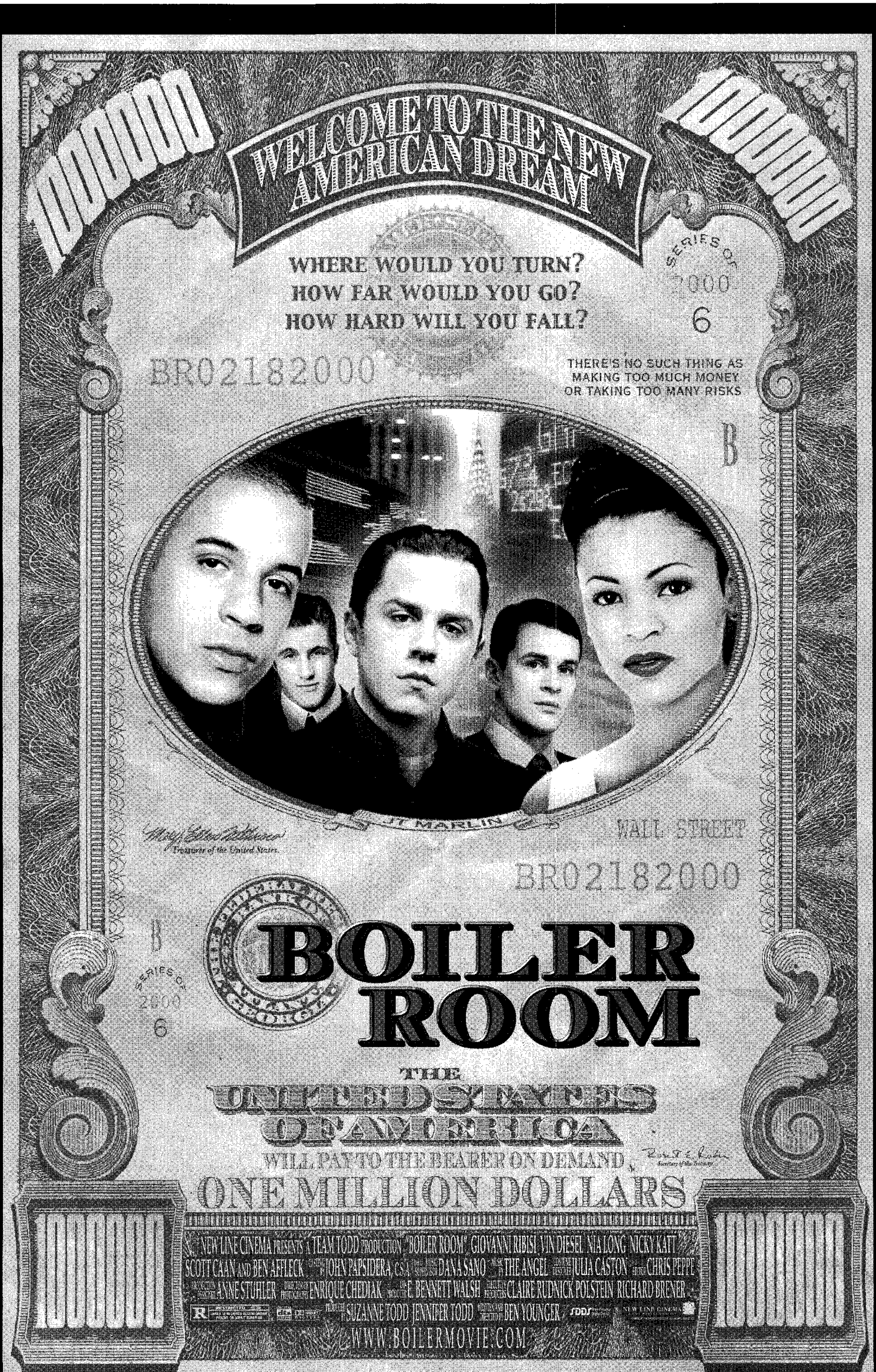
Dogma—Kevin Smith's comic-book-style take on piety and Catholicism features Ben Affleck and Matt Damon as fallen angels who try to wangle their way back into Heaven. (Rainer; 11/22/99) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *UA Union Square.*

Down to You—Freddie Prinze Jr. (*The House of Yes*) and Julia Stiles (*10 Things I Hate About You*) are college freshmen who fall in love amid the chaos of college life in New York. With teen idols Shawn Hatosy, Selma Blair, and the always-welcome Henry Winkler. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Starts 1/21.*

The Emperor and the Assassin—A sweeping epic about Ying Zheng, who unified China and became its first emperor during the third century B.C., and the man who tried to kill him. In Chinese with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 41 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

End of Days—Arnold Schwarzenegger finds himself in hellish circumstances as a washed-up ex-cop who must keep a young woman (Robin Tunney) safe from the libidinous clutches of Lucifer (Gabriel Byrne). (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Loews State; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

'CUE' COVER ILLUSTRATION BY CHRISTOPH NIEMANN
FOR NEW YORK



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OPENS FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18 IN THEATRES EVERYWHERE

Festival Kino Bravo

Since 1977, Kino International has distributed old classics and foreign-language art fare on film and video (and now DVD when it releases most of Buster Keaton's pictures in that format this winter). Over the next two weeks, Anthology Film Archives wraps up its "Tribute to Kino International" with an encore of seventeen classics from the Kino catalogue, including Ingmar Bergman's *The Seventh Seal, Through a Glass Darkly,* and *Smiles of a Summer Night;* F.W. Murnau's *Nosferatu;* Erich von Stroheim's *Queen Kelly;* and an offbeat spellbinder, Carlos Marcovich's *Who the Hell is Juliette?* (pictured), which blends documentary and narrative to tell the story of a Cuban prostitute and a Mexican model preoccupied with their estranged fathers. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

★**The End of the Affair**—This Neil Jordan adaptation of Graham Greene's 1951 sin-and-redemption novel is an impressive, and oppressive, achievement, featuring Ralph Fiennes as an acidulous novelist in torrid, soulful involvement with the wife (Julianne Moore) of a meek civil servant (Stephen Rea). (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Loews Village; UA Gemini; Sony Lincoln Square; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Fantasia/2000—A restored print of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" and seven other animated IMAX extravaganzas set to the sounds of the Chicago Symphony. (1 hr. 25 mins.; G) *Sony Lincoln Square's IMAX.*

Galaxy Quest—Taking the postmodern approach, Sigourney Weaver, Tim Allen, Tony Shalhoub, and Alan Rickman are seventies-TV has-beens mistaken for bona fide galactic warriors by aliens while attending a sci-fi convention. (1 hr. 42 mins.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Girl, Interrupted—*One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* meets *Clueless.* With Wynona Ryder and Angelina Jolie. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; UA Marboro; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Green Mile—Stephen King's serialized novel, set in a southern penitentiary's death row in the thirties, has been made into a pretty good film starring Tom Hanks. It's a movie about grace and forgiveness, and the supernaturalism comes with a great deal of drawn-out seriousness. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (3 hrs. ; R) *UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CO Coronet; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Hellhounds on My Trail: The Afterlife of Robert Johnson**—See Rainer, page 63. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Starts 1/21 at The Screening Room.*

Holy Smoke—Kate Winslet is an Australian girl who falls under a guru's spell while traveling in India. Harvey Keitel plays the cult deprogrammer who gets caught up in the swirl. The relationship between them, heavy with sexual politics, is like *Feminism for Dummies,* and the film, directed by Jane Campion, becomes more and more absurd as it plays itself out. (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**The Hurricane**—Denzel Washington gives a powerhouse performance as Rubin "Hurricane" Carter in this film about the middleweight contender's fight for exoneration after being wrongfully arrested on a murder rap and imprisoned for almost nineteen years. The entire film needed to be as ferocious as Washington's performance. (Rainer; 1/10/00) (2 hrs. 26 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; UA Criterion; Clearview's Beekman; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**The Insider**—Al Pacino plays *60 Minutes* producer Lowell Bergman, and Russell Crowe is Jeffrey Wigand, the reluctant tobacco-company whistleblower whom Bergman coaxed into spilling the beans. It's a florid, doomy movie, but the muck here is worth raking, and Crowe's performance, as well as Christopher Plummer's as Mike Wallace, are fine; Pacino's is showboaty. (Rainer; 11/15/99) (2 hrs. 37 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3.*

Liberty Heights—Barry Levinson's fourth entry in his Baltimore series has a self-congratulatory earnestness. But the film has some sweet moments and a terrific performance from Joe Mantegna as the family patriarch who cuts out on Rosh Hashanah services to check out the new Cadillacs in a local showroom. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *CC Sutton; Loews Orpheum 7.*

The Life and Times of Hank Greenberg—Through archival footage and interviews, Aviva Kempner's tribute to "the baseball Moses" tells the story of Greenberg, a handsome Jewish kid from the Bronx who made it to the Detroit Tigers and became a baseball legend. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**The Limey**—Terence Stamp is Wilson, a career criminal from England in L.A. to avenge his daughter's murder, he's as implacably invincible as Lee Marvin was in *Point Blank.* Director Steven Soderbergh and screenwriter Lem Dobbs are trying to cross deep-dish pulp noir with an art-house canapé. (Rainer; 10/18/99) (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) *Cinema Village.*

Magnolia—Writer-director Paul Thomas Anderson is extravagantly gifted, but this San Fernando Valley–based epic of alienation comes across like a concatenation of soap-opera stories. A remarkable cast, including Julianne Moore, Jason Robards, and William H. Macy, are featured in mostly unremarkable settings.(3 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

Man on the Moon—Jim Carrey plays nowhere man Andy Kaufman in this lackluster biopic directed by Milos Forman. Carrey's impersonations of Kaufman's routines are uncanny, but otherwise, there's nothing there, and the entire production has a scrubbed, authorized feel. (Rainer; 1/3/00) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews State; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Loews New York Twin; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Mansfield Park—Patricia Rozema's sexy adaptation of Jane Austen's novel stars Frances O'Connor as a young girl who falls in love with her cousin (Jonny Lee Miller). (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Mr. Death—Errol Morris's new documentary film is about Fred Leuchter Jr., who drinks 40 cups of coffee a day and designed "more humane" electric chairs before becoming the unwitting hero of the Holocaust-denial movement. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

My Dog Skip—The late Willie Morris's best-selling memoir about his growing up in Mississippi with his beloved fox terrier, Skip, is now a sweet, warm family film (starring Kevin Bacon, Diane Lane, and Frankie Muniz) about a boy growing up in Mississippi with a Jack Russell terrier. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG) *UA Union Square; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Next Friday—Picking up where we left off with Ice Cube and his reefer-toking pals, this time in the suburbs. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Onegin—Ralph Fiennes stars in his sister Martha's screen adaptation of the Alexander Pushkin story about Eugene Onegin, a dashing and jaded lad who moves to the Russian countryside and crushes the heart of his beautiful neighbor (Liv Tyler). (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Play It to the Bone—Antonio Banderas and Woody Harrelson are out-of-work boxers who drive cross-country together to spar with one another in a Las Vegas undercard bout. (2 hrs. 4 mins.; R) *Starts 1/21.*

★**Princess Mononoke**—The great Japanese animation director Hayao Miyazaki has crafted a ravishing epic set in mythic fourteenth-century Japan, filled with gods and demons and forest creatures. (Rainer; 11/8/99) (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) *Cinema Village.*

The Quarry—An escaped convict poses as a priest and frames a local delinquent for a murder he committed until his conscience finally gets the better of him. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Starts 1/21 at the Quad Cinemas.*

★**Rear Window**—See Rainer, page 63. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG) *Starts 1/21 at Film Forum.*

Sleepy Hollow—Tim Burton's latest creepfest is closer to Gahan Wilson than Washington Irving. It's a triumph of production design, of gnarled vistas and foggy woods and slime, but the horror stays at a fairly adolescent level. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews State; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Astoria.*

Snow Falling on Cedars—Save the performances of James Cromwell and Max Von Sydow, this admittedly picturesque adaptation of David Guterson's best-seller is almost unwatchable. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Pavilion; UA Astoria; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza.*

★**The Straight Story**—David Lynch's affecting, meditative movie about a stubborn codger (Richard Farnsworth) who rides his lawn mower clear across Iowa to visit an ailing, estranged brother is sweet. Lynch isn't really a resident of this calendar-

Photograph by Photofest.

art world of home truths and homilies—he's more like a tourist paying his respects. (Rainer; 10/25/99) (1 hr. 51 mins.; G) *CC Village East.*

Stuart Little—A sweet, funny, dumbed-down version of E. B. White's children story. (1 hr. 23 mins.; G) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Supernova—The sky is falling! The sky is falling! With Angela Bassett and James Spader. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; Loews 19th St. East; UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Sweet and Lowdown—Woody Allen's latest piece of implied self-criticism is less interesting as an artwork than as a psychoanalytic session writ large. Sean Penn plays a legendary (and fictionalized) jazz guitarist from the thirties who lives his life as a heel and puts all his emotions into his art. Penn is sharp-edged and unsentimental, and, as one of his women, Samantha Morton, playing a mute laundress, is incandescent. (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *UA Union Square; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Talented Mr. Ripley—Anthony Minghella's adaptation of the celebrated Patricia Highsmith novel (also the basis for Rene Clement's *Purple Noon*) is a dark thriller made luxurious under a bright Italian sun. Matt Damon plays the psychopathic Tom Ripley. Jude Law and Gwyneth Paltrow co-star, looking embossed in expensiveness. (Rainer; 1/3/00) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews New York Twin; UA East; Clearview's Olympia; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Terrorist—Inspired by the suicide-assassination of Rajiv Gandhi, Santosh Sivan's visually rich film tells the story of a young Indian woman on her way to blow up a corrupt politico (and herself). (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Through 1/20 at The Screening Room.*

The Third Miracle—A priest (Ed Harris) in the midst of a spiritual crisis is sent to verify some miracles being performed by a young woman (Anne Heche). (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Titus**—Julie Taymor's stab at Shakespeare's most Marlovian play comes across as the granddaddy of all Hollywood ghoulfests, with some kind of limb-hacking going on every other minute. The film is striking and original and, in its clash of the brutal and the delicately poetic, supremely off-putting. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (2 hrs. 21 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

★**Topsy-Turvy**—Mike Leigh's movie about Gilbert and Sullivan and what led to *The Mikado* is a rich tribute to the theater and theater people. It's an uncharacteristic work for a filmmaker devoted almost entirely to modern-day movies about the messes of

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

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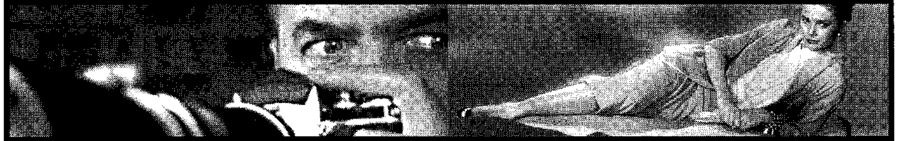

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the lower-middle classes, but Leigh moves right into the late-Victorian era without a hitch. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (2 hrs. 41 mins.; R) *Paris Theatre.*

★**Toy Story 2**—Woody and Buzz Lightyear and the rest of the toy chest are joined by a fresh fleet of computer-generated rapscallions in this marvelous sequel. The results are so exhilaratingly spry that it sends you out on a high: a sure sign of an instant classic. (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 38 mins.; G) *CC Village East; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Marboro; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The War Zone—Actor Tim Roth makes his directorial debut with this disquieting story of a teenage boy struggling along with his less-than-happy family. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Cinema Village.*

Wirey Spindell—Fearing commitment in the days preceding his wedding, a neurotic Upper West sider takes a stroll down memory lane. (1 hr. 41 mins.; NR) *Starts 1/21 at the Village East.*

The World Is Not Enough—In this Bond movie, Pierce Brosnan, looking neither shaken nor stirred, goes through the motions with Robert Carlyle and Bond babes Sophie Marceau and Denise Richards. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (2 hrs. 8 mins.; PG-13) *UA Union Square; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

Running Time
The Repair Hitch Project

'There's been more progress in film restoration in the last five years than there's been in the previous 50," says producer James Katz, propping his feet on a coffee table at the Regency Hotel. "In the previous hundred!" adds his partner, film archivist Robert Harris. Together, Katz and Harris have used advanced photochemistry and ever-improving computer technology to rescue and restore such damaged masterpieces as Stanley Kubrick's *Spartacus,* George Cukor's *My Fair Lady,* Alfred Hitchcock's *Vertigo,* and most recently Hitch's 1954 favorite, *Rear Window* (with James Stewart, pictured). Incredibly, famous films by superstar directors are just as likely to be neglected as forgotten failures. "Everyone in Hollywood is aware of the problem," Harris says. "Some admit they have a problem and handle it. Some don't." Even if studios don't care about the historical importance of a film, they can see the lucrative potential of good preservation—after all, who wants a DVD made from a grainy, faded old print?—and they've tried to upgrade their film-storage facilities. But Hollywood's attitude still leaves something to be desired. "Even to this day," says Katz, "three weeks after you're done shooting on a picture, you get a call saying, *How long are we going to keep this shit in the vault? We need to get this stuff outta here. Do you need these outtakes?"* Typically, when Hitchcock's archives were transferred from Paramount to the Hitchcock estate in 1967, numerous canisters of prints and negatives were junked. So, when Katz and Harris got their hands on *Rear Window* in 1996, they weren't surprised: "It was missing 1,000 feet of original camera negative, and there was yellow muck running up and down one whole reel," says Harris. "It looked like World War III," says Universal executive Bob O'Neil, who helped coordinate the project. But after two long years of cleaning, frame by frame, and reprinting the negative using improved dye-transfer technology, Harris and Katz have emerged with a stunning restored print. *Rear Window* will be re-released January 21 at Film Forum and will open nationally, city by city, through February. Expect it on DVD in the fall. **BRETT KELLY**

Photograph courtesy of Universal Studios.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97–101 Greenwich Ave., at W. 12th St. (212-929-3350) *Diamonds; Galaxy Quest; An Ideal Husband; Music of the Heart.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) *The Emperor and the Assassin; All About My Mother; The Cider House Rules; Cradle Will Rock; Mansfield Park.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (212-529-6799) *Anna and the King; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Next Friday; The Straight Story; Supernova; Toy Story 2.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) *The Limey; Onegin; Princess Mononoke; The War Zone.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *Being John Malkovich; Liberty Heights.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) *American Movie; The Life and Times of Hank Greenberg.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *Angela's Ashes; Any Given Sunday; The End of the Affair; Man on the Moon; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) *Autumn Tale; Boys Don't Cry; Cookie's Fortune; Mr. Death; The Third Miracle.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (212-334-2100) *American Beauty; The Terrorist.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) *Bicentennial Man; Dogma; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; The Insider; Magnolia; My Dog Skip; Stuart Little; Sweet and Lowdown; Titus; The World Is Not Enough.*

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) *Anna and the King; Any Given Sunday; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *All About My Mother; Anna and the King; The Cider House Rules; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; Magnolia; Snow Falling on Cedars; Stuart Little.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *The Hurricane; Next Friday.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#858) *Any Given Sunday; Man on the Moon; Supernova; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 Second Ave. (505-6397#558) *Being John Malkovich; Bicentennial Man; The Cider House Rules; Cradle Will Rock; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Magnolia; Man on the Moon; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

42nd-60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) *The Insider; Magnolia; Titus.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) *The Cider House Rules.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) *All About My Mother.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) *Bicentennial Man; Liberty Heights.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *Being John Malkovich.*

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *Anna and the King.*

CO Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Angela's Ashes; The Green Mile.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *The Best Man; Double Jeopardy; Flawless; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Ride With the Devil; Three Kings.*

Loews 42nd Street E Walk—42nd Street at Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#572) *Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; Magnolia; Sleepy Hollow; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *Next Friday.*

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *American Beauty; End of Days; Man on the Moon; Sleepy Hollow.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) *Topsy-Turvy.*

UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (212-354-0900) *Boys Don't Cry; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; The Hurricane; The Sixth Sense; Supernova.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *Bicentennial Man; The Cider House Rules; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Toy Story 2.*

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *The Hurricane.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *American Beauty; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; Mansfield Park; Snow Falling on Cedars; Supernova; Sweet and Lowdown.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *Man on the Moon; Supernova.*

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *Any Given Sunday.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Man on the Moon; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *Any Given Sunday; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Liberty Heights; Next Friday; Stuart Little.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) *The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) *Anna and the King; The End of the Affair; Stuart Little.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Being John Malkovich.*

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *Any Given Sunday; Girl, Interrupted.*

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *The Hurricane; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) *All About My Mother; The Emperor and the Assassin; Holy Smoke; Sweet and Lowdown; The Third Miracle; Titus.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *Any Given Sunday; The Hurricane; Next Friday; Stuart Little; Supernova; Toy Story 2.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) *Any Given Sunday; Next Friday; Stuart Little; Supernova.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) *Galaxy Quest; Next Friday; Stuart Little.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *Angela's Ashes; The Cider House Rules; Cradle Will Rock; The End of the Affair; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; Magnolia; Man on the Moon; My Dog Skip; Snow Falling on Cedars; The Talented Mr. Ripley.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *Anna and the King; Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Next Friday; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) *Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Next Friday; Stuart Little; Supernova; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) *Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; End of Days; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Next Friday; Stuart Little; Supernova; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2.*

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770) *All About My Mother; Being John Malkovich; The End of the Affair; Titus.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) *Any Given Sunday; Next Friday; Supernova.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (718-596-9113) *The Cider House Rules; The Green Mile; Magnolia; Man on the Moon; Toy Story 2.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) *Any Given Sunday; Next Friday; Stuart Little.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) *Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; End of Days; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Next Friday; Sleepy Hollow; Stuart Little; Supernova; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) *Cradle Will Rock; Snow Falling on Cedars; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) *Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; Stuart Little; Supernova.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) *Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; Toy Story 2.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) *Anna and the King; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Man on the Moon; Stuart Little; Supernova; The Talented Mr. Ripley; The World Is Not Enough.*

Queens

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) *Any Given Sunday; Girl, Interrupted; Man on the Moon; Stuart Little; Supernova; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) *Bicentennial Man; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Magnolia; Supernova; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) *Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Next Friday; Stuart Little; Supernova; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) *Bicentennial Man; Galaxy Quest; Next Friday.*

Kaufman Astoria Cinema—38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) *Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; The Cider House Rules; Girl, Interrupted; The Hurricane; Magnolia; Man on the Moon; Next Friday; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) *All About My Mother; American Beauty; The Cider House Rules; Mansfield Park; Pokémon: The First Movie; Titus.*

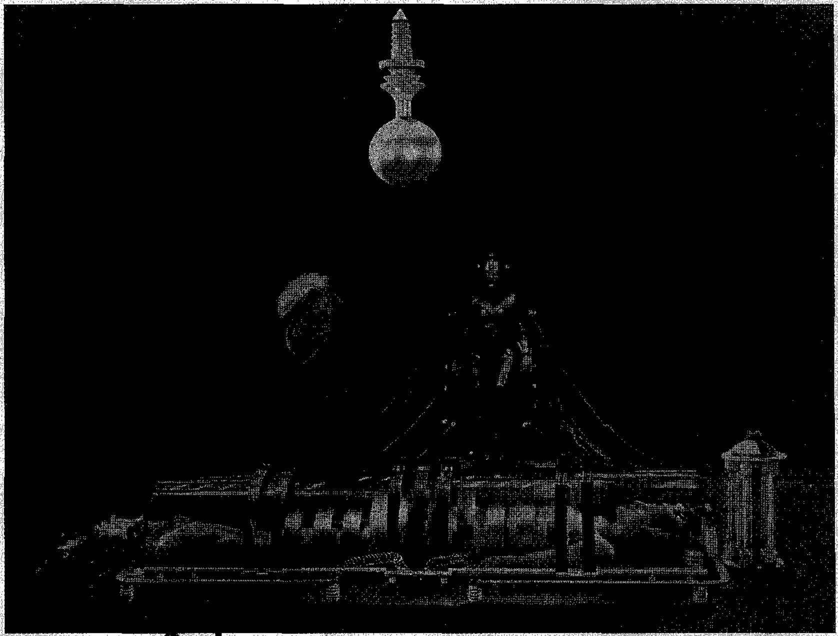
Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) *Any Given Sunday; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; Stuart Little; Supernova; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) *Liberty Heights.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) *Any Given Sunday; Supernova.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave., at Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-



Series

Flesh and Fantasy

Way back in the late twentieth century, Giorgio Moroder composed a swinging electronic score for Fritz Lang's silent classic 'Metropolis,' which will show on January 18 at the Light+Screen Film Festival. For an even fresher audio interpretation, be at the Winter Garden when the World Financial Center presents "Silent Films/Live Music" January 26. Here Lang's futuristic gem will be accompanied by the Alloy Orchestra, whose array of industrial instruments includes the "rack of junk," a percussion stand comprising horseshoes, an air conditioner, trunk springs, an out-of-tune zither, and several drums fashioned from of ductwork and plumbing. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for information.)

Photograph by Photofest.

Previews

High *Wirey* Act

Eric Schaeffer ('If Lucy Fell') was a cabdriver with a degree in drama and dance before he started writing, directing, producing, and starring in his own whimsical Upper West Side stories. For his fourth film, 'Wirey Spindell,' Schaeffer (pictured, with Callie Thorne) plays a maladjusted thirtysomething reminiscing about his absurd, tormented youth. Starts January 21 at the Village East.

FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) *Anna and the King; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; Sleepy Hollow; Snow Falling on Cedars.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) *Anna and the King; Galaxy Quest.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) *Bicentennial Man; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Next Friday; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) *Any Given Sunday; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Stuart Little; Supernova; Toy Story 2.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) *Any Given Sunday; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Liberty Heights; Man on the Moon; Snow Falling on Cedars; Stuart Little.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) *Anna and the King; Girl, Interrupted; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) *Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; Snow Falling on Cedars; Stuart Little; Supernova; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2.*

Staten Island

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) *Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; Magnolia; Stuart Little; Supernova; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) *Any Given Sunday; The Green Mile; Snow Falling on Cedars; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) *Anna and the King; Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; The Cider House Rules; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Man on the Moon; Next Friday; Stuart Little; Supernova; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Evening Screenings" every Saturday and Sunday: *Bringing Out the Dead.* Through 1/23: "Mental Hygiene: Social Guidance Films 1945–1970." 1/22: Short programs: "Drugs" and "Civics." 1/23: "Troublemakers" and "Fun Films II." 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—Through 1/27: "A Tribute to Kino International." 1/17: *The Seventh Seal* (1956); *Nosferatu* (1922). 1/18: *Queen Kelly* (1931/1985); *Happy Together* (1997). 1/20: *Smiles of a Summer Night* (1955); *Les Bonnes Femmes* (1960). 1/21: *Il Grido* (1957); "Experimental Film From France and Holland: Program I." 1/22: *Who the Hell Is Juliette?* (1997); *Brother* (1997); *L'Avventura* (1960); "Experimental Film From France and Holland: Program II"; *Il Grido.* 1/23: *L'Avventura; My Friend Ivan Lapshin* (1971); *Through a Glass Darkly* (1961); *The Bicycle Thief* (1949). 1/24: *Dr. Akagi* (1998); *The Match Factory Girl* (1990). Also 1/18–1/20: "Dance on Camera Showcase 2000." 1/19: "New Filmmakers" shorts: *Mud; Companion; Phone Tag; Easter Clearing.* Feature: *Radiation.* 32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8.

BAM Rose Cinemas—1/18: *Chungking Express* (1994). 1/19: *Poison* (1991); *Dottie Gets Spanked* (1994). 1/20: *La Mort en Direct* (1980). 1/21: *Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000.* (1976). 1/22: *The Night of the Hunter* (1955). 1/23: *Advise and Consent* (1962). 1/24: *Miss Sadie Thompson* (1953). 30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn. (718-623-2770).

Cinema Classics—1/18–1/19: *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (1944). 1/20–1/21: *Journey Into Fear* (1943). 1/22–1/23: *Double Indemnity* (1944). 1/24–1/25: *Murder My Sweet* (1944). 1/26–1/27: *Mildred Pierce* (1945). 1/28–1/30: *The Big Sleep* (1946). 1/31: *The Letter* (1940). 332 E. 11th St. (212-675-6692); $5.

Context—1/21–1/23: "Sex and Madness/Future and Ecstasy: Selections From INTERFILM—International Short Film Festival Berlin." Context Theater, 28 Avenue A, bet. 2nd and 3rd Aves. (212-777-3394); $6.

Different Light—1/23: *Zardoz* (1974). 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (212-989-4850); free.

Film Forum—Through 1/20: *The Edge of the World* (1937). 1/21–2/10: *Rear Window* (1954). 209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); $9.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 1/27: "The Ninth Annual New York Jewish Film Festival." 1/18: *Gloomy Sunday; Closed Country.* 1/19: *Closed Country; Jew-Boy Levi; The Mystery of Paul.* 1/20: *The Wandering Jew; Marriage in the Shadows; Gloomy Sunday; Man Is a Woman.* 1/22: *A Visitor From the Living; Man Is a Woman.* 1/23: *The Pride of the Firm: The Story of an Apprentice; A Visitor From the Living; The Mystery of Paul.* 1/24: *The Mystery of Paul; A Visitor From the Living; Man Is a Woman; Marriage in the Shadows.* Also 1/21–1/22: "Dance on Camera." 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); $8.50, $5 for Jewish Museum and Film Society members, $4.50 for seniors.

Japan Society—"New Films From Japan." 1/21: *A Glance Apart* (1998); *Give It All* (1997). 333 E. 47th St. (212-752-3015); $8, $5 for students, and seniors.

The Light+Screen Film Festival—1/18: *Metropolis* (1926). At Siberia Bar, 50th St. and Broadway subway station, west side (212-333-4141); free.

Museum of Modern Art—1/18: *L'Homme du Large* (1920). 1/20–1/21: "New Documentary." *Ruins.* 1/20–2/24: "The American Place: Landscape in the Early Western" 1/20: *The Spoilers* (1914); *The Great Train Robbery* (1903); *The Wild Bunch* (1969). 1/21: *The Little Train Robbery* (1905); *Driver of the Deadwood Coach* (1912); *Just Pals* (1920); *Terrible Ted* (1907) *Unforgiven* (1992). 1/22: *The Gold Rush* (1926); *Custer's Last Stand* (1910); *Custer's Last Fight* (1912). 1/23: *The Great Train Robbery; The Wild Bunch; Rumpelstiltskin* (1915); *The Little Train Robbery; Driver of the Deadwood Coach; Just Pals; Crossroads* (1928). 1/24: *Terrible Ted; Unforgiven; The Gold Rush.* 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); free with $10 admission, $6.50 for students and seniors, no admission fee for children 16 and under when accompanied by an adult.

New York Public Library—1/19: "Sing Out: The Hollywood Musical During the 1930s." *Gold Diggers of 1935* (1935). 1/20: "Viewpoint . . . But Is It Art?: Unconventional, Underappreciated, and Controversial Creations." *If Brains Were Dynamite You Wouldn't Have Enough to Blow Your Nose* (1976); *Krzysztof Wodiczko: Projections* (1991). Also 1/20: "New York Expo of Short Film and Video, Part III." Donnell Media Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (212-621-0619); free.

Ocularis—1/23: *Two Daughters* (1961). 1/24: "Independents." Program includes four short documentaries: *24 Girls; Fighting Grandpa; Come Unto Me; Pitchman.* At Galapagos, 70 N. 6th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn; 718-388-8713. $5.

Silent Films/Live Music—1/24: *Legong: Dance of the Virgins* (1935) accompanied by a Balinese orchestra. 1/25: *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (1919), with the Club Foot Orchestra. 1/26: *Metropolis* (1926), with the Alloy Orchestra. The World Financial Center's Winter Garden, West St. bet. Liberty and Vesey Sts. (212-945-0505); *free.*

Sony Lincoln Square IMAX—*Fantasia/2000.* 1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638).

The Screening Room—1/21–1/27: "Steady Rollin' Man: The Films of Robert Mugge." 1/21: Robert Mugge will give a Q&A following the evening's screenings. 1/21 and 1/24: *The Gospel According to Al Green* (1987) 1/22 and 1/25: *The Kingdom of Zydeco* (1994). 1/23 and 1/26: *Black Wax* (1982). Also playing 1/21–1/27: *Deep Blues* (1992) and *Hellhounds on My Trail.* Through 1/30: "Kirk Douglas: An American Classic." 1/22–1/23: *Lust for Life* (1956); *Young Man With a Horn* (1950). "Midnight Screenings" 1/21: *Last House on the Left.* 1/22: *I Drink Your Blood.* Saturday afternoons: *The Wizard of Oz* (1939). Sunday Brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St. (212-334-2100); $9 ($6 for Sunday brunch patrons).

YWCA Cine-Club—1/22–1/23: *Siegfried* (1924). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (212-735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

Photograph courtesy of Winstar Cinema.

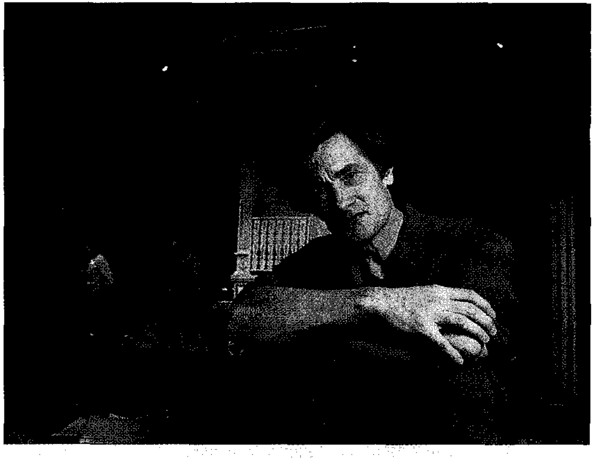
theater

Roger Rees...Inky...Edward II

Previews

Rees's Pieces

Theater fans still savor English actor-director Roger Rees's Tony-winning performance in the title role of the Royal Shakespeare Company's epic nine-hour 1981 production of *Nicholas Nickleby.* Couch potatoes still resent him because he was the sleazy British stud who stole Kirstie Alley away from Ted Danson in *Cheers.* And slapstick aficionados remember him best as the blundering goofball Sheriff of Nottingham in Mel Brooks's *Robin Hood: Men in Tights.* But Rees (pictured) also has a long-standing passion for directing and is currently staging a relatively traditional production of George Bernard Shaw's *Arms and the Man* for the Roundabout. "The play works quite well as it is," Rees says, explaining why he won't be attempting "a cleverer adaptation." He continues, "Working with Shaw and Shakespeare is always a challenge, because whatever you do with these great writers, they just seem to wriggle free—they're always much better than we are." Recently, Rees has staged productions of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Julius Caesar,* and a *Taming of the Shrew* at the Williamstown Theatre Festival in which he also played Petruchio opposite Bebe Neuwirth. Later this spring, Rees will star in *Uncle Vanya* for the Roundabout's reopening of the former Selwyn Theater. But he's hardly abandoned his lower-brow gigs. Currently on NBC's *West Wing,* he has been portraying what he describes as "this womanizing, slightly inebriated English lord who's actually quite brilliant and is able to stop a war between India and Pakistan." Rees, who often plays the snob but is hardly one himself, reflects, "I'm ultimately attracted to well-written things, wherever they are. All my training was in Shakespeare, but I've also been lucky enough to work on shows like *West Wing.* You know, the writing on *Cheers* was *really* exceptional." In previews for a February 10 opening. (See "Off Broadway.")



Broadway

Now Playing

Amadeus—Nearly two decades after its London and Broadway triumphs, Peter Shaffer's play returns, again directed by Sir Peter Hall. Michael Sheen purrs, hisses, and farts as Mozart; David Suchet, known best as Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot on *Mystery!,* plays his conniving nemesis, Salieri. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).*

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's beast is back. (No, not the mouse.) Andrea McArdle blanches and blushes as the fair maiden; Steve Blanchard roars and repents as the Beast. $25–$85. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Robert Brill resuscitates a very functional but also eye-catching set. Peggy Eisenhauer and Mike Baldassari's razzle-dazzle lighting caps the razzmatazz. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan and Michael Hall. $25–$90. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. $40–$75. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now starring Bebe Neuwirth and Robert Urich. $20–$80. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Dame Edna: The Royal Tour—Other performers have invented running stage personas for themselves like Australia's Barry Humphries and his Dame Edna Everage, but have they been this amusing? I am prepared to declare him the funniest man in today's theater. Also the funniest woman. He is a great improviser who plays with his audience as if it were a beach ball. We have here a master/mistress of movement and facial expression whose silences are as funny as the words. (Simon: 11/2/99.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation of the 1984 movie, but the lead does have his haircut. $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago.* $65–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jackie Mason—Much Ado About Everything—Jackie Mason is one of our funnier comics. Not so funny as Dame Edna (who is?), but still damned funny. He is politically incorrect, and glories in it with ecstatic gloat. (Simon: 1/17/00) $65–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

James Joyce's The Dead—Transferred from Playwrights Horizons, a musical adaptation of the short story by James Joyce, featuring a magnificent and diverse cast (which includes Christopher Walken, Blair Brown, Stephen Spinella, John Kelly, and Marni Nixon) and the plaintive Irish melodies of Shaun Davey. Richard Nelson did the book; Jack Hofsiss directs. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 2/20. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Kiss Me Kate—With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie will interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

play the Shrew's Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical—for a generation obsessed with the backstage canoodling of celluloid Shakespeareans like Paltrow and DiCaprio. $25–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen *Lion King* onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97.) $20–$85. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).*

Miss Saigon—A big helicopter stars in this adaptation of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly.* $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—Eleven leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Price—James Naughton directs Arthur Miller's 1968 family drama, starring Jeffrey DeMunn, Bob Dishey, Lizbeth Mackay, and Harris Yulin. $25–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Wed. and Sat. at 2. Sun. at 3. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Putting It Together—The Stephen Sondheim musical revue roars back with enough big-name talent to fill a basketball squad. Carol Burnett, George Hearn, John Barrowman, Ruthie Henshall, and Bronson Pinchot star. The bench is strong, too: Kathie Lee Gifford spells Burnett on Tuesdays. $30–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3. Through 2/20. *Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Rainmaker—In this revival of N. Richard Nash's family drama, Woody Harrelson plays a drawling, garrulous Starbuck, a con artist who tries to bring rain and fantasy to a parched farm. Also starring Jayne Atkinson. $25–$65. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 1/23. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (212-307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Saturday Night Fever—Flared pants! $30–$80. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).*

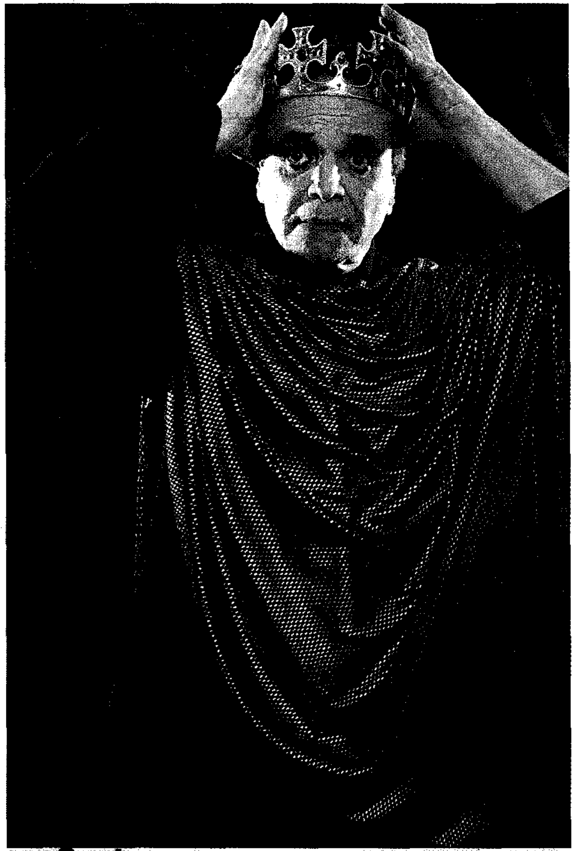
Swing!—The dance marathon begins, with requisite suspenders and flared skirts, in this new musical. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Waiting in the Wings—Noël Coward's fiftieth play (1960) still remains a minor gem in that bittersweet mode at which Coward excelled. A seemingly inconsequential piece about former star stage actresses living out their declining years in the Wings, a less-than-lavish retirement home, the play is a wise and compassionate address of the problems of aging and death that confront us all. To miss this play (starring Rosemary Harris and Lauren Bacall) would be a major folly; not having a good time at it is a virtual—no, a real—impossibility. (Simon: 1/10/99). $25–$70. Call for schedule. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

Wrong Mountain—In this new play—a rarity on Broadway—by David Hirson, Ron Rifkin plays a bitter elder poet who envies his ex-wife's new husband, a fabulously successful younger playwright. The poet writes his own popular play and propels a satire of the whole theater biz; Richard Jones directs. $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.



Onstage

Take Back the Knight

One of the first modern dramas with a central gay theme, Bertolt Brecht's 1924 tragedy Edward II depicts the king's relationship with a Gascon knight and his subsequent downfall. The rarely seen play, starring Harris Berlinsky (above), begins previews January 21 at the Jean Cocteau Repertory. (See "Off–Off Broadway.")

Photograph by Jonathan Slaff.

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Arms and the Man—Roger Rees directs the Roundabout Theater's revival of George Bernard Shaw' classic drama of bullets and bonbons. Starring Henry Czerny, Katie Finneran, and Paul Michael Valley $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for a 2/10 opening. *Gramercy Theatre, 12 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).*

=Celebration—This isn't your father's vacation-slide show. Ethan Sandler traveled from the Time Square Disney Store through the Sweatshirt Capital of the World to Celebration, Florida. He tells hi tale with AV samples recorded during his odyssey. $12. Previews begin 1/20 for a 1/25 opening. Tues.–Sat at 8, Sun. at 7. *John Houseman Studio 450 W. 42nd St. (212-592-4005).*

Hundreds of Sisters & One Big Brother—Deborah Swisher's one-woman show about her bizarre life on a California commune; directed by Elyse Singer. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8 Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 1/20 for a 1/27 opening *Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

The Merry Wives of Windsor—Pear Theatre presents Shakespeare's giddy gals. $26–$33. Tues., Thurs.–Sat at 8, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 1/17 opening. Through 2/27. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl. (212-598-9802).*

Small Potatoes—Small-town bureaucrats accidentally arrest Feds on trumped-up charges, then hustle to cover up their petty misdeeds in Bob Roger's comedy set in upstate New York. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6:30 and 9, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/27 opening. *John Houseman Studio A, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-532-8887).*

Spermegga—Black-theater icon Clarice Taylor, best known as Bill Cosby's mother on *The Cosby Show,* presents a one-woman show about a girl who grows up. $25. Wed. at 3 and 8, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/16 opening. *Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. (212-353-1176).*

Voysey Inheritance—Harley Granville-Barker's 1905 classic returns, starring George Morforgen. $30. Tues.–Thurs. at 7, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for 1/18 opening. Through 2/13. *Mint Theater, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-315-0231).*

Now Playing

Ancestral Voices—A. R. Gurney's family story about divorce in a Buffalo family (Grandma leaves Gramps for his best friend) returns to Lincoln Center, with a rotating cast of Broadway veterans assuming the key roles. This is a reading only, so most actors will have scripts firmly in hand. $45. Sun. at 7:30, Mon. at 8. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Another American: Asking & Telling—Don't ask, don't tell? Marc Wolf asked 150 people what they thought of gays in the military, including many gay soldiers and veterans. Now, in a production directed by Joe Mantello, he tells their stories in an Anna Deveare Smith–style monologue. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 2/6. *The New Group at Theatre @ St. Clements, 423 W. 46th St. (212-279-4200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).*

Bomb-itty of Errors—A funky-fresh "add-rap-tation" of the Bard's classic. $20–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *45 Bleecker, 45 Bleecker St., at Lafayette St. (212-307-4100).*

Contact—This is billed as "a dance play by Susan Stroman and John Weidman," with what little there is of a play mostly by Weidman and the variety and plenitude of the dancing all Stroman. Its two shorter pieces and concluding longer one are of uneven merit but never without interest. Deborah Yates triumphs as the girl in yellow; as dancer, actress, woman, she is every man's dream and headed for a manifest career. (Simon: 10/25/99.) $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's costume drama about the love triangle between John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. $35–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

The Country Club—This play by Drama Dept. artistic director Douglas Carter Beane about Wasps in their late twenties who hang out in the Cub Room of a provincial Pennsylvania country club is both funny and moving, devilishly well observed, and niftily constructed. (Simon: 10/4/99.) Jessica Stone has replaced Amy Sedaris. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (212-239-6200).*

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Perfect for theatrical thrill-seekers who don't mind breaking a sweat. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

Dinner With Friends—In their Connecticut home, Karen and Gabe, international food writers, are giving a dinner for their friends Beth and Tom, which Tom doesn't attend. It emerges from the heartbroken Beth that her husband has left her for another woman. There is skillful construction here, as well as keen psychological insight. (Simon: 11/22/99.) $30–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).*

Dirty Blonde—Actress-author Claudia Shear (*Blown Sideways Through Life*) stars in her new play about two Gotham singles who meet at the grave of the wisecracking diva Mae West. $12–$45. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (212-460-5475).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up Its Act—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).*

Fully Committed—For the price of an entrée, Becky Mode serves up all the splendors and miseries of restaurant life prepared to a fare-thee-well. Smartly directed by Nicholas Martin, and exuberantly enacted by Mark Setlock, this play is a day in the life of Sam, the young man and struggling actor who works the reservation phones in a four-star restaurant where table 31 seems to be the ne plus ultra of socio-gastronomic achievement. Sam manipulates several telephones simultaneously to create seating for the rich, the famous, and those willing to spend half their lives on hold. (Simon: 1/17/00.) $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization and tabloid fame through songwriting in this brave, beautiful rock musical by John Cameron Mitchell. Stephen Trask did the catchy music and lyrics; now starring Matt McGrath. $19.99–$49.50. Mon., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened: 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (212-239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$52.50. Mon., Tues., Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

The Idiot—In director Anatole Fourmentchouk's new adaptation of Dostoevsky's classic, an astoundingly innocent prince (Stass Klassen) is assumed to be a dunce by the cynical denizens of a certain corrupt, money-crazed city on the cusp of a millennium. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. (212-684-8298).*

Inappropriate—The Desisto School's musical teenagers return to Manhattan to show those fuddy-duddies over at *Rent* what youth sounds like today. $30–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 1/30. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

The Irish ... And How They Got That Way—Frank McCourt's tales and tunes of Irish history, presented by the Irish Rep. $30–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 1/30. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).*

Keep Bangin'—Soft-shoe-shufflin' Savion Glover directs the talented bucket drummers of *Bring In 'Da Noise, Bring In 'Da Funk*. $20–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. (212-239-6200).*

Lobster Alice—*See Simon, p. 65.* Kira Oblensky's surreal comedy. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 1/23. *Playwrights Horizons' Anne G. Wilder Theatre, 416 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

Maybe Baby, It's You—Shari Simpson and Charlie Shanian play eleven couples in this romantic comedy. $35–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 6. *SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).*

Morning, Noon and Night—Spalding Gray (*Swimming to Cambodia* and *Monster in a Box*) reflects on his beloved family. $25–$45. Sun. and Mon. at 7:30. *Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 8. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-463-0060).*

Now Hear This!—Kathy Buckley, who describes herself as "America's First Hearing Impaired Comedienne," won multiple writing and theater awards when this, her comic one-woman show, premiered in Los Angeles in 1997. $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Our Sinatra—Kurt Stamm directs this tribute to Ol' Blue Eyes, now transferred from a successful run at the Algonquin Hotel. Featuring Eric Comstock, Christopher Gines, and Hilary Kole. $50–$80. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Blue Angel Theatre, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A comedy by Joe DiPietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change*, about four meddling Italian-American grandparents. $47.50. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Pirates of Penzance/Princess Ida—New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players present two family classics. Frank Gorshin stars in *Princess Ida*. $31–$46. Call for schedule. Through 1/23. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (212-864-5400).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$55; optional dinner 90 minutes before curtain. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 327 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Sexual Perversity in Chicago—*See Simon, p. 65.* David Mamet's comedy about sex in another city, performed with the one-act *The Duck Variations*. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. at 2. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).*

Previews

Children's Theater, No Kids Allowed

Inspired by Edward Gorey's spooky stories and Christina Rossetti's 'Goblin Market,' downtown royal Mac Wellman presents 'Infrared,' a puppet-supplemented production with a deformed monster, a dog, and a shape-shifting goddess (below right; through February 5 with, from left, Leigh Secrest, Jennifer Cooper, and Susan Heimbinder). Meanwhile, a Muhammad Ali–obsessed nanny (Maria Striar, below left, pinning down Mahlon Stewart) cares for two strange Upper East Side kids in the dark comedy 'Inky,' by Elevator Repair Service cofounder Rinne Groff; opening January 20. (See "Off–Off Broadway.")

Photographs: left, James Godwin; right, ALR Design Force.

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (212-477-2477).*

This Is a Test—In Michael D. Conway's multimedia one-man drama, a man reexamines a childhood of "Tang and Swanson's Salisbury-steak frozen dinners" and an adulthood of love and regret on the eve of his HIV-test results. $15-20. Through 2/6. *Sanford Meisner, 164 Eleventh Ave., bet. 22nd and 23rd Sts. (212-613-1682).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and, with over 4,000 performances, it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(212-239-6200).*

True History and Real Adventures—Kathleen Chalfant, last seen in *Wit*, is back, and everyone is anxious to see if she'll be adored again when she returns to the stage in Sybille Pearson's new play. As excited as the rest of us, Angela Goethals plays a young Scottish woman who leads a ragtag band of teens on a cross-country road trip out West, where they finally meet Calamity Jane, played by Chalfant. $45. Call for schedule. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (212-353-0303).*

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's ode to fannyboos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc. returns for a second coming. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Beginning 1/23, Eve Ensler will be replaced a trio of actresses. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

The Voysey Inheritance—Harley Granville-Barker's 1905 family drama returns after its successful revival last spring, again starring George Morforgen and directed by Gus Kaikkonnen. $30. Tues.–Thurs. at 7, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opens 1/18. Through 2/13. *Mint Theater, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-315-0231).*

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's Holy Sonnets? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. (Simon: 9/28/98.) Now starring Lisa Harrow. $35–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).

Y2K—In Arthur Kopit's thriller, two happy New York capitalists are stalked by a rogue with an e-mail account. $20–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. Through 1/23. *Lucille Lortel Theater, 121 Christopher St. (212-239-6200).*

Off-Off Broadway

Annie Body in Ambiguity—Bill Etra collaborates with actress-writer Carol Bradley to present a one-woman, many-machines comedy about life in cyberspace. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/6. *Trilogy Theatre, 341 W. 44th St. (1-800-965-4827).*

Arrah-Na-Pogue—Dion Boucicault's classic Irish comedy, presented by Storm Theatre. $15. Mon., Tues., Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. and Sat. at 8. *Studio Theatre, 145 W. 46th St. (212-279-4200).*

The Donkey Show—A loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with even looser morals. $25. Thurs.–Sat. at 8 and 10:30, Sun. at 8. *El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).*

Edward II—Bertolt Brecht's tragedy. $15–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Previews 1/21 for a 1/23 opening. Through 4/20. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).*

Extreme Girl—Barbara Blackburn's comic monologues on sex, beauty, and the surprising similarities between trophy wives and the Mercedes Benz. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 2/27. *Currican Theater, 154 W. 29th St. (212-532-8887).*

Handshake—Julie Gilbert and Dr. Robert A. Brodner collaborated to produce this new play, inspired by patients facing Parkinson's disease, about experimental medical procedures and their human tolls. $12. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. Through 1/30. *Miranda Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (212-279-4200).*

Infrared—Mac Wellman's new production. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 10, Sat. at 2. Through 2/5. *Flea, 41 White St. (212-226-0051).*

Inky—A new dark comedy by Rinne Groff. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. 1/20–2/12. *Altered Stages, 212 W. 29th St. (212-802-8007).*

The Launch Festival—A festival of New American plays presented by John McCormack's All Seasons Theatre Group and Red Line Theatre, featuring new one acts by Warren Leight and Keith Reddin. $10. Call for schedule. Through 2/1. *Ryan Stage I at Red Line Theatre, 128 Chambers St. (212-566-1500).*

The Memoirs of Glückel of Hameln—A music-theater adaptation of the earliest writing by a woman in the Yiddish language, with puppets! Created by Jenny Romaine, Adrienne Cooper, and Frank London. $15–$20. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. 1/20–2/6. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212-254-6468).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians in an intimate setting. $25–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (307-4100).*

North Atlantic—The Wooster Group's no-holds-barred satire of the absurdities of the Cold War military-industrial complex stars Willem Dafoe and Kate Valk. $25–$30. Tues.–Sun. at 8. *Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. (212-966-3651).*

The Servant of Two Masters—In Carlo Goldoni's classic slapstick comedy of mistaken identities and silly romance, a foolish servant waits on a "man" who's not male. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/24. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).*

Sex—Mae West's scandalous 1926 play about an ambitious prostitute, directed by Elyse Singer, with music by, appropriately enough, Sex Mob. $12. Tues.–Sat at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/31. *Gershwin Hotel, 7 E. 27th St. (212-439-8122).*

Simply Barbra: 2000—Crooner Steven Brinberg channels Streisand. $30. Fri. and Sat at 7 and 9:15, Sun. at 7. Through 1/30. *Dominion Theater, 428 Lafayette St. (212-473-1698).*

Some Assembly Required—David Herskovits's Target Margin Theater workshops nine new plays and readings, including the bizarre "Zulu Pet" and "Dick in London." All shows $5 or free. Call for schedule. Through 1/30. *Theatorium, 198 Stanton St. (212-358-3657).*

Stopless—A theater becomes a voyeuristic television studio, as a mother confronts her two deluded sons. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 1/25. *Center Stage, NY, 48 W. 21st St. (212-929-2228).*

That Greasy Ridge Look—White trash camp by Dixieland drag stars Vesta Lee Juker and Dreama Dixie Dawson. $10. Thurs. at 10. Through 2/24. *Duplex Theatre, 61 Christopher St. (212-255-5438).*

Thicker Than Water—Four new one-act plays by members of Youngblood Amy Fox, S. Vasanti Saxena, Crystal Skillman, and Jeremy Soule. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 1/19 for a 1/23 opening. Through 2/1. *Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. (212-247-4982).*

Tortoise Shout—Multimedia performance incorporating the poetry of D.H. Lawrence and others. $15–$20. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. 1/20–1/29. *Tribeca Playhouse, 111 Reade St. (212-604-4195).*

Velvetville—Renowned downtown puppeteer Paul Zaloom presents a surrealist's dream: black-velvet paintings of Smurfs, trolls, and JFK. $25. Wed.–Sun. at 8:30. Through 1/23. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (212-477-5288).*

What to Do About Nothing—Judy Sheehan's retelling of the Shakespeare classic set during the Red Scare. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5. Through 2/6. *Looking Glass Theatre, 422 W. 57th St. (212-307-9467).*

Who Chops FOO II—The Dean Street Field of Operation (the FOO) cuts 'n' mixes irreverent vignettes from four years of experimentation. $12. Most nights at 7:30. Through 2/6. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (212-477-5288).*

Why Don't We Bomb the Amish—Stand-up comic and actress Casey Fraser gets tough on Pennsylvania. $15. Most nights at 8. Through 2/13. *St. Marks Theater, 94 St. Marks Place (212-777-6088).*

Opening
Foo-lish Antics

In performances like 'I Got Lost I,' the Dean Street Field of Operations, a troupe of performers who prefer to be called "The FOO," have displayed a Swiss-Army-knife-like array of abilities. For their newest piece, 'Who Chops Foo II' (featuring Corinna Hiller, pictured), they blend film loops, Butoh dance, and multimedia samples—some old, some new, some "borrowed," some FOO—all in the tiny space of P.S. 122. Through February 6. (See "Off-Off Broadway.")

Photograph by Alison Chernick.

art

Couples...Harry Bertoia...Architecture Art

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Melvin Edwards—New welded-steel sculptures that draw on African mythology; through 1/31. CDS, 76 E. 79th St. (212-772-9555).

Istvan Farkas—A survey of paintings and works on paper by the Hungarian artist (1887–1944), who was a member of the Ecole de Paris and whose work has not been exhibited in the U.S. since 1930; through 3/31. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (212-327-0441).

Ron Schwerin—Large-scale figure paintings, small portraits, and studies; through 2/29. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (212-987-4997).

Richard Serra—New works on paper; through 2/14. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (212-228-2828).

Theodoros Stamos—A survey of paintings and works on paper from the late forties through the eighties by the abstract expressionist (1922–1997); through 2/26. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (212-288-5888).

Frantisek Vobecky—Surrealist-influenced photomontages made between 1935 and 1938 by the Czech artist (1902–1991); through 2/26. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (212-794-4444).

57th Street Area

Carmen Calvo—Blown-up prints of vintage photographs, objects and collages, and tableaux composed of numerous line drawings, installed to suggest a kind of fragmented diary; through 2/19. Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-9090).

James Coleman—A new project, *Photograph,* that consists of multiple projections of slides and a narrative voice-over, and a film; through 2/19. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (212-977-7160).

Willard Dixon—Recent paintings of Marin County landscapes by the Bay Area artist; through 2/5. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (212-759-2345).

John Ferren—Abstract paintings and drawings made during the American artist's two stays in Paris, in 1929, and from 1931 to 1938; through 2/12. Perlow, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-7171).

Morris Graves—Cast-bronze sculptures made in 1961 that support viewers shaped like windows or portholes containing layers of Venetian glass, minerals, brass filings, and other materials; through 2/12. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (212-888-1122).

Jan Green—Landscape paintings; through 1/29. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (212-980-2323).

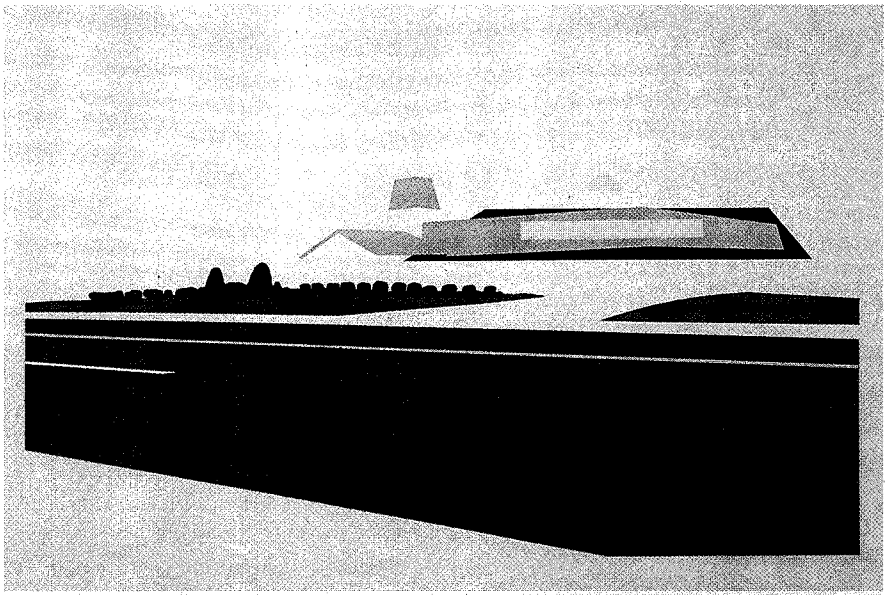
David Humphrey—Paintings that depict groups of figures in soft-focus landscapes or domestic interiors; through 2/5. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-688-5951).

Andrew Lenaghan—New paintings; through 2/2. Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (212-644-5665).

Damian Loeb—New paintings of interiors and landscapes that suggest images from dreams or memories; through 2/12. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-752-2929).

Loren McIver—Landscapes, interiors, and still-lifes made by the artist in Provence in the late sixties and forming the first exhibition of her work since her death in 1998; through 2/5. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-262-5050).

Odd Nerdrum—Recent figurative paintings by the Norwegian artist; through 2/5. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-355-4545).



On View
Architectural Digest

With the trend of architects' moonlighting as artists growing ever harder to ignore (as with the futuristic *TV-TANK* of LOT/EK Architecture, or the upcoming Virtual Guggenheim from Asymptote: Hani Rashid and Lise Anne Couture), it's nice to see that plain old artists are returning the compliment. The nine artists whose paintings, sculpture, and digital photographs make up "Architecture and Memory" look on modern and postmodern architecture as the ultimate conceptual-pop opportunity, as in Benjamin Edwards's *Competing Notions of Seafood* (above), a painting that morphs a Red Lobster with a Long John Silver's. At Lawrence Rubin–Greenberg Van Doren–Fine Art, 730 Fifth Avenue; through January 29.

Lawson Oyekan—Recent ceramic bowls and vessels by the London-based artist, who grew up in Nigeria; through 2/5. Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (212-246-2205).

Jackson Pollock—Drawings on colored construction paper made between 1942 and 1956; through 2/26. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-6780).

Ephraim Rubenstein—Still-life paintings that evoke the World War I experiences of the artist's grandfather and great-uncle; through 2/2. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (212-664-0907).

Edward Ruscha—Drawings and prints dating from the sixties to the present; through 2/29. Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. (212-489-3331).

Antoni Tàpies—Mixed-media paintings and sculpture made over the past four years; through 2/12. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (212-421-3292).

Vaclav Vytlacil—Modernist paintings and works on paper produced between 1920 and 1940 by the artist, who studied with Hans Hoffman in Munich in the twenties before moving to New York, where he taught at the Art Students League and was a co-founder of the organization American Abstract Artists; through 2/5. Findlay, 41 E. 57th St. (212-486-7660).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Robert Breer—Paintings, films, and a large "float" sculpture dating from the fifties through the seventies; through 1/29. Staff USA, 495 Broadway (212-925-9700).

Cecily Brown—New large-scale paintings of fragmented figures; through 2/19. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (212-228-2828).

Robert Cumming—Pastels, ink drawings, and photographs of nudes made between 1970 and 2000; through 2/5. Borden, 560 Broadway (212-431-0166).

Jason Dodge—Five sculptures that incorporate accoutrements from a fictional palace hotel in rural France; through 2/11. Kaplan, 48 Greene St. (212-226-6131).

Valentina DuBasky—New paintings and monotypes that explore the reciprocal relationship between nature and the urban environment; through 3/4. Pelavin, 13 Jay St. (212-925-9424).

Chris Finley—Recent paintings and sculptural installations that borrow a video-game format; through 2/5. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (212-941-1775).

Stephen Kaltenbach—Objects, drawings, and blueprints from the sixties; through 1/29. Markey, 55

Photograph courtesy of Lawrence Rubin Greenberg Van Doren Fine Art.

Vandam St. (212-627-4446).

Jim Lambie—An installation in which the artist has used glossy black vinyl tape to highlight the idiosyncrasies of the gallery's floors; through 2/26. Kern, 558 Broadway (212-965-1706).

Donald Lipski—Two series of works, "Passing Time" and "Building Steam," from the first half of the eighties that typify his practice of combining found objects in unexpected ways; through 2/26. Gibson, 568 Broadway (212-925-1192).

Issey Miyake—A survey of the clothing designer's work from the past 30 years; through 2/29. Ace, 275 Hudson St. (212-255-5599).

Leroy Person—Carved and painted wood furniture and tableaux and drawings on cardboard by the self-taught artist (1907–1985), who lived in rural eastern North Carolina; through 2/19. Ross, 568 Broadway (212-343-2161).

Lezley Saar/Peter Hristoff—New mixed-media paintings that combine such materials as album covers and flocked Victorian fabric with painted portraits/Paintings from *The Book of Sean*. Through 2/5. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (2122-219-2863).

Alan Siegel/George Deem—Monumental chairs and couches created from trees near the artist's home/Paintings based on paintings by Vermeer that invite the viewer to closely examine the Dutch master's rooms. Through 2/16. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (212-966-6676).

Sue de Beer and Laura Parnes/Momoyo Torimitsu—*Heidi 2*, an installation and mini–feature film that is an unauthorized sequel to Mike Kelley and Paul McCarthy's film *Heidi*/An abstract topiary garden; 1/19–2/19. Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (212-343-7300).

Robert Thiele—Monochromatic abstract paintings on shaped canvases; through 2/5. M-13, 72 Greene St. (212-925-3007).

Richard Tuttle—Recent painted plywood panels that employ simple colors and shapes; through 2/12. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (212-431-3685).

Stanley Twardowicz—Photographs, drawings, and a painting; through 1/29. Algus, 25 Thompson St. (212-966-1758).

Adriana Varejão—Paintings of ocean-inspired images that are comprised of layers of stretched canvas; through 2/12. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (212-965-0753).

Ron Walton—New abstract paintings; through 2/1. Kelly, 591 Broadway (212-226-1660).

Chelsea

Matt Bakkom—*The Intimacy Machine*, a box into which viewers can walk and experience closeness through a cinematic event; through 2/15. RareArt, 435 W. 14th St. (212-645-5591).

Harry Bertoia—Sculptures the artist and furniture designer referred to as his "sounding sculptures," hand-welded from beryllium-copper alloys into forms suggesting cattails, weeping willows, or dense thickets; through 2/26. Miller, 526 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

Sarah Charlesworth/Kathleen Gilje—Color photographs that are predominantly white and depict such archetypes as the bowl, Virgin Mary, and snake/A painting that conflates Bronzino's portrait of Laura Battifieri with an image of the poet Sylvia Plath. Through 2/5. Gorney Bravin + Lee, 534 W. 26th St. (212-352-8872).

Leo de Goede—New paintings on plywood and particle board whose images mimic their supports' intricate natural patterns; through 2/5. Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474).

Paterson Ewen/Peter Edlund—Paintings on plywood whose images evoke celestial phenomena/Paintings of landscapes borrowed from works by Hudson River School painters and rendered in bright, contrasting colors; through 2/5. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (212-645-1701).

Kevin Finklea—Painted wall sculptures inspired by landscape and by such instruments as the surveyor's leveling rod; through 2/5. Thatcher Projects, 529 W. 20th St. (212-675-0222).

Dan Flavin—A selection of the late artist's fluorescent light sculptures dating from the late sixties to the eighties; through 1/29. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (212-255-1105).

Tim Gardner—Watercolor and oil paintings based on snapshots of young men caught in moments of freedom; through 2/12. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (212-255-1121).

Perry Hoberman—Two large-scale interactive multimedia installations; through 2/19. Postmasters, 459 W. 19th St. (212-727-3323).

James Hyde—Recent abstract paintings on pillows and cushions made from vinyl, steel, fine linens, or newspaper; through 2/12. Sikkema, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-929-2262).

Mary Jones—Paintings that combine spatial illusion, flower forms, and bright color; through 2/19. Coploff, 526 W. 26th St. (212-741-1149).

Sarah Leahy—Ink paintings on Plexiglas that suggest early black-and-white photography; through 2/12. Foster, 528 W. 20th St. (212-966-9024).

Christian Marclay—A work titled *Telephones* that features film clips woven together in a cinematic collage spanning several genres; through 1/27. Cooper, 521 W. 21st St. (212-255-1105).

Ed Moses—Recent abstract paintings with poured and troweled surfaces; through 2/2. Klagsbrun, 526 W. 26th St. (212-243-3335).

Gayil Nalls—"World Sensorium," a social olfactory sculpture for which the artist consulted with officials from 230 countries to identify a scent thought critical to each country's identity or cultural memory, then gathered the individual plant oils from and combined them into one scent; through 2/6. Martz, 529 W. 20th St. (212-206-3686).

Stuart Netsky—Abstract paintings made with beauty products; through 1/29. Anderson, 453 W. 17th St. (212-463-0970).

Kellie O'Bosky—New paintings; through 1/29. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (212-633-6555).

Rayberry—Works that suggest a cross between yard-sale finds and southern folk art; through 2/5. Real, 526 W. 26th St. (212-352-1991).

Peter Rudolph—Highly worked drawings of ominous landscapes inhabited by playful "blobular" creatures; through 2/5. Eller, 529 W. 20th St. (212-206-6411).

Allen Ruppersberg—"Honey, I Rearranged the Collection," the artist's own multi-panel works from the seventies displayed to simulate a fictitious art

Installation
Play It as It Lays

In this era of modernist mania, the name Harry Bertoia usually summons images of the chairs he designed for Knoll Associates in the fifties. Often seen surrounding Eero Saarinen's similarly futuristic "Tulip" table (another Knoll winner), Bertoia's graceful cradlelike chairs, distinguished by their diamond- or square-patterned grids of wires, quickly became exemplars of furniture design. Lesser known, but just as emblematic of their time, were the hand-welded metal sculptures that the Italian-born, Detroit-raised artist began creating in the forties. At his studio in Bally, Pennsylvania, near Allentown, Bertoia produced large commissioned works for office buildings, churches, airports, and fountains (in New York City, his projects included screens for the Gordon Bunshaft–designed Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company and the Brooklyn Federal Court Building, and gilded wire "dandelion" sculptures for the Eastman Kodak Pavilion's fountain at the 1964 New York World's Fair). But it was Bertoia's "sounding pieces," which he began making in the late sixties and which are now the subject of an exhibition at Robert Miller Gallery (526 West 26th Street; through February 26), that preoccupied him until his death in 1978. Made from a mixture of beryllium and copper, these welded compositions of rods and gongs were an instant hit with collectors—set into swaying motion with a brush of a hand or a mallet, the sculptures produce chimelike tones (Bertoia himself recorded their sound in his barn, eventually releasing eleven LP records). The unusually majestic scale of the works at Miller, all of which came from a private collection in Norway and have never been exhibited in the United States, is likely to startle viewers used to Bertoia's smaller, human-size sculptures. One fifteen-foot-high piece almost reaches the gallery's ceiling. Still, touching is encouraged. "Harry had a sign up in his studio that said PLEASE TOUCH THE SCULPTURE," says Richard Bruce, the show's curator, "so we're honoring that wish." Get your mallets at the front desk.

Edith Newhall

Photograph courtesy of Robert Miller Gallery.

collector's collection of his work; through 2/5. Burgin, 243 W. 18th St. (212-462-2668).

Yvonne Thomas—Early paintings made between 1955 and 1962 that show the artist developing her signature style of abstraction; through 1/30. Bibro, 529 W. 20th St. (212-647-7030).

James Turrell/Patricia Moisan—Recent holograms/ Monochromatic red paintings with modulated surfaces. Through 2/5. Stark, 555 W. 25th St. (212-807-1051).

Betty Woodman—A 40-year retrospective of the artist's works in clay, bronze, and paper; through 2/12. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (212-633-6999).

Carrie Yamaoka/Ava Gerber—New paintings/ A sculpture installation. Through 2/12. Debs, 525 W. 26th St. (212-646-2070).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Baumgold—128 E. 72nd St. (212-861-7338). "Quirky," works by 33 artists that represent a diversity of concepts, imagery, and techniques; through 2/12.

Castelli—59 E. 79th St. (212-249-4470). Works by Colson, Ruscha, Therrien; through 1/29.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767). Works by 16 contemporary British ceramists; through 2/19.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (212-535-8810). A survey chronicling the development of the fine and decorative arts in Boston between 1810 and 1840, with furniture by Emmons & Archibald, silver by Churchill & Treadwell, and artworks by Audubon, Cole, Stuart, others; through 2/5.

Salander-O'Reilly—20 E. 79th St. (212-879-6606). Paintings by De Niro, Frelinghuysen, Pomar; through 1/29.

57th Street Area

Marlborough—40 W. 57th St. (212-541-4900). One hundred drawings from the years 1817 through 1998, by Auerbach, Degas, Delacroix, Klimt, Pollock, Rivers, others; encaustic paintings by Martin Kline; through 2/19.

PaineWebber—42nd St. and Fifth Ave. (212-713-2885), Mon.–Fri. 8–6. "Beyond Appearances: Images in Science at the Millennium," an exhibition of scientific and medical illustration from the Middle Ages to the late nineteenth century; through 3/31.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (212-247-0082). African-American masterworks by Alston, Delaney, Hayden, Lawrence, Pippin, B. Saar, Thompson, Tanner, others; through 3/4.

Rubin, Greenberg Van Doren—730 Fifth Ave. (212-445-0444). "Architecture and Memory," works that reflect on modern and post modern architecture by Doig, Edwards, Manetas, Opie, Vejvi, others; through 1/29.

Ryan—24 W. 57th St. (212-397-0669). Works on paper and photographs portraying images of parties, by Cadmus, Dwight, Goldin, Skoglund, others; through 1/29.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (212-245-6734). Works by self-taught European artists, among them Bois-Vives, Gill, Nedjar, Wilson, Wölfli; through 3/11.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Apex—291 Church St. (212-431-5270). "Double Space," works that explore the concept of text as a construction by Angelmaker, Dikeou, Goldsmith, Pardo, Resnais, Robbe-Grillet, Sandback, Schneemann, Van der Stokker; through 2/5.

Collins—83 Grand St. (212-226-1861). Paintings that have a minimal pop aesthetic, by Basora, Isensee, Lozano, Rosenberg; through 2/5.

Dorsky—379 W. Broadway (212-966-6170). Abstract paintings by Anuszkiewicz, Crawford, Dona, Marcaccio, Reed, Rockburne; through 3/4.

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer, Inc.—210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-5956). Conversation exhibitions: Betty Woodman and Pat Steir, through 2/13, Byron Kim and Lisa Sigal, through 2/6; works by Thomas Beckman, Eyal Danielli, Jeffrey Sturges, through 2/6; works by Builder Levy, through 2/13.

Cheim & Read—521 W. 23rd St. (212-242-7727). "Couples," works that address the condition of coupledom by Arbus, Billingham, Bourgeois, Clark, Currin, Guston, Holzer, Nauman, Neel, Prince, others; through 3/4.

Clementine—526 W. 26th St. (212-243-5937). "Space Invaders," works that explore the meaning of space by DeMar, Evans, Langsam, Spence, Schild; through 2/19.

Cristinerose—529 W. 20th St. (212-206-0297). "Cyber Drawings," digitally produced works by Cottrell, Green, Moody, Risley, Sanchez, Watson; through 2/12.

Feature—530 W. 25th St. (212-675-7772). New works by B. Wurtz; "Hairy Forearm," works by Batty, De Los Angeles, Ono, Wilson, others; through 2/5.

Harris—529 W. 20th St. (212-463-9666). "Luscious," three-dimensional abstract works by Fitzgerald, Harle, Hoke, Monti, Price, Richter, Shields, Soriano; through 2/5.

Luhring Augustine—531 W. 24th St. (212-206-9100). Sculpture by Cardiff and Miller, Geers, Gober, Gonzalez-Torres, Kippenberger, Mucha, Tunga, Whiteread, Wolfe; through 2/12.

Schoormans—508 W. 26th St. (212-243-3159). "Lux," works by Flavin, Katz, Newton, Richter, Sugimoto, others; through 2/19.

Team—527 W. 26th St. (212-279-9219). "Hex Enduction Hour by the Fall," with works by Acconci, Beck, Graham, Hyde, Koether, Noland, Ruyter, Uglow, others; through 2/12.

Weber—529 W. 20th St. (212-691-5711). Works by Alaez, Aycock, Civera, Lewis, Lin, Rashid, Opie, Zittel, others; through 2/5.

White Columns—320 W. 13th St. (212-924-4212). Works on the theme of outer space by Alexopoulos, Jervert, Bransford, Hammond, others; photographs of the rich-and-glamorous set by Jessica Craig-Martin; collaborative project by Hanson & Sonnenberg; through 2/6.

Photography

Giacomo Costa—Large-scale panoramic photographs created entirely within a computer that depict barren landscapes supporting huge monoliths; through 2/26. Miller, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-3930).

Todd Eberle—Photographs of computers taken at the Computer History Museum at NASA's Ames Base near Palo Alto, California; through 2/26. Miller, 526 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

Luis Gonzalez Palma—Photographic portraits of Guatemalans; through 2/26. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (212-223-1059).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (212-860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Propaganda and Dreams: Photographing the 1930s in the USSR and US." A comparison of Farm Security Administration photography created in the U.S. and Socialist Realist pictures produced in the USSR; through 2/13.

Robert Lyons—Photographs that examine the 1994 genocide in Rwanda through confrontational portraits of the killers and victims; through 2/19. Winston Wächter, 39 E. 78th St. (212-327-2526).

Mann—210 Eleventh Ave. (212-989-7600). "YNOT," photographs by Baldessari, Berman, Maning, Ruscha, Wegman, and others that appear in issue 14 of *Blind Spot* magazine; through 1/29.

Deborah Mesa-Pelly—Staged photographs of fantastical narratives; through 2/12. Lombard-Freid, 531 W. 26th St. (212-212-967-8040).

Newseum—580 Madison Ave. (212-317-7596), Mon.–Sat. 10–5:30; free. "The Century in Times Square." The evolution of New York's most famous gathering place as told through photographs from the archives of the New York *Times;* through 1/29.

Nosei—530 W. 22nd St. (212-741-8695). Recent works by female photographers, among them Eyre, Laplante, Neshat, Peréz Bravo, Porter; through 2/4.

Andrea Robbins and Max Becher—Collaborative portraits and documentary images that expose the German fascination with Native Americans; through 1/29. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (212-255-8450).

Roth Horowitz—160A E. 70th St. (212-717-9067). "Witness," images of lynchings from the collection of James Allen, an Atlanta-based antiques dealer who has amassed an archive of photographs documenting the history of lynchings in the United States from 1880 to 1960; through 2/12.

Wessel + O'Connor—242 W. 26th St. (212-242-8811). Photographs of men, by Aschman, Bruce of Los Angeles, Mapplethorpe, Muybridge, Walls, Yang, others; through 2/20.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"The Beaded Universe: Strands of Culture." The largest and most comprehensive survey of the art of beads, including beaded talismans; religious artifacts from the Buddhist, Christian, and Islamic faiths; and purses and costumes; through 1/30. 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay what you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Capturing Time: The New York *Times* Capsule." An exhibition presented in collaboration with the New York *Times* that features nearly 50 design proposals received in a *New York Times Magazine* competition; through 3/26. . . . "Body Art: Marks of Identity." The history of body art in the United States, Europe, Africa, New Zealand, and elsewhere, highlighting objects and practices dating back to circa 2000 B.C.; through 8/30. . . . "The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter." An exhibition of 300 to 500 live, free-flying butterflies from Central, South, and North America housed in a vivarium that approximates the butterflies' natural habitat; through 2/28. Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children (admission to "The Butterfly Conservatory" is by timed entry; tickets, which can be reserved in advance and include museum admission, are $14 adults, $8.50 children).

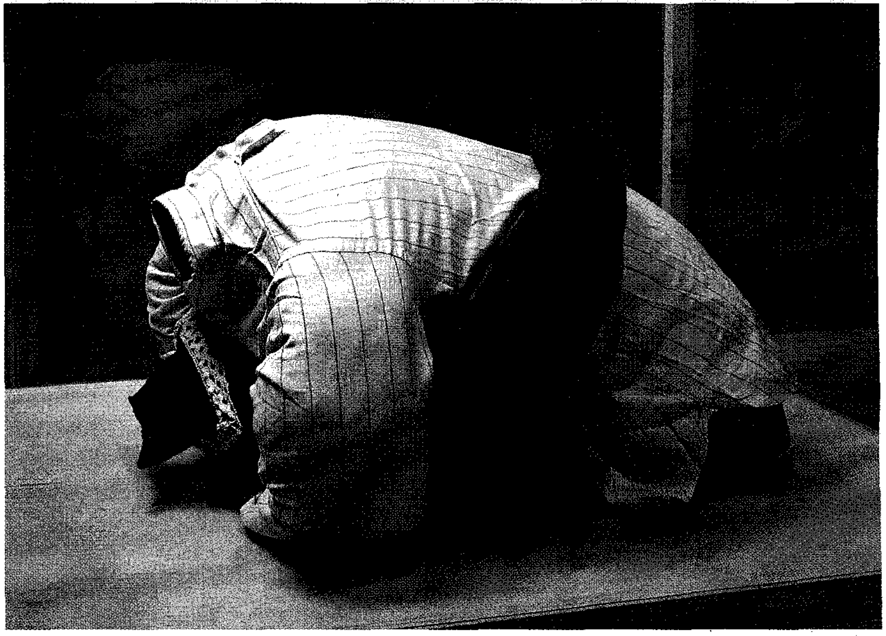
Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"E. W. Godwin: Aesthetic Movement Architect and Designer." Architectural drawings, designs for decorative arts, textiles, ceramics, wallpaper, and other works by the nineteenth-century British designer; through 2/27. 18 W. 86th St. (212-501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Amnesia." Works by sixteen artists from South America who explore themes of memory, loss, desire, mortality, and the temporal nature of the body; through 2/27. . . . "Recent Acquisitions From the Permanent Collection." Works by contemporary artists of African, Asian, and Latin American ancestry; through 2/27. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $3, $2 students and seniors, Wed. free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Eastman Johnston: Painting America." The first major exhibition of the nineteenth-century American artist's work in 25 years, including paintings and drawings of rural subjects, Civil War scenes, interior scenes, and portraits; through 2/6. . . . "Carved Memories: Tombstones of the Russian Jewish Pale, Photographs by David Goberman." Images of Jewish tombstones in Russia taken over a period of 75 years; through 4/30. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors (admission to "Sensation" is $9.75 adults, $7.75 students and seniors and includes general admission).

Dahesh Museum—"Overcoming All Obstacles: The Women of the Académie Julian." Paintings, works on paper, and photographs by women artists who studied at the Académie Julian in Paris, among

On View **The show's title pays tribute to John Updike's late-sixties classic, but the sculptures, paintings, and photographs in "Couples"—by a roster of artists that includes Louise Bourgeois (below, *Couple,* 1996), John Currin, Nan Goldin, Bruce Nauman, Robert Mapplethorpe, and Richard Prince—make the 'burbs look tame. At Cheim & Read, 521 West 23rd Street; through March 4.**



Photograph courtesy of Cheim & Read.

them Cecelia Beaux, Elizabeth Jane Gardner, Anna Klumke, and Käthe Kollwitz; through 2/13. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (212-759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Donald Judd *Untitled,* 1976." A piece from 1976 that is considered one of the late artist's seminal works and comprises fifteen plywood boxes; through 6/18. . . . "Thomas Schütte: Part III: *In Medias Res*"; through 2/28. . . . "Stan Douglas and Douglas Gordon: *Double Vision*"; through 3/30. . . . "Time Traced: Rodney Graham and Vera Lutter"; through 6/18. 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—"The Body of the Line: Eisenstein's Drawings." The first U.S. museum exhibition of drawings by the groundbreaking Russian filmmaker (1898–1948); 1/22–3/18. . . . "*Together Now* by Nic Hess." A site-specific installation that combines drawing and a two-dimensional structure built of adhesive tape by Nic Hess, a Swiss artist; 1/22–2/26. 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection—"Henry Clay Frick as a Collector of Drawings." Works on paper by Gainsborough, van Riijn, Whistler, and others purchased by Frick between 1913 and 1916; through 1/30. 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors (admission free on Dec. 19, 1999); children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Inverted Odysseys: Claude Cahun, Maya Deren, Cindy Sherman." Photographs, books, collages, films, and props by three women artists whose investigations into self-portraiture involve adopting identities from different social classes and geographic environments, "traveling" into the past and future, and transforming themselves into heroes, villains, mythological creatures, and other archetypes; through 1/29. 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5: $2.50 suggested donation.

Jewish Museum—"John Singer Sargent: Portraits of the Wertheimer Family." A group of portraits of the London art dealer Ager Wertheimer and his family painted by the American artist between 1898 and 1908; through 2/6. . . . "Berlin Metropolis: Jews and the New Culture, 1890–1918." Artworks, books, letters, posters, and theater memorabilia demonstrating the influence of Jews on culture in turn-of-the-century Berlin; through 4/23. . . . "Pickles and Pomegranates: Jewish Homes Near and Far." An interactive children's exhibit that evokes life in two late nineteenth-century Jewish households; through 10/30. . . . "The Changing Face of Family: Photographs From the Collection of the Jewish Museum." Photographs illustrating the importance of family in shaping identities, by Avedon, Goldin, Hine, Steichen, Sultan, others; through 2/6. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Korean Ceramics From the Museum of Oriental Ceramics, Osaka." Forty-eight ceramic works dating from the twelfth to the nineteenth century; 1/25–6/4. . . . "Rock Style." An exhibition exploring the influence of rock stars on fashion, featuring attire lent by rock artists and drawn from the collections of the Met's Costume Institute and the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum in Cleveland; through 3/19. . . . "Only the Best: Masterpieces of the Calouste Gulbenkian Museum, Lisbon." Works collected by the oil-industry pioneer and philanthropist Calouste Sarkis Gulbenkian (1869–1955) on loan from the Calouste Gulbenkian Museum, including European paintings ranging from the Renaissance to Impressionism, Egyptian sculpture, Roman medals, Islamic ceramics and textiles, illuminated manuscripts, eighteenth-century French furniture and silver, and objects by Lalique; through 2/27. . . . "Sean Scully." A selection of recent watercolors, pastels, and photographs by the American artist; through 3/12. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 seniors and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Millennial Dreams: Vision and Prophecy in American Folk Art." An exhibition of visionary objects and paintings by self-taught artists on loan from major public institutions and private collections; through 5/14. Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—"Yiddish on Stage: Posters and Artifacts From the World of Yiddish Theater." Theater posters, costumes, playbills, sheet music, and other artifacts from the museum's collection; through 1/23. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (212-968-1800), Sun.–Wed. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, Fri. 9–2, eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"Modern Starts: People." A survey of figural representation in early modernism, with works by Fernand Léger, Sol LeWitt, Pablo Picasso, Odilon Redon, and others; through 3/14. . . . "Modern Starts: Places." Interpretations of site, both real and imagined, in paintings, sculpture, photographs, furniture, and objects, with works by Paul Cézanne, Maria Fernanda Cardoso, Paul Gauguin, Henri Matisse, Georges-Pierre Seurat, and others; through 3/14. . . . "Modern Starts: Things." An exhibition exploring the presentation and representation of ordinary and extraordinary objects, with works by Constantin Brancusi, Marcel Duchamp, Michael Craig-Martin, and others; through 3/14. . . . "Projects 69: Julia Jacquette." Paper cups, plates, and napkins designed for MOMA's Café/Etc., a new space in the museum's lower level that combines multimedia projects, a bookstore, and a café; through 3/21. . . . "Projects 70: Shirin Neshat, Simon Patterson, Xu Bing." Banners that play with the written word, displayed on the museum's 53rd Street façade; through 5/1. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.–Tues., Thurs. 10:30–5:45, Fri. 10:30–8:15 (4:30–8:15 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"The New York Century: World Capital, Home Town, 1900–2000." An exhibition of objects from the museum's collection conceived by the design firm Pentagram; through 7/9. . . . "Forgotten Gateway: The Abandoned Buildings of Ellis Island." A journey through Ellis Island's past and present through the photographs of Larry Racioppo and Shirley Burden; through 2/13. . . . "Fashion on Stage: Couture for Broadway Theater, 1910–1955." Original costumes for Broadway productions by Chanel, Valentina, Mainbocher, Hattie Carnegie, and other designers; through 2/27. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"The Corset: Fashioning the Body." Corsets from the sixteenth century to the present, as well as corset-inspired fashions, archival photographs, posters, books, caricatures, and advertisements that document the evolution of corsetry; 1/25–4/22. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Cildo Meireles." The first retrospective of the work of the internationally known Brazilian artist, including room-scale installations and walk-through environments, sculptures, and drawings spanning 30 years; through 3/5. 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs.–Sat. 12–8 (free Thurs. 6–8); $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library—"Seeing Is Believing: 700 Years of Scientific and Medical Illustration." Works drawn from all of the library's research centers, augmented by items on loan from the New York Academy of Medicine and other collections, ranging from medieval renderings of the universe to the first photograph of the moon; through 2/19. . . . "Adventures in Science and Exploration." Humorous drawings by Charles Addams of perilous and bizarre discoveries by scientists and explorers; through 1/29. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues. and Wed. 11–7:30, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"The Italians in New York: Five Centuries of Struggle and Achieve-

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

ment." Clothing, objects, letters, photographs, and other materials documenting the lives of Italians in New York; through 2/20. . . . "$24: The Legendary Deal for Manhattan." An exhibition investigating the infamous purchase of Manhattan, through paintings, Dutch and Native American artifacts, maps, and other sources; through 3/9. 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Juan Sánchez Ricanstructions: Paintings of the Nineties." An exhibition of Sánchez's paintings curated by his students at the Robert F. Wagner Jr. Secondary School for Arts and Technology; through 2/13. . . . The Promise of Photography: Selected Works From the DG Bank Collection." 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

ierpont Morgan Library—"Audubon and the Artist-Naturalist Tradition in America." Rarely seen drawings and published volumes by John James Audubon, as well as a group of the artist's letters; through 1/30. 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7, $5 students and seniors.

ueens Museum of Art—"Modern Odysseys: Greek American Artists of the Twentieth Century." The first museum exhibition to survey the contributions of Greek-Americans to modern and contemporary art, including works by Stephen Antonakis, William Baziotes, Linda Benglis, Lucas Samaras, Theodoros Stamos, and others; through 1/30. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

mithsonian National Museum of the American Indian—"Instrument of Change: Jim Schoppert Retrospective Exhibition, 1947–1992." Carved panels, sculptures, paintings, and poetry by the Tlingit artist; through 2/6. 1 Bowling Green (212-514-3712), 10–5 daily; free.

Vhitney Museum of American Art—"The American Century: Art & Culture 1900–2000." Part two of a survey of American art and culture as seen through more than 500 works of painting, sculpture, photography, installation, film, video, and related historical and cultural materials covering the years 1950 to 2000 drawn from the museum's permanent collection and from private collections and public institutions around the world; through 2/13. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (pay what you wish 6–8 on the first Thurs. of every month); $12.50, $10.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more. Timed tickets may be purchased in advance for a $2 service charge by calling 877-WHITNEY or ordering online at www.whitney.org.

Vhitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Correspondences: Isamu Noguchi and Ellsworth Kelly." Sculptures by the former and drawings of organic forms by the latter, borrowed from the Whitney Museum's permanent collection; 1/21–4/7. . . . "Lee Boroson: Underpass." A large-scale sculpture made from translucent blue and white fabric, suspended from the ceiling of the Philip Morris Sculpture Court; through 3/17. 120 Park Ave. (212-878-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. 11–7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-2000). 1/21 at 10 and 2: "American Decorative Arts." On view from 1/15. 1/25 at 2 and 1/26 at 10 and 2: "British Interior." On view from 1/22.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (212-606-0430). 1/19 at 1: "American Vision." On view from 1/15. 1/26 at 1: "Porcelain." On view from 1/22.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730). Next auction on 1/26.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (212-606-7000). 1/21 at 10:15 and 2: "Americana." On view from 1/15. 1/22 at 10:15: "American Furniture." On view from 1/15. 1/22 at 2 and 6; 1/23 at 1: "Americana Single Owner Sale." On view from 1/15.

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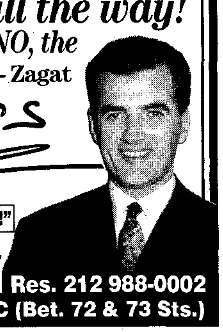

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restaurants

TriBeCa in Tokyo...Bouchon...Ruby Two

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (212-727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (212-406-2292). (I) ($).*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. *451 Washington St. (212-966-4900). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (212-677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

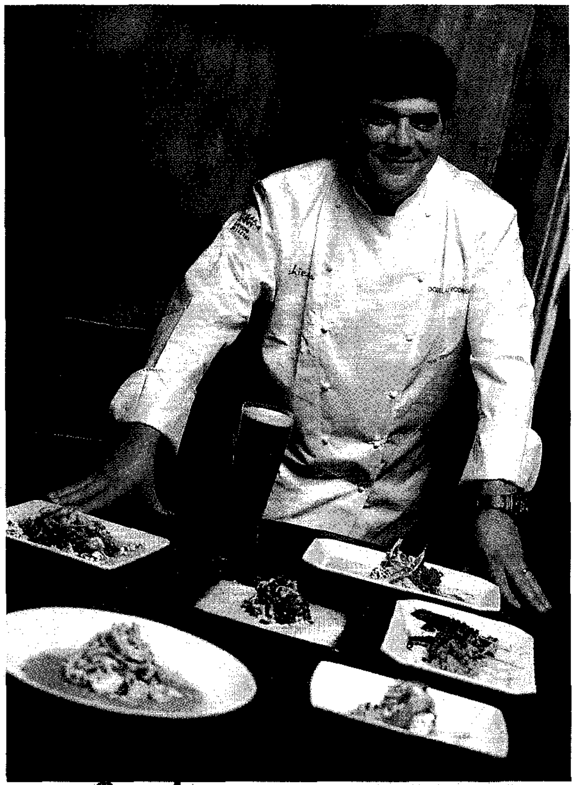
Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barn-like TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (212-431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. But your attention may very well be diverted by the eye-catching American food—seafood sausage with stewed white beans, potato-and-truffle ravioli with saffron cream, seared yellowfin tuna with caramelized foie gras—right in front of you. *4 World Financial Ctr. (212-786-1500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special prix fixe menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (212-219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Laight Street and Dylan Lounge—White tapestries and blue lighting lend this coolly contemporary TriBeCa space a marine feel, which makes perfect sense in a seafood restaurant with an extensive raw bar. Choose among Nantucket lobster salad, ginger-octopus salad, and grilled whole snapper with pistou, or if you're still working up an appetite, have a cocktail in the adjacent Dylan Lounge. *62 Laight St. (212-334-2274). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highligh include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank wit okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadwa at Franklin St. (212-431-0700 (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*



Opening
Shagadelic

If Nuevo Latino cuisine has a grand old man, it would be 34-year-old Doug Rodriguez. Now after four rejuvenating R&D trips to Peru and Ecuador, Rodriguez (pictured) has devised over a dozen seviches for the centerpiece bar at Chicama, his post-Patria enterprise that replaces Colina at ABC Carpet & Home this week. Named for the port city that services Lima with fresh seafood, Chicama also means "sea level" in the Nazca tongue, which accounts for the preponderance of fish in all its forms: shellfish seviches, including one marinated in saffron and aji amarillo, the yellow chili paste of South America; a bracing crab version, with horseradish and mustard; tiraditos, or made-to-order, chef-inspired seviches, like the one with oyster, onions, radish, chilies, and mustard oil. Bocaditos are "little mouthfuls" of exotic empanadas and neo-anticuchos—an assortment of spice-rubbed octopus, chorizo, and lamb instead of the traditional organ meats that are equally traditionally shunned by *norteamericanos.* "Don't forget, ceviche is an aphrodisiac," reads the menu. So choose your dining partner wisely. (35 East 18th Street; 212-505-2233.)

Peter Kaminsky

Photograph by Bruce Katz.

Montrachet—Owner Dre Nieporent now has five places i New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, an Tribeca Grill, and another in Sa Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of th first truly great restaurants i lower Manhattan. There's lunc on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinne Monday through Saturday. *23 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (212 219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young good-looking, and incredib hip—has conquered TriBeCa It's still virtually impossible t get a reservation, but the intrepid hordes can wait for a table t open up two doors down a Next Door Nobu. *105 Hudso St. (212-219-0500). (E) AE MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has falle in love all over again with thi TriBeCa institution. The bar' out of Dashiell Hammett, an the dining room gets everyon from the banker, his wife, an their 2-year-old to movie stars artists, and assorted big-dea celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr Thomas St. (212-233-0507). (M AE, MC, V.*

Restaurant Omen—Step off this quiet SoHo side street, and you'r suddenly transported to Kyoto— feeling that's reinforced by th traditional menu and decorativ calligraphy and ceramics. *11 Thompson St. (212-925-8923) (M–E) AE.*

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street this Indian restaurant is a goo alternative to TriBeCa's medle of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canop above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (212-226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sosa Borella—This full-service TriBeCa café is just as good for an afternoon espresso as for a full meal, not to mention the weekly tango lessons. Sandwiches come nearly two dozen ways; the Italian-Argentinean menu features entrées like Milanese steak and short ribs of beef. *460 Greenwich St. (212-431-5093). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse is known for its huge portions of barbecued and smoked chicken and ribs, and has added a steak menu with prices starting at $14.95. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $14.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday and Tuesday night. Kids' menu available. *143 Spring St. (212-431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (212-941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the 6th Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale décor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (212-982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (212-228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (212-254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place. Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

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ASK GAEL

With its founding chef in exile, how's Patria doing?

For years, Andrew DiCataldo was the invisible second in the kitchen at Patria as Doug Rodriguez wowed us with his outrageous exuberance. Now that Rodriguez has decamped, DiCataldo indulges his personal passions by adding foods of Mexico and Brazil to the $59 dinner prix fixe, puts a Latino touch on game, and has turned the pepper blast down a few notches—a bow to the new and enhanced wine list. Fans needn't worry about Patria. Dishes that look like a Carmen Miranda turban and a vibrant melody of Latino flavors are still the rule. Start with a seviche tasting. I especially loved the Guatemalan mixed seafood with tomatillo. Or try cracked baby conch with a white-corn-conch croquette, followed by two little chops of a suckling pig in a haystack of pulled pig with yuca, the rich and smoked rib eye, or a lamb-loin-and-sausage combo with Ecuadoran black barley. Give up trying to talk over the noise and commune with dessert: Mamey madness, bananas tres leches, or a high-risk chocolate missile called "that's da bomb." Hey, extra charges for six out of eleven entrées does kinda sting. (250 Park Avenue South, at 20th Street; 212-777-6211.)

Waverly Pl. (212-645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Jekyll & Hyde—Can you guess the theme of this boisterous Village restaurant? Billing itself as a "haunted explorers' club," it offers interactive entertainment, special effects, and—so that famished explorers may keep up their strength—a menu of American fare like grilled tuna steak, pumpkin tortelli in sun-dried-tomato cream sauce, and "voodoo-spiced" Cajun steak. *91 Seventh Ave. S. (212-989-7701). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (212-620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—An elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (212-228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Northern Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. A year-round backyard garden is available for private parties. *69 Macdougal St. (212-673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot owned by Aureole chef Charlie Palmer, but Josh Capon's food is all very twentieth-century: potato-wrapped cod with citrus glaze, charred sirloin with red-onion marmalade, foie gras parfait with roasted apple chutney. *36 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4399). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a hint of the tropics on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with coconut and curry. The relaxing, palm-fronded dining room and bar attract the expected boldface names and beautiful faces. *243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (212-228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some o the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes lik rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushroom and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V*

Candela—These vast premises have been decorate with mission-style furniture, iron sconces, an what seems like a thousand votive candles. Che Joseph Macri's New American menu features signature dishes like the Candela seafood platte miso-glazed black cod, and Asian barbecued porl chop. The Sunday brunch costs $10.95, prix fixe *116 E. 16th St. (212-254-1600). (M) AE, DC MC, V.*

Commodore Grill at the Grand Hyatt Hotel—Commuter and business travelers will be glad to know the can enter this formal hotel restaurant directly fron Grand Central Terminal, whether for a quicl drink in the cigar bar or a full meal of sucl French-influenced American fare as foie gra French toast, tuna tartare, and ribeye of veal witl Swiss chard. *42nd St. and Lexington Ave. (212-850 5999). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexica restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormou selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishe like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with chipotl glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (212-679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer' much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiro American standout doesn't disappoint. The mai dining room manages to be both impressive an cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio' food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese cours and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (212-481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (212-679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Meli Melo—A forerunner on the lower-Madison restaurant scene, this cheerful neighborhood spot offers a very reasonable fixed-price dinner—$28.50 for four courses, all night. The seafood-heavy French menu has Asian and Mediterranean touches in dishes like seared tuna with baby bok choy, rack of lamb with couscous, and a Vietnamese fish soup. And there's a private party room and ample parking. *110 Madison Ave., nr. 29th St. (212-686-5551). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (212-807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—This 10,000-square-foot Flatiron space is especially well suited to private functions, but even the lone diner (or foursome) will find the Deco design welcoming and the food—riffs on a Mediterranean theme like "pinchos" of vegetables with goat cheese, and za'atar-crusted rack of lamb, prosciutto, and Brie over herb risotto—satisfying. Live jazz performed Thursday through Saturday. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (212-677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Photograph by Joe Fornabaio.

yster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

ark Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (212-689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

atria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (212-777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

nion Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (212-243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

erbena—Diane Forley's seasonal American cuisine is at once delicate and deliciously satisfying; the room, similarly, pulls off the neat trick of feeling luxurious and minimalist at the same time. The menu is whimsically divided into two categories—fruits and vegetables, and fish, birds, and meats—with such appealing entries as butternut squash ravioli with roasted orange sauce, and rack of lamb with Yorkshire pudding. In summer, demand a garden table. *54 Irving Pl. (212-260-5454). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (212-398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (212-243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (212-691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hanger steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (212-989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (212-727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Opening

Greenwich Meal Time

After knocking around some of New York's best kitchens (La Côte Basque, Daniel, Bouley) for eight years, Ukrainian-born Nicolay Yerofeyev has parlayed his multiple-star experience into Bouchon, his own bantam bistro and wine bar. Unlike those previous bosses, this chef-owner keeps prices admirably low, from $5 for an appetizer of rillettes of duck, rabbit, and pork with haricots verts to $16 for a rib eye with spaetzle, mustard seeds, and green-peppercorn sauce. (41 Greenwich Avenue; 212-255-5972.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers a full roster of antipasti, salads, thin-crust pizzas, and pastas—over two dozen of them. *120 W. 41st St. (212-391-0805). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Windfall Lounge & Grill—What used to be the dining room of the Engineers Club has become a candlelit, oak-paneled American restaurant, outfitted with sofas, banquettes, and a turn-of-the-century oak bar. The eclectic menu offers salads, pastas, and entrées like crab-crusted salmon and Parmesan risotto with red-pepper coulis. *23 W. 39th St. (212-869-4606). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (212-935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Leopard—This townhouse restaurant named for the famous Italian novel is known for its bargain four-course prix fixe, including unlimited house wine. The enclosed garden and the French-Continental menu—roast duckling, stuffed quail, filet mignon—attract a loyal following. *253 E. 50th St. (212-759-3735). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Michael Jordan's The Steak House N.Y.C.—It's hard not to feel like a king surveying his kingdom from the balcony of the awesomely renovated Grand Central Terminal. And it's easy, with David Walzog's high-protein menu, to eat like an athlete: Choose from Maine lobster, a 44-ounce double porterhouse for two, barbecued short ribs, pepper-crusted buffalo sirloin, and a superlative New York strip. There's a private dining room and a private smoking room. And if you (or your progeny) so desire, you can mark the occasion with a trip to the souvenir shop, for basketball- or steak-themed paraphernalia like baby rattles and dog bones. *23 Vanderbilt Ave., Grand Central Terminal (212-655-2300). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—Since its swanky renovation by David Rockwell, this midtown landmark has undergone several chef changes. Andrew Chase has infused the menu and the retro-feeling dining room with new spirit by way of inspired new dishes like coriander-crusted duck breast with Bartlett pears, onion tart with potatoes and bacon, and loin of rabbit with confit and foie gras ravioli. Plus a special cocktail-hour canapé menu, to be enjoyed in the monkey-mural bar with nightly piano music. *60 E. 54th St. (212-838-2600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Quantum 56—The restaurant at the Drake Swissotel that used to be Lafayette has finally reopened, this time as a New American dining room and cocktail lounge under the culinary direction of chef Joseph Fortunato. His menu ranges from the familiar to the less so, in dishes like shepherd's pie, seafood hot pot, and buffalo carpaccio with horseradish aioli. *65 E. 56th St. (212-756-3800). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking with dinner after 5 P.M. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (212-246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (212-541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (212-974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (212-869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. Italian brunch available Saturday and Sunday, $15.95 prix fixe. Free parking (with dinner) from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. *163 W. 47th St. (212-391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have earned him a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrénées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (212-246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Michael's—This California transplant has lasted a decade in Manhattan by offering seasonal, creative American cooking, like spring-pea gnocchi with pecorino Romano and summer truffles, in a comfortable, modern-art-filled environment. Now that the glass walls in the garden room swing open, dining out back is nearly alfresco. *24 W. 55th St. (212-767-0555). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Palladin—Famed French chef Jean-Louis Palladin has finally made it to Manhattan, where his unique creations (octopus seviche in chili-spiked grapefruit juice, oxtail crépinette with bone-marrow flan) are served in the dining room of a new theater-district hotel designed by Adam Tihany *224 W. 49th St. (212-320-2929). (M–E) AE, DC MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (212 302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

St. Andrews—In what might be New York's only full fledged Scottish restaurant, the bartenders wea kilts, the scotch is single-malt, and the décor consist of wine cabinets, old Scottish Rail posters, and pic tures of famous golf courses. The hearty steak-and seafood menu features dishes like rack of lamb, ten derloin, and brook trout stuffed with crabmeat an Irish oatmeal in a scotch-whiskey sauce. *120 W 44th St. (212-840-8413). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking ha transformed a formerly subdued space into a live ly canteen with his version of haute Southwest ern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo an garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin wit cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has it own snack menu and a super selection of micro brews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th S (212-397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The mid town offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larg er duplex restaurant serves an extensive souther barbecue menu, which is also available for on and-off-premises catering. Steaks have bee added, starting at $14.95. *121 W. 45th St. (212 869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertain ment-industry glitterati make themselves right a home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel ba scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (212-758-5700) (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriel's Bar & Restaurant—Just four blocks from Lincoln Center, this acclaimed Northern Italian favorite of theatergoers and neighborhood regulars alike manages to be unintimidatingly comfortable and culinarily sophisticated at the same time. Hearty dishes include gnocchi in duck ragù, braised short ribs in a sauce of dark beer and sage with a semolina custard, and wood-grilled tuna with fresh horseradish. The hot chocolate has a cult following. *11 W. 60th St. (212-956-4600). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (212-753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

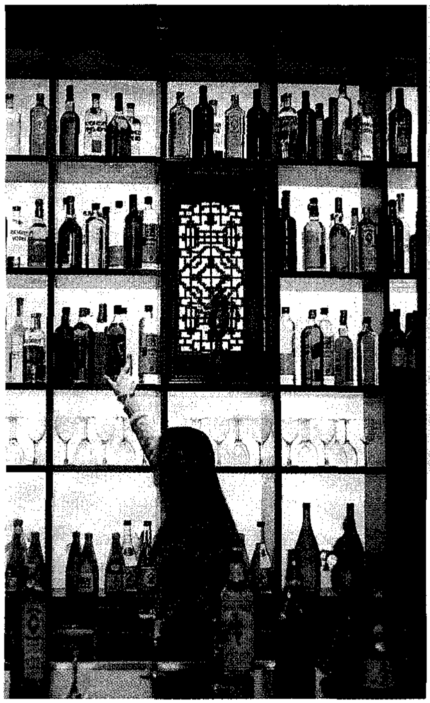
Above 60th Street, East Side

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes

Letter From Tokyo
The New York Roll

When I first moved to Japan two years ago, I had completely written off bagels, resigning myself to breakfasts of miso soup, salad, and rice, all washed down with green tea. I had Tokyo all wrong. This is a city that appreciates a good cup of coffee and a morning pastry. Starbucks is spreading all over town. But until recently, there was almost no place where you could purchase a true New York–style bagel. Now, thanks to Ryuji Kawamura and his rapidly expanding chain of bagel shops, Little Tribeca, my poppy-seed prospects are looking up. Little Tribeca's bagels come the closest in Tokyo to the real thing. It's no wonder: Kawamura is on a personal mission to reproduce the bagels he discovered while living in—you guessed it—TriBeCa as a student at NYU business school. "I had a big decision to make at the outset," he says. "Should I try to get as close to a New York bagel as possible, or should I modify the bagels to cater more to Japanese tastes?" A devotee of the puffy, swollen Ess-a-Bagel archetype, Kawamura opted for authenticity. Then things got complicated: He not only had to find a Japanese baker willing to make the product but first had to explain to the baker what a bagel was. After months of experimentation, Kawamura finally figured out a suitable substitute for the time-tested Manhattan method of boiling bagels. Using a special oven, Little Tribeca pre-steams its bagels before they are baked, producing the requisite crispy outside and chewy interior. But until recently, Kawamura wasn't completely satisfied. "It's still too mushy," he bemoaned last fall. "It needs more density so that if you push on it, the bagel bounces back." He eventually hired a consultant from the States to improve the texture—a smart move, considering that his customer base includes picky New York expats in addition to native novices. "Americans are so particular about how they want their bagels," says Kawamura. "One customer recently asked me to toast half and leave the other half untoasted. He wanted me to butter the toasted half, and put cream cheese on the untoasted portion. My Japanese customers don't know enough about bagels yet to do that." Give them time. (3-5-7 Shibuya, Shibuya-ku, Tokyo, plus five other locations; 81-3-5333-3106.) MARK JACKSON

Illustration by Robert Piersanti.



Preview
Ruby Foo's Day

When Steve Hanson opened insta-hit Ruby Foo's last year, a famished Upper West Side descended on the David Rockwell–designed Far Eastern fantasia to share platters of dumplings, sushi, succulent tamarind-shellacked baby back ribs, and incongruous—but wonderful—chocolate layer cake. Next week, a second branch opens on the Times Square premises of the late Comedy Nation, with the familiar menu and design features (the looming scarlet wall, the mah-jongg tile pattern, the rice-paper-accoutred sushi bar) that Hanson hopes to export to other cities, starting with Boston and Washington, D.C. Coming soon to Times Square: a pretheater bento box and lunch delivery. (1626 Broadway, at 49th Street; 212-489-5600.)

come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (212-996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

o Jo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. *160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. *853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (212-877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (212-961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (212-874-2780). (I) ($).*

La Vela—A comfortable, unpretentious spot for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat-cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (212-877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers' Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (212-234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (212-864-7326). (I) ($).*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sapphire Indian Cuisine—A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle, an area in sore need of a tandoori infusion. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the currently trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. *1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (212-996-0660). (I) ($).*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (212-234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Casa Pepe—Mexican and Spanish fare meld in this elegant restaurant, with garden dining in fine weather and a fireplace to warm up the gray days of winter. The seafood-heavy menu finds best expression in the zarzuela de mariscos, the paella marinera, and the tacos Vera Cruz. *114 Bay Ridge Ave. (718-833-8865). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Peter Luger—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

nightlife

Eartha Kitt...TLC...Carl Craig

Concerts

“New Worlds/New Musics”—With Eddie Palmieri; Ismael Quintana; Jimmy Bosch and the Masters; Mario Joao, with Mario Laginha. 1/22 at 8. *New Jersey Performing Arts Center, Prudential Hall, Newark, N.J. (888-466-5722). $10–$46.*

TLC—With Christina Aguilera. 1/21 at 8. *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (212-307-7171). Sold out.*

Small Stages

The Baggot Inn—1/17: Acoustic open mike with Brooke. 1/18: David Kolker's Blues Thang; Pat Ossowski; Todd Amodeo. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-0622).*

Bottom Line—1/21: “The Beat Goes On” presents “Volume 6—Nuggets,” hosted by Lenny Kaye. 1/22: Buster Poindexter. *15 W. 4th St. (212-228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—1/20: Coco Lee. 1/21: Rocket From the Crypt. 1/24: Catatonia. *6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—1/19: David Keyes. 1/20: Bobby Radcliff. 1/21–1/22: Luther “Guitar Jr.” Johnson. 1/23: Willie Pierce. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (212-924-9755). $.*

Fez—Sundays: Jackie Beat's “I Didn't Mean to Turn You On.” Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. 1/19: Rome 56. 1/21: Lisa J. Cornelio; Bob Hillman. 1/22: Innocence Mission. 1/24: Spotiswoode and His Enemies. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

Hogs & Heifers Honky Tonk North—All shows begin at 10; admission is free. 1/18: Set Em Up Joe. 1/19: Sheriff Uncle Bob. 1/20: The Lonesome Brothers. 1/21: Lex Gray. 1/22: The Niagras. *843 First Ave., bet. 95th and 96th Sts. (212-722-8635).*

Irving Plaza—1/17: Fish; John Wesley. 1/22: The Meters; Rustic Overtones. *17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).*

Joe's Pub—1/17 and 1/24: All Girl Band: The Songs of David Zippel. 1/18: D.J. Spooky. 1/19: “Reggae Night.” *425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

Knitting Factory—1/18: Tony Conrad; David Grubbs; Pauline Oliveros; Morton Subtonick. 1/19: Jim O'Rourke; Charles K. Noyes; Zeena Parkins Trio; Elliott Sharp; Alvin Curran. 1/20: Carl Craig and Friends. 1/21–1/22: Pan-Sonic; Suicide. 1/23: Silver Apples; D.J. Food. *74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.*

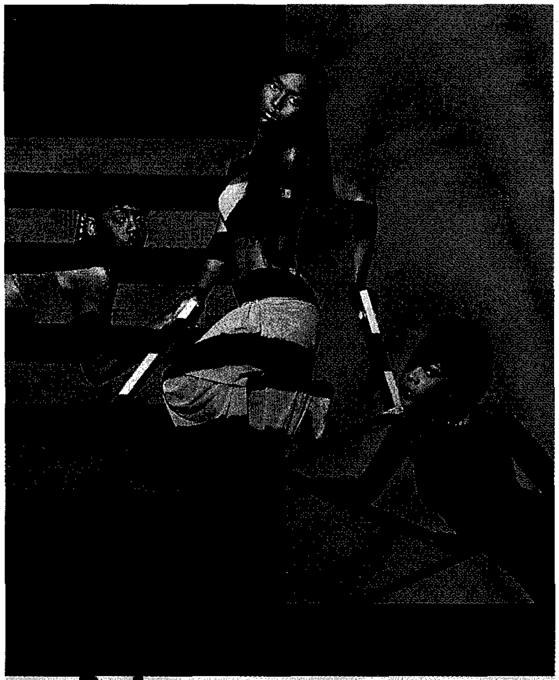
Manitoba's—1/18: Courtney Lee Adams Jr. 1/19: Hamell on Trial. 1/21: Tom Clark. 1/22: Adam Roth. 1/24: Beat Rodeo. *99 Ave. B (212-982-2511).*

Maxwell's—1/19: Rocket From the Crypt; the Swingin' Neckbreakers. 1/20: Hammell on Trial. 1/21: 20 Miles; Bob Log III; the Wet Look. 1/22: Mark Eitzel. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—1/17: Bela; Overmars; Leona Naess. 1/20: Blue Dogs. 1/23: Halley Devestern; Depoet and the Monkey; Annie Minogue. 1/24: Convoy; Tin Shade; Dare Diablo. *217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—1/17: Western Caravan. 1/18: Brian Mitchell. 1/19: Bill Kirchen. 1/20–1/21: Paul Cebar and the Milwaukeans. 1/22: Hank Williams III. 1/23: Leanne Westover and Strange Cargo. 1/24: Hugh Pool. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (212-683-6500).*

S.O.B.'s—Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 1/17: Ray Santiago and Julian Llanos. 1/20: Signorello. 1/21: Bamboleo. 1/22: Silvana Magda with Katende. 1/24: Luisito Ayala and His Puerto Rican Power. *204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).*



Performance
We Aren't Family

The cash-at-all-costs lyrics of “No Scrubs” might be regressive, but TLC's (pictured) songs—from the buzzy “Silly Ho” to the bounce-inspired “Fanmail”—contain some of the most futuristic sounds on the pop charts. On January 21, they'll bring those sounds, and perhaps even some of their mudslinging personal feuds, to life at Madison Square Garden. (See “Concerts.”)

Tonic—1/19: Sue Garner and Rick Brown. 1/20: Ben Perowsky Trio; Sex Mob. 1/21: Bobby Previte; Matt Darriau. 1/22: Leenie's Hoot Night; Christina Wheeler. 1/23: David Krakauer; Mark Eitzel. *107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7501).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 1/18: Justice League. 1/20: Lowen and Navarro. 1/21–1/22: Screamin' Cheetah Wheelies. *161 Hudson St. (212-386-3600). $.*

Clubland

Alphabet Lounge—Saturdays: A great house-music party called “School,” with resident D.J.'s Melvin Moore, Neil Aline (of “BPM” and “Rendez-Vous”), and producer Matthias Heilbronn. *104 Ave. C (212-780-0202).*

Baby Jupiter—1/18: Dorothy Scott; Sean Wayland. 1/19: The Panty Party. 1/20: Byron Warren. 1/21: Jenny Amou; Liquor Cake. 1/22: Hue; Justic System. *170 Orchard St. (212-78 0287).*

Baktun—A small, way-way-we venue that hosts some of the city most relaxed, unpretentious clu nights. Thursdays: A nifty trip-ho night called “Nice & Easy.” Alternate Fridays: loved-up house musi from D.J.'s Holmar and A. Gram a “N'Ice”; the friendly, long-runnin house-music party “Bang the Party. Saturdays: “Direct Drive,” a strictl drum-'n'-bass night with D.J.'s Li on, Seoul, Cassien, Reid Speed, an Chris Thomas. Log on to www.baktun.com for complete schedule. *41 W. 14th St. (212-206-1590).*

Black Betty—A wondrously eclecti nightspot in Williamsburg. Wednesdays and Thursdays: “D.J.-O-Rama, D.J.'s spinning everything from hip-hop, dance-hall reggae, and funk Sundays: “Jazz on Sundays.” Mondays “Rhythm on Mondays,” anythin with a groove from Afro-Cuban jaz to sixties soul. 1/17: Charlie Kohlmeyer and the Saints. 1/24: Bop City *366 Metropolitan Ave., Williamsburg Brooklyn (718-599-0243).*

Centro-Fly—The club formerly know as Tramp's is now a hot spot to groov to D.J.'s. And there's more good news The new owners have already managed to snag the house/trip-hop/big-beat promoters “Plant” for Saturda nights and “Subliminal Sessions,” wit D.J. Erick Morillo, for Thursdays. *4 W. 21st St. (212-803-7859).*

Cheetah—This Chelsea/Flatiron-district nightspot has suddenly become great dance-music destination, thank to “Twelve West,” “Undergroun Network,” and “Legends.” Tuesdays “Twelve West,” D.J. Nicky Siano wildly fun, campy after-work part where Chelsea boys, fierce voguers and men in Superman costumes (! get their groove on for an early-week romp that rivals the ecstatic energy o “Body & Soul.” Wednesdays: “Underground Network” returns. Thursdays: “Legends,” with D.J. Adam Scott. *12 W. 21st St. (212-206-7770).*

Culture Club—As its name suggests, this downtown club is all about the eighties. Thursdays: “Flashhh-Back,” with D.J. Grandmaster Flash. Fridays: “Here They Are Now,” eighties music and occasional performances from the decade's icons. Saturdays: “Me! Me! Me!,” total immersion in the “Me” decade made terrifyingly real by an actual Delorean that juts out from a *Back to the Future* movie poster. *179 Varick St. (212-243-1999).*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Fridays: drag queens and gay rock-and-rollers get down at “Squeezebox.” Saturdays: British-rock-themed “Tiswas.” Sundays: D.J. Johnny Sender spins an eclectic mix of soul, funk, rock, R&B, salsa, and house at “Loose.” *511 Greenwich St. (212-219-2850). $.*

Guernica—The club formerly known as Save the Robots makes a bid for good neighborhood with

Photograph courtesy of Leface Records.

upscale loungey fare and hipster-D.J. nights. Thursdays: Rotating D.J.'s spin at "Quickness." Fridays: House music with "Slippery." Saturdays: Brazilian and Latin beats at "Sound and Vision." *25 Ave. B (212-674-0984).*

zzy Bar—Like Orchard Bar, Izzy Bar is less a watering hole than a place to chill out and hear some cutting-edge tunes. Tuesdays: Neil Aline, host of NYU's ultrahip "BPM" radio show, hosts "Rendez-Vous," a strictly no-D.J.'s party where media folk, artists, and others take their shot on the wheels of steel. Thursdays: Big-name D.J.'s like Todd Terry and Frankie Feliciano drop by for "Assorted Flavors." Saturdays: Things get funky with the hip-hop-and-soul-dominated "Say It Loud." *166 First Ave. (212-228-0444). $.*

imelight—Its club-kid heyday long gone, the sobered-up House of Gatien has been struggling to find a new identity for itself. Promoters have come and gone on almost a weekly basis, so it's wise to phone up and find out what you're getting into before you make the trip over to Sixth Ave. Wednesdays: British D.J.'s converge on "U.K. Blitz." Thursdays: A deep-house-and-garage-oriented "Body & Soul" knock-off called "Garage City." Fridays: "Beige" mastermind Erich Conrad presides over wannabe fashionistas and weekenders. Saturdays: The usual mix of drag queens, go-go boys, and house-heads party at the unfortunately named "Fun Club." *660 Sixth Ave., at 20th St. (212-677-1717).*

The Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night roller-skating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. Fridays: "Big Fridays" offer big fun for the weekender-straight crowd. Saturdays: Superstar D.J. Victor Calderone spins house for the Chelsea boys while hard-bodied go-go boys dance on the bar. 1/18: Anthrax. *515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.*

Speeed—One of the last Manhattan "megaclubs," Speeed features three floors of dancing, a VVIP room (for those occasions when plain VIP just won't cut it), and a swanky roof deck. Thursdays: "Midnight Turntable Knockers," a hardcore hip-hop party with D.J.'s like Doo Wop, Max Glazer, and S&S. Fridays: The main floor belongs to Hot 97's D.J. Enuff. Saturdays: D.J.'s Doo Wop and Gyvis spin classic hip-hop and Frank Delour spins house for "Speeed Saturdays." Sundays: A soulful-house party called "Sunday Mass" with D.J.'s Merritt and Father Chris. *20 W. 39th St. (212-719-9867).*

Twilo—Twilo is *the* superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Wednesdays: The upstairs lounge hosts hard house and techno with "2K Wednesdays." Fridays: World-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights. Saturdays: Aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez spins for his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 1/21: Richie Hawtin. *530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).*

205 Club—Blink and you could miss this tiny, unassuming Lower East Side nightspot on a particularly desolate block of Chrystie Street. But the club's out-of-the-way locale perfectly fits the many unassuming (but nonetheless excellent) parties that happen here, including "Soul-Sa," a bi-weekly soulful-house party on Sundays with D.J.'s Mario Roberto and Richard Lescrees. An added bonus: Most nights the cover barely scratches the $5 mark. 1/23: "Soul-Sa" presents special guest D.J.'s Camacho and Hippie Torrales. *205 Chrystie St. ("Soul-Sa" info: 212-473-5816).*

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise and quite possibly the best club in the city. Wednesdays: "Little" Louie Vega spins at the relaxed, low-key (for now), dance-friendly (check out the break-dancers in the back of the room) house party "Dance Ritual." Fridays: hard, trippy house (affectionately nicknamed "K-hole house" by its aficionados) from D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which, at about seven in the morning, becomes the city's most adventurous party as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the now-legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. Monthly: renowned Japanese trance D.J. Tsuyoshi Suzuki. *6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).*

The Warehouse—Manhattan-centric clubbers have been eating their bridge-and-tunnel-dissing crow, thanks to this house-music paradise located in, of all places, the Bronx. Saturdays are the night to head up to the venue and check out D.J.'s like T-Pro and Andre Collins. Could this be the beginning of an outer-borough clubland renaissance? *141 W. 140th St., bet. Grand Concourse and Walton Aves. (718-992-5974).*

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sun., Mon., and Tues., Chico O'Farrill's Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra featuring Lew Tabackin, and the Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra. 1/19–1/22: Stanley Turrentine. *315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 1/17: Bob Reid. 1/18–1/23: Jon Hendricks and Annie Ross. *131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).*

Cornelia Street Cafe—Sets at 9. 1/19: "Change of Time." 1/20: Mikasonik. 1/21: Douglas Yates Quartet. 1/22: Peter Herbert and David Tronzo. 1/23: Amy Kohn. *29 Cornelia St. (212-989-9319).*

Deanna's—This Lower East Side jazz haunt run by singer Deanna Kirk should give Tonic a run for its money. The venue is open Tuesday through Sunday. Kirk performs on most nights. *107 Rivington St. (212-420-2258).*

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 1/17: The Matt Wilson Project. 1/18: Reid Anderson Quartet. 1/19: George Schuller's Chump Change. 1/20: Elvis Sinatra. 1/21: Brooklyn Boogaloo Blowout. 1/22: Tom Beckham Quartet. 1/24: The Matt Wilson Project. *349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).*

Iridium—In this surreal basement venue across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 1/18–1/23: Jeff "Tain" Watts Sextet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight sets Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).*

"Jazz at Lincoln Center—PanAmericana"—1/19 at 7: Arturo O'Farrill lectures on the Latin-jazz rhythm section. *Rose Building, 165 W. 65th St. $10.* 1/20–1/22 at 8: Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra presents "Cubana Be, Cubana Bop." On *1/20 and 1/22* "Cubana Be, Cubana Bop" is at *Alice Tully Hall, 65th St. and Broadway, $45; on 1/21 at Lehman Center for the Performing Arts, 250 Bedford Park Blvd., West Bronx, $25–$45 (212-875-5599).*

"Jazz Models & Mentors"—1/20 at 7. Lecture and music from the Billy Taylor Trio, with special guest Russell Malone. *Grace Rainey Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-570-3949). $30.*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10; Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. 1/17: The Ben Monder Trio. 1/18: The Magali Souriau Orchestra. 1/19–1/23: The Maria Schneider Jazz Orchestra. 1/24: Orrin Evans Trio. *116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).*

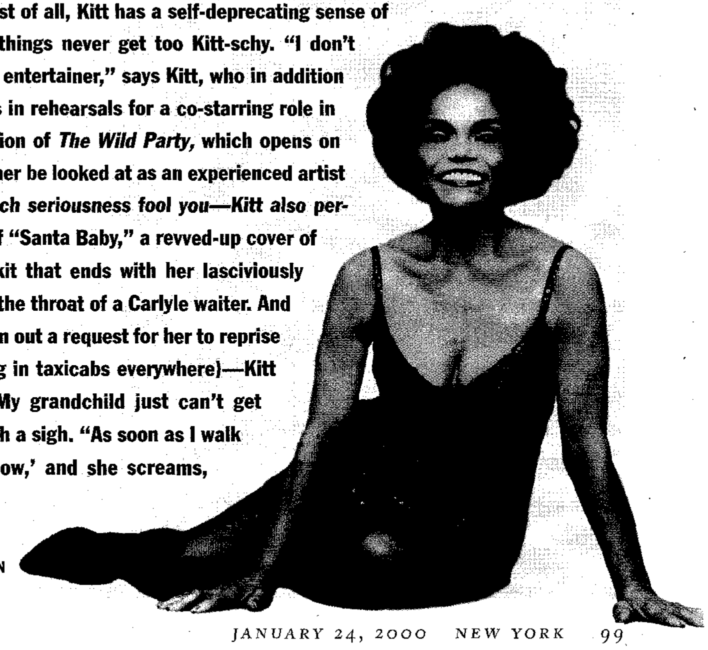
Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish

Performance

The Lady Is a Vamp

With her kittenish growl, her come-hither stare, and a songbook so materialistic it makes Lil' Kim look Marxist, Eartha Kitt (pictured) should have devolved into caricature by now. But Kitt's *exuberant* show at the Café Carlyle, which runs until February 12, quickly makes it clear that she's doing more than trading on the well-worn clichés she helped invent. Cynics beware: Kitt has regained the sharp delivery that draws every bit of spiky humor and sultry allure out of chestnuts like "C'Mon-a My House," "Speaking Of Love," and "Hate/Love New York." Best of all, Kitt has a self-deprecating sense of humor that ensures that things never get too Kitt-schy. "I don't want to be seen as just an entertainer," says Kitt, who in addition to doing her cabaret act is in rehearsals for a co-starring role in George C. Wolfe's production of *The Wild Party,* which opens on Broadway in April. "I'd rather be looked at as an experienced artist at work." *But don't let such seriousness fool you*—Kitt also performs a cooing rendition of "Santa Baby," a revved-up cover of "I Will Survive," and a skit that ends with her lasciviously pouring champagne down the throat of a Carlyle waiter. And don't even bother to scream out a request for her to reprise her silky purr (now playing in taxicabs everywhere)—Kitt hears plenty at home. "My grandchild just can't get enough of it," she says with a sigh. "As soon as I walk in the door, I go, 'Meeeeow,' and she screams, 'Nana's here!' " (See "Cabaret.")

Ethan Brown



Photograph by Jesse Frohman.

Performance

Motor City Madman

Most of his peers who helped invent techno in early-eighties Detroit are still looking for that perfect beat, but Carl Craig (top left) has always ventured off the dance floor to explore funk, hip-hop, spoken-word poetry, and free-form jazz. On January 20 at the Knitting Factory, Craig will be joined by members of his group Innerzone Orchestra (pictured), who helped make 'Programmed' such a dizzyingly eclectic success. The evening is part of the TriBeCa club's "New York Festival of Electronic Composers and Improvisers," which runs from January 18 to 23. (See "Small Stages.")

night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. The museum's Sette restaurant offers jazz Thursdays and Saturdays, 6–10. 1/21: Michael Blake and Free Association. *11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).*

Red Blazer—Mondays: Lenore and the Dukes. Tuesdays: Stan Ulano's Swing Band. Wednesdays: The John Gill Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Band featuring Cary Hoffman. Fridays: Kelly Friessen's Gritty City Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Jazz Quintet. *32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start around 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 1/18–1/23: Rodney Jones Group. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (212-242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern now offers the occasional pianist in its Crystal Room. Like a trip to Vegas—without the airfare! Four-hour sets begin at 6:30 weeknights, at 7 on weekends. Pianists Scott Gordon, Michael Ferreri, Rich Siegel, Paul Katz, and Michael Favata entertain diners weekdays. No cover; no minimum. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (212-873-3200).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: "Klezmer Sundays." *107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 1/18–1/23: Teri Thornton Sextet. *178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.–Thurs., shows at 9:30; Fri.–Sat., shows at 8,10, and midnight. Jim Norton, D. C. Benny, Jim Gaffigan, Robert Kelly, Jordan Rubin, Nick Swardson and Macio. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).*

Carolines on Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 1/19: "Ha Ya Doin'." 1/20–1/21: Mike Robles; "Comedy Rhumba." 1/20–1/22: Tracy Morgan. 1/22–1/23: Professor Putter. $12.50–$24.50; two-drink minimum. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. Through 1/23: Colin Quinn; Nick Di Paulo; Darrell Hammond; Greer Barnes; Robert Kelly; Tom Papa. *117 Macdougal St. (212-254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Secon Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge i one of the city's oldest comedy establishments Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, an 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat. ($20 for 10:30 Sat show), $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *111 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650)*

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun. "New Talent Showcase." Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 an 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights; two-drink minimum. 1/19: Girls, Girls Girls. 1/20: Comedy Salsa. 1/21–1/22: Greg Giraldo; Joe Matrese; Jim Mendrinos. *34 W. 22nd St (212-367-9000).*

KGB—Thursdays at 10: Ahna Tessler and Lauren Engel. $5 cover. *85 E. 4th St. (212-995-8502).*

"Spin Cycle Comedy"—Comedy from Danny Cohen and Jodie Wasserman while you separat your whites and colors. Really. *King Size Laundromat, 178 Seventh Ave., at 20th St. (212-501-6016). Free.*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known t drop by here unannounced to warm up for hi *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Show Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30 Sat. at 8, 10, and midnight. *236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, th Oak Room hosts some formidable names in it cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late show Fri. and Sat.) Sundays: The Howard Fishma Quartet. Through January: Claiborne Cary. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).*

Arci's Place—A Murray Hill–area Italian restauran with an intimate cabaret space. 1/18–2/12: Wesl Whitfield. *450 Park Ave. So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band at 8:45. $60. Through 2/12: Eartha Kitt. $60 Pianist Peter Mintun performs Tuesday through Saturday, from 9:30 p.m. to 1:30 A.M. $10. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).*

Feinstein's at the Regency—Michael Feinstein's brand-new cabaret space at the Regency Hotel shares the room with the restaurant 540 Park. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Wed.–Thurs., sets at 9. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11. $30 cover; $20 minimum. 1/20: Bill Stritch in "Songs From the Last Century." *365 W. 46th St. (212-586-0244).*

Judy's—This cozy and friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 1/17: "Leer Mondays." 1/19: Debbie Lesser in "Listen to My Heart." 1/20–1/21: Elissa Wolfe. 1/22: Arthur Kirson and Jay Kerr in "Our Songbook—Part 2." 1/23: Margaret Goodwin in "Remember?" 1/24: Eric Michael Gillette with Jay Bradley. *169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (212-929-5410).*

Metronome—Shows at 7:30. 1/20: Adam Falcon. 1/21–1/22: Cleve Douglas. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400).*

"Our Sinatra"—Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30 P.M., Sun. at 3 and 7: *Blue Angel Theatre, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

"Simply Barbra: 2000"—1/21–1/23 *Dominion Theater, 428 Lafayette St. (212-473-1698).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised.
$ = cash only.

Photograph by Nicola Kuperus.

in concert

Twyla Tharp's Premiere at City Ballet

Previews
Tutu Cool

Despite its long and auspicious history (ballet in Stuttgart dates back to the courtly spectacles of 1609), the Stuttgart Ballet has proven itself a hotbed of choreographic invention. Artistic director Reid Anderson commissioned fifteen new ballets in the past three years, including 'Delta Inserts' (pictured) by Twyla Tharp wonderkid Kevin O'Day. In its first full-fledged U.S. tour since 1971, the Stuttgart will hit City Center with its signature mix of revisionist classicism and hot dancing. (See "Dance.")

Classical Music

Musical Evolutions II: Crisis and Creativity (1922–1945)—Works by Eisler, Weill, Strauss, and Schulhoff, 1/18 at 7:30. Works by Tansman, Shostakovich, Varèse, Poulenc, and Martinu, 1/23 at 5. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5788); $25–$35.*

Boston Philharmonic—Benjamin Zander conducts Mahler's Symphony No. 8, 1/19 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $18–$75.*

The Juilliard String Quartet—Works by Haydn, Beethoven, and Bartók, 1/19 at 8. *92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $30.*

Bargemusic—Works by Françaix, Ravel, and Franck, 1/20 at 7:30 and 1/23 at 4. Works by Beethoven, Schoenberg, and Shostakovich, 1/21 and 1/22 at 7:30. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-2083); $23.*

Celebration of the Human Voice—*60 Minutes'* Lesley Stahl hosts a benefit featuring Davis Gaines and the Boys Choir of Harlem, 1/21 at 8. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5050); $50.*

Janine Jansen, Violin, and Folke Nauta, Piano—Works by Beethoven, Franck, and others, 1/21 at 8. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (212-247-7800); $21.*

Russian National Orchestra—Mikhail Pletnev conducts Tchaikovsky and Scriabin, 1/21 at 8 and 1/23 at 3. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $25–$47.*

Sixty Seconds for Piano—Pianist Guy Livingston blazes through 60 60-second new pieces, 1/21 at 8. *Miller Theatre at Columbia University, 2960 Broadway, at 116th St. (212-854-7799); $15.*

Radu Lupu, Piano—Works by Janácek, Chopin, Schubert, and Brahms, 1/22 at 7:30. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $19–$71.*

The Marriage Diaries & Correspondence of Clara and Robert Schumann—Works (both literary and musical) by the Schumanns, 1/23 at 3. *92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $25.*

The Met Chamber Ensemble—James Levine conducts Boulez, Varèse, Stravinsky, and Milhaud, 1/23 at 5. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (212-247-7800); $81.*

The Philadelphia Orchestra—Simon Rattle conducts Schoenberg, 1/24 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $21–$101.*

Previews
Of Love and Madness

"Just love me a lot, do you hear—I ask a lot because I give a lot." Quite a demand to make on an unsuspecting 16-year-old girl. But Robert Schumann, the composer and closeted madman who wrote that line to musical prodigy Clara Wieck from a stagecoach station in 1836, was no ordinary guy. He was an exemplary nineteenth-century musical genius—spiteful and passionate, with a penchant for cigar smoking, heavy drinking, and jumping out of windows. Clara and Robert's relationship inspires a kind of sick romantic fascination, which proved compelling enough to get violinist Gil Morgenstern and pianist Brian Zeger to dig through 700 pages of the Schumanns' diaries and correspondence. On January 23, Morgenstern and Zeger, with the help of two actors, two singers, and the Broyhill Chamber Ensemble, give life to their historical labor in a performance of songs, chamber music, and staged readings of *The Marriage Diaries & Correspondence of Clara and Robert Schumann.* "Their issues are truly modern," says Morgenstern. "They are a two-career family. She is traveling; he is not. They have eight kids." Clara somehow managed to juggle the demands of her ever-expanding brood, touring schedule, and forays into musical composition with the exigencies of her husband's career and increasing mental fragility. The angels that filled Robert's head with music soon became devils, and in 1854, he pitched himself in the Rhine, got rescued by fishermen, and was promptly locked up. Two years later, he died, leaving Clara to mourn: "His head was beautiful in death, the forehead so transparent and gently rounded. . . . All my feelings were of thankfulness to God that he was finally free . . . Oh—if only he had taken me with him!" (See "Classical Music.") ERIKA KINETZ

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—*Madama Butterfly,* 1/18 at 7:30 and 1/22 at 8; *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci,* 1/19 at 8 and 1/22 at 1:30; *Der Rosenkavalier,* 1/20 and 1/24 at 7:30; *La Traviata,* 1/21 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); $25–$225.*

Dance

New York City Ballet—*Swan Lake,* 1/18 and 1/19 at 8; all-Balanchine programs, 1/20 at 8 and 1/22 at 2; mixed programs, 1/21 at 8 and 1/23 at 3; premiere by Twyla Tharp, 1/22 at 8. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-307-4100); $25–$72.*

Inbal Pinto—*Wrapped,* 1/19–1/21 at 8. *The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (212-255-5793); $15.*

Stuttgart Ballet—Five American premieres, 1/19–1/22 at 8. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212); $30–$60.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Photograph by Johannes Seyerlein.

the mix

Pete Hamill and Ed Koch...V.S. Naipaul

John Leonard's TV Notes

The Mary Kay Letourneau Story: All-American Girl (1/18; 8 to 10 P.M.; USA), with the wonderful Penelope Ann Miller as the sixth-grade teacher, married and the mother of four, who, depending on who's talking, either had a two-year affair with or "raped" her 13-year-old student Vili Falaau (Omar Anguiano), is of two opposed minds about its subject. One of these minds belongs to a therapist, played by Mercedes Ruehl, who acquaints us with Mary Kay's traumatic past—her ultraconservative ex-congressman of a father, who fathered two other children out of wedlock; the sibling about whose drowning she felt guilty; the kid brother with whom she may have initiated herself into sex; her bipolar manic-depression. The other mind is that of the viewer, who can't help rooting for Penelope Ann, and to whom Anguiano certainly looks big enough to be the father of their two children. Uneasy-making all around.

Murder in the Mirror (1/19; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) stars Jane Seymour as a socialite psychiatrist accused by embittered police detective James Farentino of having murdered her equally shrink-wrapped husband, Robert Desiderio, who upwardly mobilized her from a hairdressing salon in the first place. It has not always been true that Jane is innocent of whatever they think she did in her many television movies, but this time she is. And a script by Rob Gilmer and Philip Rosenberg leads us into psychic territory far more interesting than usual—not just professional jealousy but also class envy; not just boredom and issues of "control" but also, maybe, a walk-on-the-wild-side death wish. There is also, at the end, not a twist of the plot but a clever tickle.

Up, Up and Away (1/22; 7:30 to 9 P.M.; Disney) is an agreeable fantasy, from director Robert Townsend, about a family of black superheroes—Townsend as the Bronze Eagle dad, Alex Datcher as the Warrior Woman mom, Sherman Hemsley as the Steel Condor grandpop, Kasan Butcher as an older brother who's faster than the speed of light, Arreale Davis as a younger sister who can start fires with a stare—next to whom about-to-be-14-years-old Michael Pagan feels inadequate till he must save them all, not only from a conspiracy of computer-hacking environmentalists out to control the whole world by brainwashing but also from . . . aluminum foil. You have to be there, but it's worth the visit.

The Courage to Love (1/24; 9 to 11 P.M.; Lifetime) asks us to believe that, in old New Orleans before the Civil War, Vanessa Williams, who looks terrific as a Creole, would decide to love God more than Gil Bellows, who looks better unbleached than what we have otherwise seen of him on *Ally McBeal* and who, besides, is supposed to be French. Inspired by the nineteenth-century true-life story of Henriette Delille, who in 1989 became the first African-American woman in the U.S. proposed for canonization in the Roman Catholic Church, *Courage* also stars Diahann Carroll as Henriette's kept mother and Stacy Keach as her plantation father. In other words, Julia and Mike Hammer! Nice period stuff, and a reasonably interesting education into a multiracial society that didn't last long enough. But once upon a time, Stacy Keach was a real actor with real parts.

Happening And You Are . . . ?

If you think you can memorize 100 names and faces, 500 words, a 50-line poem, and 100-digit number in fifteen minutes, then you are just the sort of freak sought by the U.S. Memory Championship. Pictured above is last year's winner, New Yorker Tatiana Cooley, with Diane Sawyer. Interested contestants have until February 1 to register by calling 718-899-3056 for Memoriad 2000 on February 5.

Lectures and Panels

"What Lies Ahead for the New York Economy"—1/18 at 6 P.M.: Based on 70 years of research, this presentation will assess recent changes in New York's economy and speculate on what's coming up. New York Academy of Sciences, 2 E. 63rd St. (212-838-0230); free.

"The Craft of Writing the Television Documentary: An East Coast Perspective"—1/18 at 6 P.M.: A panel of award winners explore the challenges of writing documentaries, with special attention paid to the opportunities that exist for nonfiction writers on the East Coast. Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6600); $10.

"Investment Strategies for the Millenniu and Beyond"—1/18 at 8 P.M.: A convers tion with Ralph Acampora, director technical research for Prudential Secur ties. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Av (212-996-1100); $20.

"Winter Wednesdays"—1/19 at 7:15 P.M Lesley Stahl, the co-editor of *60 Minut* and CBS News correspondent, appea ing at Marble Collegiate College, 1 29th St. (212-686-2770); $20.

"Untangling the Web: Advertising on the I ternet"—1/19, at 6 P.M.: Jay Chia Christopher Neimeth, Kevin O'Conno and Kyle Shannon discuss the Internet impact on advertising. Museum of Tele vision & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (212 621-6600); $20.

"An Evening With the Winners fo the 199 National Book Awards"—1/20 at 6:30 P.M Ha Jin, John W. Dower, Ai, and Kimberl Willis Holt discuss their lives as write and answer questions from the audienc Haft Auditorium, Fashion Institute Technology, Seventh Ave. at 27th S (212-897-3600); free.

"On the City"—1/23 at 7:30 P.M.: Roge Rosenblatt, Pete Hamill, Ed Koch, Beverly Sills, and Bob Herbert weigh in o the state of the city and what the futur holds. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave (212-996-1100); $20.

The Written Word

David A.J. Richards—1/18 at 7:30 P.M. Reading from his book *Italian American The Radicalizing of an Ethnic Identit* Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (212-420 1322); free.

Elaine Equi & Gary Sullivan—1/19 at 8 P.M. Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church. 13 E. 10th St. (212-674-0910); $7.

bell hooks—1/19 at 7:30 P.M.: Readin from her new book, *All About Lov* Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82n St. (212-362-8835); free.

Susanna Kaysen—1/20 at 7:30 P.M. Reading from her book *Girl, Interrupted* Barnes & Noble, 240 E. 86th St. (212 794-1962); free.

Wendy Shalit—1/20 at 7:30 P.M.: Discussing and signing copies of her book *Return to Modesty: Discovering the Lost Virtue.* Barne & Noble, 240 E. 86th St. (212-794-1962); free.

1999 National Book Award Winners—1/21 at 12:30 P.M. Ha Jin, John W. Dower, Ai, and Kimberly Willis Hol participate in a reading and book signing. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (212-253-0810); free.

V. S. Naipaul—1/24 at 8 P.M.: Discussing his newes novel, *A Way in the World,* at the 92nd Street Y Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (212-996-1100); $15.

Jacques Houis, Paola Mieli, and Mark Stafford—1/24 6–8 P.M.: Discussing their book *Being Human* a the National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South (212-592-2010); free, jackets required.

Mary Gordon—1/24 at 7 P.M.: Opens New York University's Spring 2000 Creative Writing Progran Reading Series, reading from her new book, *Seeing Through Places: Reflections on Geography an Identity,* at NYU's Glucksman Ireland House, 1

Photograph courtesy of the Memoriad

GAME WEEK

HOME ▨ AWAY ☐

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
KNICKS	▨ DET MSG 4 P.M.		▨ NJ MSG 7:30 P.M.			SAS NBC 6 P.M.	
NETS	PHI FSNY 2 P.M.		NY MSG 7:30 P.M.	▨ DET FSNY 7:30 P.M.		▨ DAL FSNY 1 P.M.	
DEVILS	▨ CAR FSNY 7:30 P.M.		▨ CHI METRO 7:30 P.M.		▨ NYI FSNY 7:30 P.M.		
ISLANDERS	▨ OTT MSG 1 P.M.		MON FSNY 7:30 P.M.		NJ FSNY 7:30 P.M.	▨ TB FSNY 7 P.M.	
RANGERS		▨ CAR MSG 7:30 P.M.		CAR MSG 7 P.M.		STL MSG 8 P.M.	
	1/17	1/18	1/19	1/20	1/21	1/22	1/23

Washington Mews (212-998-8816); free.

Dawn Powell Tribute"—1/25 at 7 P.M.: Francine Prose, Melissa Bank, Kate Christensen, Cintra Wilson, Gerry Howard,and Tim Page celebrate the writer. Housing Works Used Bookstore, 126 Crosby St. (212-334-3324); free.

Tours

Views From the Past"—1/22 at 1 P.M.:Visualize Central Park as it was in the early nineteenth century on this tour up the East Drive. Learn how sheep, goats, and milk shaped the lower part of the park. Meet at the Dairy, mid-Park at 64th St. (212-794-6564); free.

Architecture in Transit I: Historical Overview"—1/22 at 11 A.M.: Discover the architectural and aesthetic influences on the New York City subway system. Arranged by the Municipal Art Society; meet at the Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (212-935-3960); $15.

The East Village"—1/22 at 2 P.M.: From the quiet eighteenth century to he counterculture of the sixties, the East Village has always been full of surprises. Meet at Astor Place, in front of the old-fashioned IRT No. 6 subway kiosk (212-969-8262); $10.

'Central Park Walking Safari"—1/23 at 2:30 P.M.: A two-hour urban safari that makes seventeen stops at the park's most scenic and most famous sites. Call 212-726-2873 for reservations and meeting place; $10.

Benefits

'ICP Benefit and Auction"—1/19 at 7 P.M.: Featuring works by today's most exciting photographers. Danziger Gallery, 851 Madison Ave. (212-886-0597); $20.

'Fighting Cancer"—1/24 at 5:30 P.M.: Strang Cancer Prevention Center's event will feature presentations on the role of nutrition, early detection, and genetics in the fight against breast, colon, and prostate cancer. Bouterin, 420 E. 59th St., (212-794-4900); $150 per ticket, $100 of which is tax-deductible.

'Volunteering in New York"—1/24 at 6 P.M.: Hear from organizations that read to kids, feed the homeless, visit the elderly and people with AIDS, and more at the New School, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5682); free.

Exhibitions

"Andy's Funhouse: The Andy Kaufman Special"—Through 1/30: If you think you can complete your study of Andy Kaufman merely by watching Jim Carrey acting out the comic's life, think again. The Museum of Television & Radio offers you the special he filmed in 1979 plus his debut on *Saturday Night Live* and appearances on *Fridays* and *Late Night With David Letterman*. 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6600); $6.

"The Italians of New York: Five Centuries of Struggle and Achievement"—Through 2/20: Revisit the public lives of prominent Italians in the city. New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); $5.

"Fashion Onstage: Couture for the Broadway Theater, 1910–1955"—Through 2/27: An exploration of costume couture. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672); recommended donation, $5.

"NYC Century"—Through 7/9: One hundred objects reflecting a range of perspectives on the twentieth-century New York City experience. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-6272); $5.

Online

New York on the Web—Y2K can't touch us; as millennial madness finally dies down, www.newyorkmag.com keeps going—and is now easier to use than ever. With "The Best of New York" and "52 Weekends" serialized and easily accessible, you can check out Gotham's finest and plan getaways year-round. "The Surf Report" scours the Web for all the coolest sites: This week, get interactive with Zeus and the rest of the Mount Olympus crew on a Greek-mythology-focused interactive site. Basketball fans unite on www.remembertheaba.com. Get the most out of New York City shopping with "Smart City" and "Sales & Bargains." And as always, you can read selected content from the current issue and browse through our extensive archive of back issues and articles—now by just clicking on the Table of Contents icon on the home page.

Sports

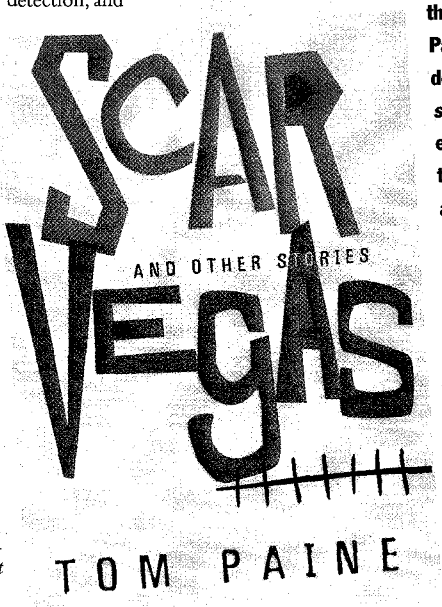
Mamaroneck Y2K—Saddle up with the Five Borough Bicycle Club Monday, 1/17, for this hilly, 50-mile ride to the scenic Otter Creek Preserve, a tour for bird-watchers and other nature jockeys that passes through Westchester County and skirts Long Island Sound. Bring a lock, your Metro-North bike permit (just in case), and money for lunch at Harbor Island Park. Meets at 8:30 A.M. at the Central Park Boathouse. The 5BBC also hosts a ride to Liberty State Science Park in Jersey City, Saturday, 1/22; 25 miles, mostly flat terrain. Meets at 10 A.M. at City Hall. Bring money for the PATH train, lunch, and $9.50 admission to the museum.

Nets vs. Knicks—(1/19, 7:30 P.M., MSG) On the teams' first meeting of the season in Madison Square Garden December 4, the Knicks held the Nets to 31 percent shooting and dealt them their fifteenth loss in seventeen games. Since then, the Nets have managed to burrow out of their early-season hole; on December 28, the Nets evened the series with an 89–83 win, their ninth in twelve games and eighth straight at home. Use that flu bug to your advantage and claim the remote as your pity stick: The next

In Print

Mental Case

While many short-story collections are dominated by characters from the same milieu coping with a similar set of issues, Tom Paine's subjects in *Scar Vegas* range from a rich blue blood who finds himself shipwrecked and dying of thirst and infection in the middle of the Atlantic to a 16-year-old skateboarder on his way to an anarchist convention in Oregon. The 37-year-old Paine, who has previously won the O. Henry award and the Pushcart Prize twice, attributes some of his flexibility to the years he spent working at an insane asylum. "You'd give somebody a blue pill on Monday, and by Wednesday they're running through the halls naked carrying a plant," says Paine. "Then the next day, the guy's sitting with you talking about Céline." During his three years working in the mental ward at the Butler Psychiatric Hospital in Rhode Island, Paine also managed to find a community of fellow artists working as orderlies. "There were times when I felt like I had institutionalized *myself*, and it turns out there's a whole culture of night workers who are extremely creative and just want a paycheck with no strings attached—they want to be around people who don't fit into the materialistic culture, if you want my personal anti-capitalist bent." Paine's personal anti-capitalist bent did not stop him from spending the years prior to his mental-health sojourn living very large in Manhattan. "I was slumming with a rich girlfriend, a Rockefeller who looked like Angie Everhart. We would go to the Russian Tea Room or rent a limo and just drive around. There were no limits. One morning I just came up empty, surrounded by a stack of empty bottles at the Plaza." It would seem that Paine, who teaches writing at Middlebury College in Vermont and has run a newspaper in the Caribbean, has been quite a few different characters himself. He will be reading with Colin Harrison at Temple Bar on January 23. ARIEL LEVY



Solutions to last week's puzzles

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NEW YORK

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Smart City *continued from page 61*

Pete's Tavern (established 1864) *129 East 18th Street (212-473-7676)*

O. Henry never drank at Pete's—it was called Healy's Cafe back in 1905, when he wrote "The Gift of the Magi" while drinking a concoction called the Lost Blend in the booth that now bears his name. Years later, the joint stayed open throughout Prohibition by pretending to be a flower shop. "They didn't kill themselves changing the façade," says co-owner John Reynolds. "I almost laugh when I look at the pictures." He adds that politicians drank here regardless. In more recent years, the bar served as a daytime hangout for the late JFK Jr. after he spotting a photo of his parents (also former patrons) on the wall. The back rooms once served as stables, but don't let that stop you from ordering dinner.

McSorley's Old Ale House (established 1854) *15 East 7th Street (212-473-9148)*

The motto used to be "Good ale, raw onions, and no women," but these days, pretty much every Manhattan wastrel, male or female, has encountered McSorley's crusty staff, and its paired mugs of light or dark ale. (And *only* ale!) It's worth returning to sit at one of the carved-up tables (most are originals) and soak up 150 years of New York history over a quiet lunch. Consider it a tour of a musty unofficial branch of the Smithsonian. Star exhibits include the chair Abraham Lincoln once sat in behind the bar, Joseph Kennedy's hobnail boots (from his rum-running days) hanging from the ceiling in the back, photos of former patrons Babe Ruth and Will Rogers, and the decrepit wishbone display above the bar. Soldiers going off to war have traditionally sat down for a turkey dinner at McSorley's and left the wishbone behind, to be retrieved upon return. Each remaining wishbone—some date to the Civil War—represents a soldier who didn't make it.

Ear Inn (established 1817) *326 Spring Street (212-226-9060)*

Sitting in this cramped, slant-floored, low-ceilinged dive—once known as the Green Door—feels like being in the bowels of a ship with your few dozen closest friends. Fitting, since the bar once sat only five feet from the shore and was long a sailors' hangout. Former patrons include John and Yoko, Salvador Dalí, and Tom Waits. "R.E.M., U2, Steve Winwood, you never know who's going to come in unannounced," says owner Martin Sheridan. But even if no one does, the burgers are shipshape. ■

The Tube ***Regret to Inform,*** **which has won both an Oscar nomination and awards for direction and cinematography at the 1999 Sundance Film Festival, is Barbara Sonneborn's extraordinary documentary on the Vietnam War as it was experienced by widows on both sides. It comes to the small screen courtesy of the P.O.V. series on Channel 13 on January 24 at 10 P.M.**

time these two teams meet is April 12, when yo might find yourself either outside or starting a three-day freak-out about that little capital-gains situatio you traded your way into last year.

Empire Tuesday Night Skate—It may be winter, but yo can't trek through the city on metal blades: Join th Empire Skate Club on 1/18 for its weekly in-lin skate, starting at Krispy Kreme, 141 W. 72nd St., a 8 P.M., finishing around 11 P.M. Distance covere and route varies—anywhere from 10 to 25 miles Pace is rather brisk; suitable for intermediate-to-advanced bladers. Contact the Empire Skate Clu of New York at 212-774-1774 or visit www.empireskate.org for more information.

Chicken Soup Loop—The NYRRC and the 92n Street Y May Center for Health, Fitness, and Spor co-host this competitive 10K run and noncompetitive two-mile walk this Sunday, 1/23, a doubleheader "designed to promote wellness and t instill good health habits." The 10K has been designated the Jewish Community Center/YM-YWHA Winter 10K Championship of Nort America. Both events start at 9:30 A.M. at Centra Park's East Drive (Fifth Ave. at 85th St.). Number and long-sleeve shirts can be picked up at th NYRRC, 9 E. 89th St., 1/20–1/22 from noon t 7 P.M. or on race day at the starting location fro 7:45 to 9:15 A.M. Nonmembers, $17; limited race-day entries, $22. Call 212-860-4455 or visi www.nyrrc.org for more information.

Explosion on 34th Street—1/27, at 7 P.M.: Boxing' back in the city with this new monthly heavyweight series at the Hammerstein Ballroom launched by promoter Cedric Kushner. The main event features two former Olympians, undefeated Kirk Johnson (28-0-1, 20 KO), rated in the top ten by the WBC, IBF, and WBA, versus Israel Cole. The co-feature pits former U.S. amateur champion Monte Barrett (21-1, 13 KO) of Brooklyn against Detroit's Derrick Banks. Both bouts ten rounds; six-match undercard. Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. Tickets $25–$125; call 212-564-4882 or 212-307-7171 for tickets and information.

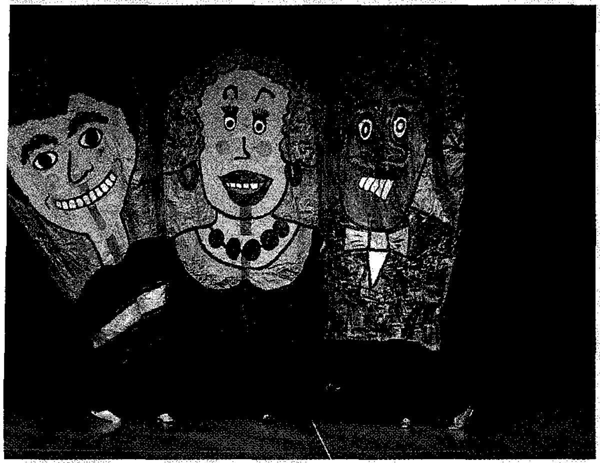
Photograph courtesy of Sunfountain Pro.

kids

Robots . . . Ballet . . . Pirate

Onstage Child's Play

The magic begins in a small studio in Chinatown, one floor above street level. Resembling a giant playroom that most children can only dream of, the messy workspace is littered with creative gear: paints and brushes, fabrics, cardboard, string, and, of course, paper bags in every shape and size. But hey, whatever works: For 42 years, the Paper Bag Players have been captivating children with inventive skits, ragtime tunes, and oversize, over-the-top props. "Paper is so malleable," explains artistic director and co-founder Judy Martin, using it "immediately places everything in the children's world." She's right: The Players' latest production, "Molly Wiggle and Minnie Shake," has all the now-standard elements of a PBP show—sing-along music, eye-catching stage props, and short, simple story lines. What sets this five-person troupe apart is its ability to enter a young child's imagination. Whether the actors are dancing across the stage in larger-than-life costumes (pictured), singing about being "Lost in the Mall," or painting a snowy backdrop as part of the performance, children in the audience feel right at home. "Kids understand it; they really get it," says Martin. "We deal with the imagination and speak directly to it. The bags are our bridge to the audience; they say, 'make believe.' " (See "Children's Events.")



Tara Mandy

Children's Events

the Bag—The **PAPER BAG PLAYERS** presents *Molly Wiggle and Minnie Shake* (see photo), opening this Saturday at the Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. The 90-minute production runs Saturdays and Sundays at 2 P.M., from 1/22 to 3/12. Tickets are $20 and $15, and can be purchased by calling 212-772-4448; children ages 4 through 9.

light Patterns—Over 400 butterflies soar freely through the air at the **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY**'s Butterfly Conservatory. Admission is by timed entry only: Sun.–Thurs. from 10 A.M to 5:00 P.M. and Fri.–Sat. from 10 A.M. to 8:00 P.M.; through 2/27. Tickets, which include museum admission, are $14 for adults, $10.50 for students and seniors, $8.50 for children under 12. For more information, call 212-769-5100.

lew York, New York—The **TADA! YOUTH THEATER** presents *New York New Year,* a musical celebration of New York City as seen through the eyes of a girl from Kansas City; through 1/23. Fridays at 7 P.M., Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4 P.M., at the TADA! Theater, 120 W. 28th St., bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves. (212-627-1732); $12 adults, $6 children.●

My, Robot—Kids learn about the different forms and functions of robots and even take home a robot prototype of their own at **SONY WONDER TECHNOLOGY LAB**'s "Build-a-Bot," 1/23, 3–5 P.M. 550 Madison Ave., at 56th St. (212-833-8100). Grades 1–3; $10.●●

Jiminy Cricket!—Miss Majesty's Lollipop Playhouse presents *Pinocchio* and *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.* Both performances involve audience participation and are appropriate for children ages 2–10. Saturdays and Sundays through 3/5. *Snow White* is at 1:30 P.M.; *Pinocchio* is at 3:30 P.M. **THE GROVE STREET PLAYHOUSE**, 39 Grove St. (212-741-6436); $8.50.

On Point—Arriving by time machine from the seventeenth century, King Louis XIV shares with kids how the ballet has evolved over the centuries. "Family Fanfare" is presented by **NEW YORK CITY BALLET**, 1/22 at 11 A.M. and 1 P.M. at the Clark Studio Theater, 70 Lincoln Plaza (212-870-4074). Ages 4 and up; $7 adults, $5 children.●

You've Got a Friend—"Disney on Ice" presents *Toy Story,* featuring Woody and Buzz Lightyear, who compete for the attention of Andy, their 6-year-old owner, 1/18–1/21 at **NASSAU COLISEUM**, Uniondale, N.Y., and 1/25–1/30 at **CONTINENTAL AIRLINES ARENA**, East Rutherford, N.J. For tickets, call 212-307-7171; $40.75, $22.77, $17.75, $13.75.

Family Portrait—**THE LOOKING GLASS THEATRE** presents *Noonie's Masterpiece in Purple,* a story about a girl who discovers the power of art when her teacher asks her to paint her family; through 2/20. Mon.–Tues. at 7 P.M., weekends at 2 P.M. 422 W. 57th St. (212-307-9467); $12.

A Walk in the Park—Learn about the history of Central Park during an hour-long tour led by **CENTRAL PARK CONSERVANCY** volunteers. The tour uses old photographs and engravings to help visitors imagine the park in the nineteenth century, when sheep and goats reigned. Every Saturday through March, from 1 to 2 P.M. The tour departs from the Dairy, midpark at 64th St. (212-794-6564). Ages 8 and up; free.●

Speaking Frankly—The **NEW YORK YOUTH THEATER** presents *The Diary of Anne Frank,* through 2/6; Fridays at 7 P.M., Saturdays at 2 and 7 P.M., and Sundays at 3 P.M. Central Presbyterian Church, 593 Park Ave., at 64th St. (212-888-0696); $12.

Sound of Music—Representing different sections of the orchestra, animal characters Bow the Panda and Buzz the Bee teach kids the basic elements of music in **THE LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY**'s *The Orchestra—A Happy Family.* Using candy canes as batons, youngsters "conduct" works by Gershwin, Tchaikovsky, Mozart, and others. 1/22 at 10:30 A.M. and noon, 1/23 at 9:30 and 11 A.M. and at 1 and 2:30 P.M. Performances are at Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St., bet. Park and Madison Aves. (212-971-9500). Ages 3 through 5; $32.●

Walk the Plank—David Allen sheds light on the legend and lore of Captain Kidd, colonial New York's most famous pirate. 1/20 at 6 P.M. at the **FRAUNCES TAVERN MUSEUM**, 54 Pearl St. (212-425-1778); $2.50, children 6 and under free.●

Summer Fare—Over 30 sleep-away, day, and specialty camps will be represented at the **92ND STREET Y**'s "Camp Fair," 1/23 from noon–4 P.M. Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (212-415-5600). The **ETHICAL CULTURE FIELDSTON SCHOOL** also hosts the "Summer Opportunities Fair": representatives from day and sleep-away camps will be present on 1/22 from noon to 3:30 P.M., while teen-oriented summer programs will be highlighted on 1/23 from noon to 3:30 P.M. 33 Central Park West, at 63rd St. (212-712-6220).●●

Over the Rainbow—Introduce your munchkins to the Emerald City: Saturday afternoons in January, **THE SCREENING ROOM** presents *The Wizard of Oz.* Showtime is 1:30 P.M. Tickets are $6 for children under 12, $9 for adults (or $6 for adults if you have brunch). Brunch is available before the show; the kids' menu includes triangle-shaped noodles and French-toast fingers. 54 Varick St. (212-334-2100).

Keeping Time—Andrea Guttman teaches kids how to create their own Y2K calendars using stamps and potatoes for printing at the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF THE ARTS**, 1/22 from 1 to 4 P.M. 182 Lafayette St. (212-274-0986); $5.●

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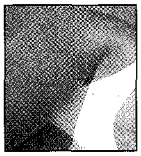

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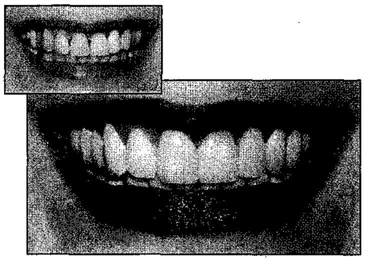

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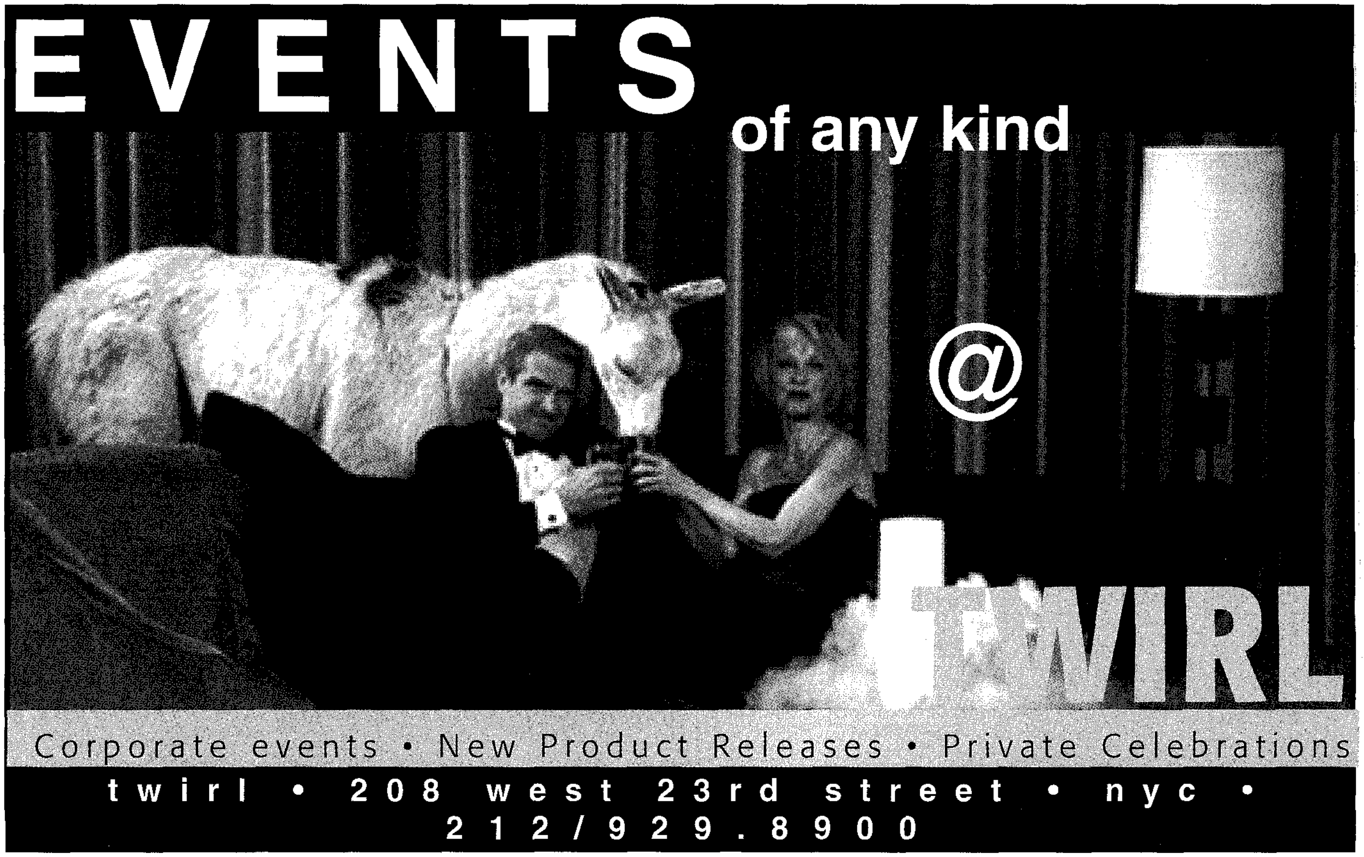
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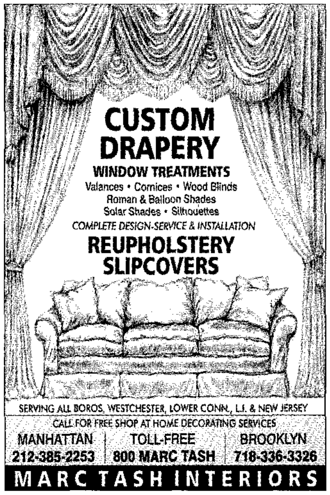

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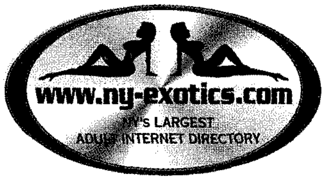

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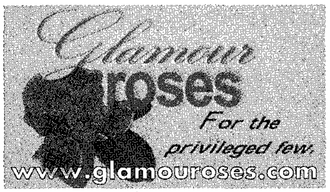

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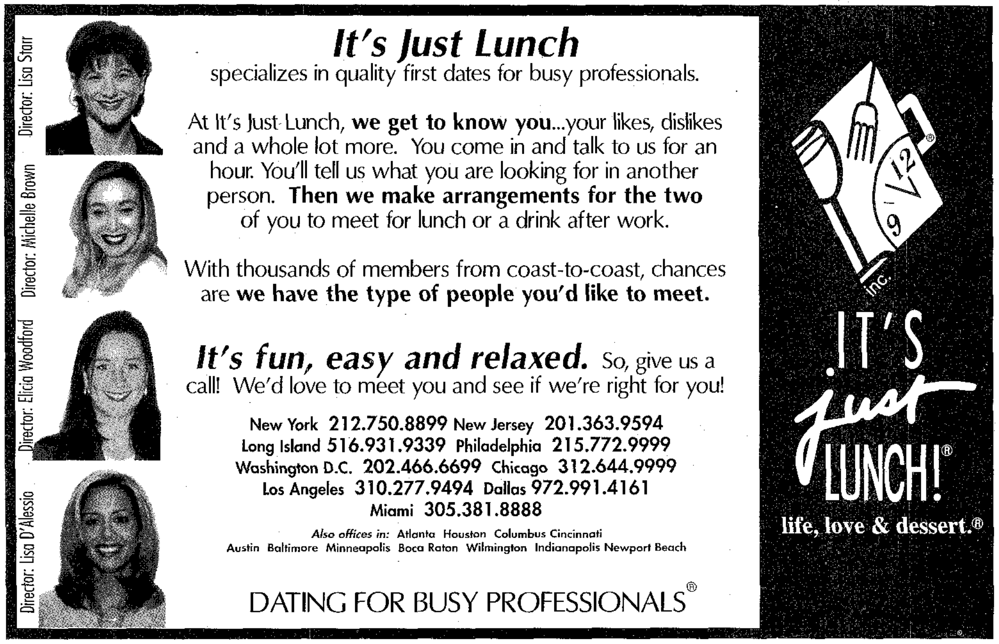

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Please Adopt Me—Spunky, sparkling brown-eyed, classy Jewish Canadian is free again. Seeking successful man, 45-60, who loves hugs, laughter, travel. 2986 ✉☎

Very Attractive Professional Latina—33, spiritual lady, seeks a gentleman, 28-37, for serious relationship. Photo, please. E-mail: laatinaa@yahoo.com. or 2991✉☎

Classy In CT—Kate Jackson type, thin, upbeat, very youthful 46, looking for nonsmoking, degreed, Caucasian, romantic male, 5'10" plus, 45-52, for happily ever after. Note/photo. 2987✉☎

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Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
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P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Down-To-Earth—Very pretty Jewi female, 37, intelligent, professiona creative, great sense of humor and sty seeks good-looking, successful, upbea insightful guy, 35-45. 2993 ✉

Dare To Be Wise—Answer my speci ad. I'm an East Side woman, Jewis slim, attractive, waiting for you - a wis 70ish Manhattan gentleman. Let's enj together. Photo and note. 2975 ✉

Young And Successful—34, 6'1 athletic, handsome, Catholic, looking have a relationship with someone wh likes variety in their life - fine foo theater, movies, city and travel. Seekin a woman who is beautiful, size 8 or les athletic, outgoing, with a passiona personality, in her 20s. Photo. 3018 ✉☎

Truly Exceptional—I am a kindhearte very attractive, bright professional woma Catholic and of high moral character. I a a new Westchester resident who is not to busy to meet a good-hearted professiona in his mid 30s to mid 40s, who i attractive, Christian, family-oriented an of good character. Note, photo an phone, please. 2946 ✉

Slow Down With Me—Attractiv psychologist seeks substantial mal partner, 50s-60s, for last great romanc Note/photo if available. 3001 ✉

Manhattan Lady Beauty—Brains an class. Heads turn wherever I go, but don't know where to go to meet a cleve tender man in his 50s, comfortable wit who he is. See if this 5'3", loving lad turns your head! You need be good looking only in my eyes. Only Manhatta Photo and phone. 2977 ✉

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nique—Pretty, fit, sexy, classy, eclectic, tgoing, witty, professional Jewish man. I'm loving, warm, romantic. Seek lective, successful, fit, tall man, good ks, 40-50, passionate about life and at it has to offer. Nonsmoker. Note/ one/photo. 3011 ✉

hite Male Angel—45, not ugly, not ort. Why compromise? Photo! 3015 ✉

unning Looks And Brains—Born and ucated in Europe. Beautiful, petite, wish white female seeks a mensch: wish single male, 40-52. Porsche ner preferred! 2996 ✉☎

ue-Eyed NJ Widow—Down-to-earth, ccessful Jewish Wall Street professional. uthful, pretty, 49 years old, 5'3". arm, intelligent, witty, vivacious, honest d caring, emotionally secure and cellent communicator, who enjoys vel, movies, theatre, sports, dining out, ading, quiet evening in front of the eplace and long romantic walks. Seeks nsmoking, Jewish, 47-55-year-old man th similar qualities and interests. te and photo, please. 2944 ✉☎

anted:—Fun, sexy, proportional edium/large woman, 30-40. 2978 ✉

igh-Spirited—Sensitive and sensual ly with terrific looks, blue eyes and great burn hair, standing 5'7", slim and very , is interested in meeting a single man tween 45 and 58. This "down-to-earth ntleman" enjoys a successful life, as I , *is attractive and fit. He enjoys people,* s a kind heart, is secure with himself d ready to share some great times with meone special like me. So much to do... t's get started real soon. 2982 ✉☎

Q Handsome—30s, super-successful, ith heart of gold, seeks beauty, 22-35, ith zest for life. Race not an issue. hoto for response. 2979 ✉

hite Male—49, 5'8", athletic, ccessful business, looking for lady, 5-45, to share stable relationship. hoto, please. 3000 ✉

et's Face The Music And Dance—moldering dark eyes, long dark curly air, 5'6", curvy, warm, vivacious and telligent woman seeks man, 50-60, with ind heart, keen mind and iconoclastic irit - for cafe-sitting in Manhattan or aris, collecting wild roses or quotes, plus hatever else we can dream up. 2968✉

ew To NY - (914)—Handsome, ultured, affluent, trim, South American, 6, seeks all-American female, similar ackground. Interests are pets, skiing nd tennis. 2966 ✉

et Me Make Your Heart Sing!—m a handsome, engaging, Southern-bred entleman looking for a 32-42-year-old, onfident, dynamic and fit woman who is eautiful on the inside and the outside. 'm a 48-year-old managing director or a Fortune 500 firm - athletic, 5'11", o baggage, financially and emotionally table, PhD, love to explore, create music nd make you laugh. So, if you see life s one big incredible adventure, but are acking a romantic partner, I just might e your man. Note/photo, please. 2984✉

harming, Slender, French-Jewish—ducated (PhD), accomplished and ffectionate woman would like to meet a ood, compatible man over 65. 2992 ✉

Beauty And Brains—Beautiful, brown-eyed blond woman of substance seeking man of substance for "happily ever after". Sincere, slender and sexy lady, accomplished professional, multilingual, MBA/ CPA, European schools, never married, very young 40s (look 30s), independent yet traditional, living in northern NJ suburb. Searching for best friend to share life, travel, keeping fit, and family. Seeking an emotionally and financially secure man; kind and attractive. Prefer a successful MBA/MD/JD, never married, Catholic/Wasp, under 45. Affinity for men who like to dance, those with a sense of humor, and those not relationship-challenged. No baggage/smoking/drugs. Note/photo. Will reciprocate. 3022 ✉

Let's Spoil Each Other—Attractive, worldly, insightful Jewish lady, late 40s, an innovative professional, passionate about life and loving, wishes to meet an accomplished man with integrity and class for splendid possibilities. 3019 ✉☎

Brooklyn—Retired professor, 60, tall, slim, affluent, Irish, reads a lot, owns large beach house near subway, visits DC. Seeks retired lady health buff. 2980 ✉

Join Me At The Play-Offs—I have tickets (Knicks)! Very pretty, sexy, Jewish, successful, fit, hip, funny and warm, who's come to realize it doesn't matter how we meet, just as long as we do. You are a handsome, smart, witty, fit professional, normal, 35-45, who believes in the sister rule: treat your date how you would like a guy to treat your sister. Photo. 2998 ✉☎

Angel's Heart—Pretty, loving, nurturing, domesticated, 5'7", slim yet very curvy blond, blue-eyed, Jewish (nonreligious), 32-year-old girl in search of one special man for happily ever after. 2983 ✉

I'm Giving Up—Unless you respond. Isn't there an intelligent, responsible, real good-looking female out there who is in her mid-late 30s, with class and style, who wants to meet a CEO with good looks, intelligence, normal and responsible, sophisticated, athletic, fit and trim, late 40s, with an upbeat personality, great lifestyle? Loves skiing, the beach, tennis, jogging, theater, movies, dining out, *reading and traveling. Short note and* photo helpful. 3021 ✉

I'm The Most Wonderful Woman—I've ever met, and guess what? I'm not short on self-esteem either. Hilarious, beautiful, ultra-engaging, entirely self-realized Ivy League brainstorm princess seeks one of her own in funny, real, happy, smart-guy version, 35-45. Must have charm to the nth degree and nonstop smarts/humor. Looks and letters should be sent designed to entice and amuse. 2973 ✉

Italian-American—Long blond hair, 5'2", size 8, Barbara Eden look-alike, desires strong, very handsome, financially secure widower or devoted divorced dad who wants to start over. I've lost my only child and both my parents, and need to be part of a family as well as part of a couple. Nonpracticing Catholic preferred, with beliefs in the mystical. Be funny and open, 48-58, and truly ready to make new memories. Serious replies only. 2972 ✉☎

Stephanie Powers Type—Long auburn hair, violet eyes, Jewish, 40ish, curvaceous 5'6", seeks kind, sophisticated, handsome male, 40 plus, 5'10" plus. Photo. 3012✉☎

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Enough Of Y2K Already—How about just a normal year? Average nice guy, mid 40s, single dad, writer/consultant, seeks down-to-earth woman, mid 30s-mid 40s. Sense of humor more important than pedigree or bonus. Smart, sexy, petite, athletic too. Movies, travel, tennis, running, skiing, Seinfeld reruns. E-mail singledad1810374@aol.com or 3010✉☎

Author, English—Living CT/Paris, seeks relationship with intelligent, slim, pretty woman. Phone/photo essential. 3003 ✉

Attractive, Athletic—50-year-old Jewish female from NJ looking for friendly, fun-loving male who enjoys skiing, tennis, soccer, travel and companionship. E-mail: HRodgen@aol.com or letter. 3007 ✉

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617 West 57th Street
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Plenty of cabs and lots of garages

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IARY ANN MADDEN #961

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

A Motel of Smiths

An Absence of Waiters

A Shut of Misers

Above, a pride of lions. Competitors are invited to *invent* the group name for a person or thing. (Per *An Exaltation of Larks*, by James Lipton, q.v.)

Results of Competition 958, in which you were asked to supply a title for an "Authorized Autobiography."

Report: Spots of brilliance aside, not our finest showing. Threadbare jokes disguised as titles. As, *Someday My Prints Will Come.* The example must have been unclear. Or, to put it another way, bad. Never mind. It's early in the century.

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Carole Gibson, Roanoke, Va.

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John O'Byrne, Dublin, Ireland

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Tom Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.Y.

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David Brubaker, Carlisle, Pa.

And Honorable Mention to:

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James B. Moon, Columbia, S.C.

THIS BAG IS NOT A TOY—Observations on Life and Love From a New York City Dry Cleaner.
Bruce Felton, N.Y.C.

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Donald Lee, Brooklyn

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Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

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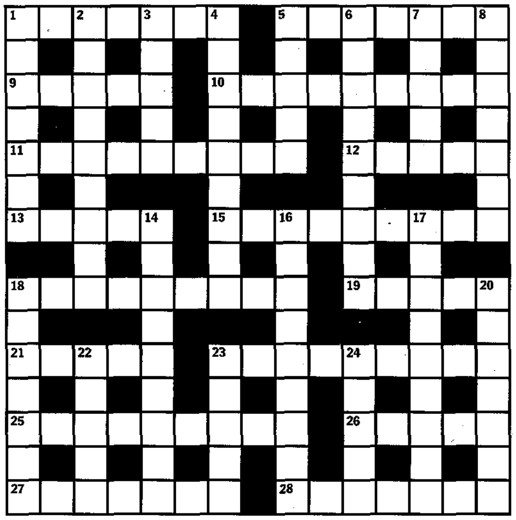
Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 961, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by January 28. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the February 28 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 All the same, this suits a lot of people. (7)
5 Old lady given fare pledge. (7)
9 A French writer gaining release from imprisonment. (5)
10 Offering small pastry with fish is most surprising. (9)
11 Lying reporters admitting one point. (9)
12 Dance that's unconventional to a degree! (5)
13 Upbraids some fence. (5)
15 The wrecked train isn't moving. (2,7)
18 Front men with belligerent intentions. (9)
19 Con but depend on outside right. (5)
21 A Scotsman, note, is in the middle. (5)
23 It could be made up into a suit, though that might be a job. (9)
25 Unusual thing, wallop, to find in such a place of entertainment! (9)
26 Before fifty a woman can make the entry of the year. (5)
27 Got quite sharp about the old-fashioned sweet. (7)
28 Urges others perhaps to retain an unknown quantity. (7)



DOWN

1 Money-lender holding cash he's misappropriated. (7)
2 It would be better accepting one's to make do somehow. (9)
3 A cat, some state in no uncertain terms! (5)
4 Many seem upset over increase for entrance. (9)
5 Pulls out ties. (5)
6 Barrier raised all round after dreadful downpour. (9)
7 A teller of stories distressing to hear. (5)
8 Ruling to infuriate retired preservationists. (7)
14 Active Tories and the Left taken in by an agent. (9)
16 A chart showing the current changes. (4,5)
17 Place Her Majesty's given a tradesman. (9)
18 Reliable way to stop bleeding. (7)
20 Puzzle—one needs nothing more! (7)
22 Means to get a musical instrument. (5
23 Far from happy about a trainee being served cold food. (5)
24 "Swamped," a Shaw play. (5)

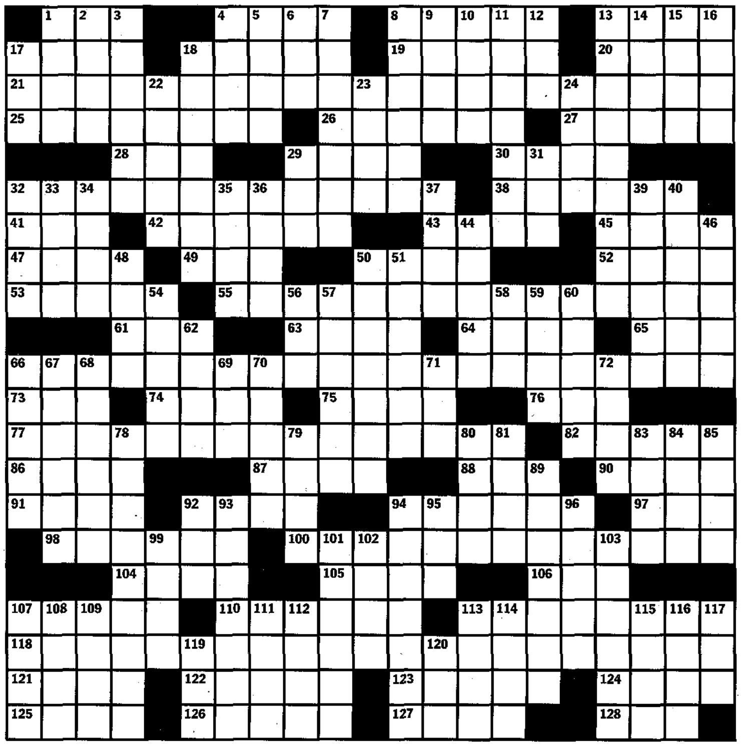
'Bird Interview Continued': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Chiang's foe
4 Con game
8 Stallone role
13 Yale team nickname
17 Memorable Madeline
18 Gape
19 African virus
20 Post-it item
21 How do you protect your premises?
25 Bad-conduct marks
26 Lining fabric
27 Too too
28 Former nuclear-power org.
29 It's a laugh
30 Have the nerve
32 Who is your favorite actor?
38 Is
41 Play to the audience
42 Highly decorated
43 Shoppe sign word
45 Mex. matrons
47 Shirley Temple's "Lollipop"
49 [as written]
50 100 centavos
52 Pause in the proceedings
53 Hydrant attachments
55 Which bird is extinct?
61 —— standstill
63 Underground plant part
64 Nose out
65 N.Y.C. subway line
66 What is your favorite sport?
73 Diarist Anaïs
74 Scarlet letter of fiction
75 Fannie and Ginnie of finance
76 Pig's digs
77 How do birds refuse invitations?
82 Deposit roe
86 Server's pt. after deuce
87 Comstock, for one
88 Pol's photo sessions, in '90s-speak
90 Peace Nobelist Wiesel
91 Foxx of "Sanford and Son"
92 Aide, for short
94 Laugh-getters
97 Part of MOMA
98 Popular sports label
100 What is your favorite snack?
104 "—— Ever Need Is You" (1971 song)
105 Teenage zits
106 Worldwide news agcy.
107 Debonair
110 Consigned to perdition
113 Walked like a majorette
118 Why do young roosters sound so shrill?
121 Henry VIII's last Catherine
122 Knighted conductor Georg
123 Variety show
124 Fiddling emperor
125 "—— Gotta Have It" (Spike Lee film)
126 Trifled (with)
127 Rarity on rush-hour buses
128 Towel off

DOWN

1 Manufacture
2 Polite interruption
3 In —— and out the other
4 Immediately, in the E.R.
5 Detroit products
6 Floating zoo
7 Answering-machine playback
8 Landlord's offering
9 As busy as ——
10 Change addresses
11 Mixed in
12 Regatta need
13 Without limit
14 Plunder
15 Believe —— not
16 Immunizing fluids
17 Glove leather
18 Deli devices
22 Rival of Ragu
23 Waikiki's locale
24 Space pioneer Gagarin
29 Milliner's sale
31 Bunyan's implement
32 Swordsman's injury
33 Reverberate
34 Big name in elevators
35 Tizzy
36 Apiece
37 Profit's opposite
39 Screenwriter Dalton ——
40 Biblical dancer
44 Asocial one
46 Venetian-blind components
48 Mountaintop
50 Indentured labor
51 One or the other
54 Lacking leniency
56 Before: poetic
57 Was a boarder
58 Grid goals: abbr.
59 Has another birthday
60 Birds' retreats
62 Mimicked
66 "First ——, first . . ." (Washington)
67 German songs
68 Not alfresco
69 Swearing-in reply
70 The French
71 Suffix for malt
72 Mad. Ave. ballyhoo
78 Earnest attempts
79 Old newspaper section, with "gravure"
80 Heavy book
81 ——-and-span
83 Jai's go-with
84 Send a telegram
85 New Jersey hoopsters
89 Plague
92 Internet-access co.
93 Scram!
94 Large vultures
95 Pamplona cheer
96 Absorb, as a spill
99 Cordon color, to 70-Down
101 Like spoiled butter
102 Cake decorator
103 The whole —— caboodle
107 Uses a straw
108 Bryce Canyon state
109 Real-estate unit
111 In a competent way
112 Portion out
113 Deity of the Hindu trinity
114 Carpenter's screw-in
115 Wedding-cake feature
116 Eliza Doolittle's 'iggins
117 U.K. award
119 D-day vessel
120 Tiny, to Burns



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 104.

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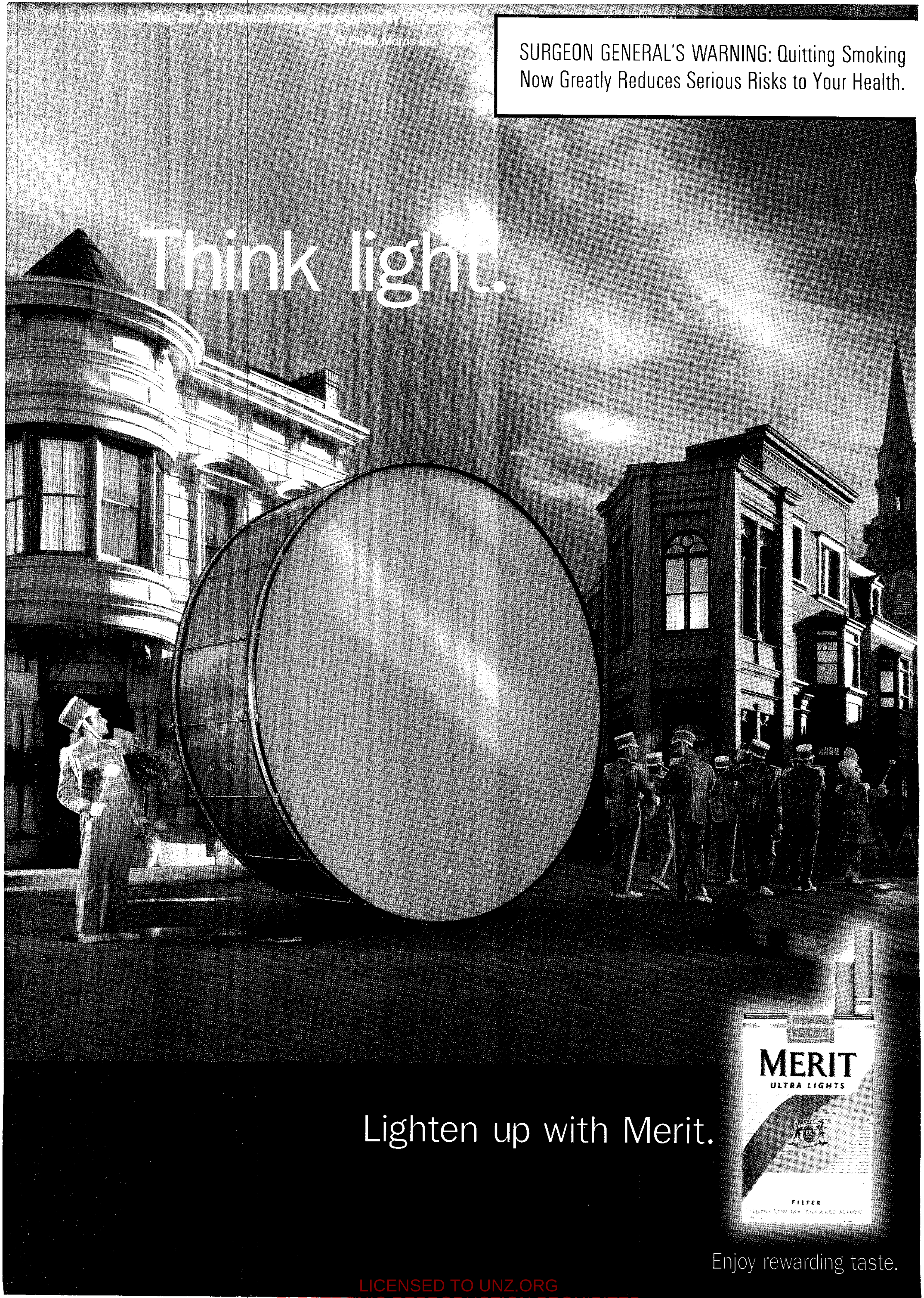
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